



HISTORIC GIRLHOODS

RUPERT S. HOLLAND



THE HISTORIC
SERIES FOR
YOUNG PEOPLE



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THE HISTORIC
SERIES FOR
YOUNG PEOPLE



BOOKS BY RUPERT S. HOLLAND

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JOAN OF ARC

Historic Girlhoods

By

RUPERT S. HOLLAND

*Author of "Historic Boyhoods," "Builders
of United Italy," etc.*



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These stories in general follow the actual records of history, but in a few cases, where little was known of certain girls, the author has felt at liberty to add incidents illustrating the characters and the times.

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To
my sister
LUCY

I

St. Catherine

The Girl of Siena: 1347-1380

THE old Italian city of Siena lies upon three hills, on one of which gleams the great white Cathedral, and on another perches the scarcely less commanding Church of San Domenico. In the fourteenth century underwood and hanging gardens crept up the sides of these hills, with only a narrow winding road to lead from one part of the city to another. The valley lying between the two hills that were crowned with churches was known as the Valle Piatta, and a little way up one slope stood the small stone-built house of a dyer named Giacomo Benincasa. On the opposite hillside lived his married daughter Bonaventura, and Giacomo's wife often sent her two youngest children, Stephen and Catherine, through the valley on errands to their sister's house. Their message to Bonaventura safely delivered the children were free to play in the valley or pick flowers or rest by the roadside as long as they chose.

One summer afternoon Catherine, who was a small girl with dark hair and eyes, felt drowsy with the warm airs of the lowlands and loitered behind her brother as they were returning from Bonaventura's. He went on, humming a tune of the goatherds. She, stopping under a tree for shade, looked down a little path that led to a fountain called the Fontebranda, where most

of the people of Siena got their water. Then she looked up across the hillsides of vineyards and hanging gardens to the cliff where the Church of San Domenico shone very white in the brilliant sunlight. She looked, and rubbed her eyes, and looked again. Then her amazement vanished and she simply stood still, rapt in a kind of ecstasy, which would not permit her to doubt what she saw nor turn her eyes away.

As she stood there entranced, she saw a great throne set upon the very roof of the Church of San Domenico, and on that throne sat the Christ and about Him were grouped the figures of many saints. As she looked the figure on the throne stretched out His right hand and made the sign of the cross over her, as she had seen the Bishop do when he gave his people his blessing. The eyes of the other saints were fixed upon her as though they had a special interest in her, and in turn each of them made her the sign of blessing. The vision held her spellbound, and although people on foot and in wagons passed along the road near where she stood, she did not turn nor pay any attention to them. She seemed to have forgotten everything except the vision high up on the hill.

Stephen had gone on along the road, thinking that his sister was following. After a time he spoke to her, but received no answer. Then he turned around and to his surprise found she was not in sight. He walked back until he caught sight of her standing beneath the tree. "Catherine!" he called. She made no reply. He could not understand why she stood so still, gazing steadily up into the sky. He went nearer, and spoke

again. She did not answer, so he took her hand and said, "Tell me, Catherine, what are you doing? Why do you stop here?"

The girl moved, and slowly turned her head, as though she had just been waked from a sound sleep. "Oh, Stephen, if you had but seen what I saw, you wouldn't have disturbed me so," she said slowly. Again she looked up to the Church of San Domenico, but now the vision was gone, and there were only the white walls gleaming in the sunshine.

"What was it, Catherine? Please tell me," begged Stephen.

"Nay, I cannot. 'Tis a secret," she answered. In spite of his pleading and his curiosity she would not tell him. Shaking her head at all his questions she went up the road with him to their father's house.

Supper caused Stephen to forget his sister's strange actions, but it had no such effect on the little girl herself. She felt that she would never forget the miracle, and as soon as she was alone she tried to remember exactly how the vision had looked to her. She found that she could recall it, and she loved to do so, and to wonder what was its message.

In that age the Church and wars occupied much of the people's minds, and little Catherine was already familiar with the stories of many of the saints and of the customs and manners of the Church. Her father was a well-known and respected citizen of Siena, a prosperous man, but in no way especially religious. Her mother had been too much occupied with caring for her large family to give much thought to the Church. So Cath-

erine decided that neither of them would understand her vision, and determined to keep it a secret. But she thought over it much of the time until she finally decided that it meant she was to lead a different sort of life from that of her brothers and sisters and playmates. Thereupon she began to wonder what it was best for her to do.

Her first desire was to leave the bustling turbulent city of Siena and seek out some place in the wilderness where she might be alone and live like the ancient hermits. She planned how she would go, and early one morning set out, prudently carrying a loaf of bread in a bag under her arm. She went down through the Valle Piatta and past her sister's house until she came to one of the city gates. She had never been outside the walls of Siena before, and she hesitated as she stood there, thinking of the wild and unprotected country that lay beyond. But Catherine was brave, and she hesitated only a moment, and then went through the gate and out into the country.

At that time there were bandits and robbers and troops of marauding soldiers all through the hills and valleys of Italy, and people rarely ventured beyond the city walls. Catherine, however, held to the road, passing an occasional solitary house where some goat-herd or farmer lived. At last a brook tempted her to leave the highway and follow along its course, and in time it brought her to a cave made by a shelving rock that came close down to the bank of the stream. This seemed just the place for a hermit's home, and she went into the cave and fell upon her knees to give

thanks that she had been brought safely to this refuge. Again she fell into a trance, as she had done on the day when she saw the vision. She thought she heard voices which told her that though she was to lead a different life from her friends she must do her work among people and not alone in the wilderness, and bade her go home before her father and mother should think she was lost.

When she had heard this counsel Catherine rose and went out of the cave. She looked back along the path by which she had come; it seemed a long way home to Siena and she felt tired and warm. She sat down on the bank of the brook and ate some of the bread she had brought with her and then fell asleep. When she woke she was rested, and jumping up hurried back to the road so that she might reach the gate by sunset. She came to the city walls in time to pass through the gate just before the guard closed it for the night, and went straight on to her father's house. Fortunately her parents had not been worried by her absence, supposing she had been spending the day at her sister's.

Giacomo Benincasa and his wife Lapa had had thirteen children, and they did not suspect that their youngest daughter Catherine was in any way different from her sisters. They knew she was a very quiet girl, rather shy, fond of going to the great Cathedral on top of the hill and of talking with any nuns or friars whom she met. She was pretty, with long brown hair that many people admired, and they expected to marry her to the son of some one of their well-to-do friends. The

other girls had all been married early, according to the Italian custom of those times, and Catherine was barely twelve years old when her father and mother began to consider what favorable marriage they might make for her. Her mother urged her to give more attention to her dress, to take more care in arranging her hair, to wear some jewelry she had bought for her, and to go about more with boys and girls of her own age. But Catherine did not want to do any of these things. She became more shy than ever, and when she met any of her father's young apprentices she turned and ran away as fast as she could. The mother knew that Catherine was devoted to her older sister Bonaventura, and begged her to try to persuade Catherine to do as other girls did. Bonaventura talked to her little sister, and finally Catherine agreed to wear brighter and more becoming dresses and to rub certain oils into her hair to give it a peculiar light golden color which was then considered more beautiful than the natural dark shade. But it was only a few weeks before Catherine decided that these changes were all vanity, and went back to her old quiet dresses and simple way of wearing her long hair.

Now the good dyer and his wife realized that their little daughter was peculiar, and they went to Father Thomas della Fonte, a friar preacher who knew Catherine well, and begged him to talk to her. Father Thomas spent an afternoon with her, and to him the girl opened her heart and told of the vision she had seen and of her wish to become a sister of one of the religious orders of the church. He saw that her mind

was set upon this wish, and did not try to dissuade her from it. "My dear daughter," he said, "I believe you have chosen the better part, and may our Lord give you grace to follow it. And now if you think well to follow my counsel, I would advise you to cut off your hair, which will prove to your parents that they must give up all hopes of your marriage, and will also save you the time that must needs be spent upon its care and adornment."

Catherine decided to take his advice at once, and so that same evening she locked herself in her room and cut off all her hair. In order to hide what she had done she covered her head with a coif, which was sometimes worn by grown women but never by girls as young as she. Next morning at breakfast her mother saw the coif and stared at her. "Why have you that on your head?" she asked in surprise. Catherine murmured some answer which her mother could not understand. Madame Lapa stepped forward and seizing the white headdress pulled it off. She saw that Catherine's beautiful hair was gone, and she gave a cry of anger which brought the rest of the family into the room. They were all indignant, and her father and brothers spoke harshly to her. "Your will must be curbed," said Giacomo. "You shall not do whatever you wish, no matter how absurd it may be, and so bring scorn upon all of us. You must do as your sisters have done."

Catherine appealed to her brothers. "I have no wish to anger any of you," she said. "I care nothing what you do with me, nor would I be a charge to any

of you. I will live on bread and water and never ask anything better if only I may be let to live in peace without thought of other people."

Giacomo, however, would not yield to what he considered her caprices. His wife and sons agreed that Catherine was both obstinate and foolish and must be taught to do as she was told. Giacomo said, "I know what's the cause of this trouble. You have too much time to spend on your knees in prayer and you go to your room and think of strange things when you should be with the others. Hereafter you shan't have any room of your own, and you shall do the housework to keep from dreaming all day long."

His order was carried out. To show Catherine how little they thought of her fancies Madame Lapa dismissed the kitchen-maid, and Catherine was made to take her place and do all the household drudgery. Each of the family took every possible opportunity to reproach her for her obstinacy, and her father and mother talked to her by the hour at a time, seeking to bring her to what they considered a more sensible state of mind.

Catherine went about the housework faithfully. During the day she would occasionally find a chance to rest for a time in her brother Stephen's room while he was away, and at night she would sleep wherever she could find a bed. Often she simply curled up in a chair in the living-room. Through all this hard treatment she was patient and uncomplaining, until finally her sweetness and constancy began to amaze her parents and lead them to believe that perhaps she was

different from other girls and must be allowed to follow her own path. Once they had reached this conclusion Giacomo called the family together and told them that although he and his wife had hoped that Catherine would marry as her sisters had, they saw that she had set her heart on the life of a nun, and that henceforth she was to do as she wished.

In that age hardship and privation were usually considered necessary to goodness. Catherine was so intent on meriting the virtue which her visions had seemed to predict for her that she allowed herself no comforts. More than that she made herself endure many hardships. She took for her room a small cell under her father's house, lighted by only one window. Her bed was made of a few planks with a log of wood for a pillow. Here she felt herself to be as much alone as though she were a hermit in the woods, and here she spent hours in meditation and in reciting long prayers. She wore rough clothes and she gradually trained herself to do with very little sleep and almost no food. She got to the point where she allowed herself only a half hour's sleep at a time and could live on a little bread, some raw herbs, and a cup of water. She had been very strong, but this severe way of living told greatly on her health.

Her mother, however, was much disturbed at these hardships which Catherine insisted on imposing upon herself, and tried to win her to a more healthful life. She begged her to give up her hard wood bed and sleep with her. Catherine did not want to vex her by refusing, and agreed to this, but as soon as her mother

was asleep she slipped out of bed and stole down-stairs to her own chamber. She was back again before her mother woke. After a night or two of this Madame Lapa discovered the ruse, and begged Catherine to stay in bed with her. Thereupon the girl arranged two pieces of wood under the sheet so that she would have to lie on them, thinking she would discipline herself in this way. It was evident that she would have her own will, and so at last her mother gave in. "Daughter," she said, "I see well it boots not for me to strive with you any longer. It is but time wasted. Go your way and rest at whatever times and in what manner you will."

Catherine was so determined to imitate the early saints of the Church, who had in many cases seemed to win virtue by the pains they endured, that she now took to beating herself with rods and wearing a sharp-pointed chain underneath her dress. She did all these things in the hope that she might one day be considered worthy to join the order of Sisters of the Blessed Dominic.

These new hardships were too much for her strength and she became ill. Her good mother, more disturbed than ever, insisted on taking her daughter to the baths of Vignone, which were famous for the healing effect of the sulphur in the water. On the very first day Catherine placed herself under the spout where the sulphurous water came scalding hot into the bath, and standing there suffered silently greater pains from the hot water than she had been able to inflict upon herself at home. Madame Benincasa, upbraiding her daughter

for what seemed to her the sheerest madness, brought her back to Siena, and there Catherine, worn out and only a shadow of her former strong self, took to her bed for a time.

While she was still sick she begged her parents to intercede with the Sisters of Penance and learn if they would not admit her to their order as a novice. Giacomo and Lapa, now realizing that their extraordinary daughter would be happy in no other kind of life, went to the Sisters with this request. They were told that it was contrary to all the customs of the Sisters to admit young girls. The parents pleaded, and finally some of the Sisters agreed to go to Benincasa's house to see his daughter. They found Catherine very thin and pale, and listened to her story of how she had long before renounced all the pleasures and vanities of this world. She talked so earnestly that the Sisters were convinced, and as a result agreed a little later that she should be admitted to their number. At this news Catherine wept for joy, and gave fervent thanks to St. Dominic, praying that she might soon be well enough to receive the holy mantle of the Sisterhood. Her joy soon brought back her health, and shortly she was able to be out again, and to take the vows required of one who entered the Order, or the Mantellate, as the Sisters were called from the black mantle which they habitually wore. This was in 1364, when she was about seventeen years old.

After that Catherine spent several years largely in solitude, although her passion for flowers led her to cultivate a little garden, and her desire to read the

writings of the Church caused her to study reading. She had never learned this at home, but now she asked one of the Sisters to teach her the alphabet, and when she had learned that, she set to work to learn to read. After many weeks of hard study she was finally able to say that she could read the various Offices of the Church.

If Catherine Benincasa had continued her life as a Sister of Penance she would have been simply one of many women who have dedicated their lives to withdrawing from the world and following the course of their own thoughts. She would have left no record of her works behind her nor would she have had much influence on her time. But as it happened she became a great influence, one of the most remarkable women of her century in Europe, and the person of whom the old city of Siena was most proud. She was continually seeing visions of what she was to do, and she followed their commands without hesitation. As a result she accomplished many remarkable things, most of which would have seemed impossible to even the strongest woman.

After a year or two in the convent she was bidden to go back to her father's house and serve there. One of her brothers had given up the dyer's trade and gone to the wars. He had led a wild life and finally been severely wounded and left for dead on the field of battle. In some manner he reached home. Catherine took care of him, and by her skilful nursing and her hopefulness brought him back to health. Her married sisters now had large families of their own, and Catherine delighted to care for the little children. At the same time she went out continually to nurse any of the

neighbors who were ill or console them if they were in trouble, and so her reputation for self-sacrifice and charity spread through Siena, and people sent to her father's house begging that Catherine pray for them. Word of her visions and of messages given her directly by the saints was at the same time passed from mouth to mouth, and the devout of the city came to stand outside the house in the hope of seeing something of these miracles themselves.

In that superstitious age the stories of cures Catherine had effected by her skill at nursing were readily magnified into miracles, and although she was very young she was treated by all Siena with the greatest veneration. This was particularly fortunate for her family, for shortly after she had come home a new civil war broke out, and two factions of the citizens waged relentless war upon each other. Catherine's brothers were all on the side of the Twelve, as the leaders of one party were called, and the fortunes of the strife went against them. Their enemies determined to rid the city of all the defeated families, and many were killed or wounded. A friend of the Benincasa family came in haste to their house. "The whole band of your enemies is coming here to seize you!" he cried. "Come with me at once, and I will take you to the Church of St. Anthony by a secret way, where some of our friends have already taken refuge." Catherine rose from her seat, and said, "There is no need of that." She flung on her mantle and turned to her brothers. "Now, come with me, and fear nothing," said she. They followed, and she led them straight through

the main square of the city, which was held by their enemies. When these angry and excited men saw Catherine they bowed to her reverently and moved aside so that she and her brothers might pass. She led them to the Hospital of Saint Mary, and recommended them to the care of the Master of the hospital, and said to them, "Stay concealed here for three days, and then you can come home in safety." They did as she told them, and when the three days had passed the city was quiet again, but all those of their party who had taken refuge at St. Anthony's had either been killed or thrown into prison, and Catherine's brothers were almost the only men of the party of the Twelve in Siena who came safely through the civil strife.

In May, 1374, Catherine went to the city of Florence in company with some other Sisters of Penance, and when she returned to Siena it was to find her home town suffering from the double calamity of famine and pestilence, evils which were only too common in those days. Never before had the plague raged so violently there. Panic seized the people, and all the wealthy sought safety in flight, leaving the poor in their distress with no one to help them. Family after family fell ill, until it seemed as though the whole city were in the hospitals. Catherine worked day and night, encouraging the other Sisters to do likewise, going into the most infected parts of the city, and with never a thought for her own safety. Many of those who were saved owed their lives directly to Catherine's ceaseless care, and as soon as they were well they told how she had nursed them; so the word spread that she had

again performed miracles and that her touch was curing in itself. At the same time she saw that the scanty store of provisions in Siena was carefully used, instead of squandered as was the custom, and so word went far and wide that she had performed other miracles, such as multiplying loaves of bread and doubling casks of wine. The fame of this wonderful woman spread to Pisa and Florence, and so through Italy, and already pilgrims came to see her and sufferers to beg her to lay her hands on them and cure them.

Italy was at that time the prey of innumerable warring factions. Each city had its powerful families who were trying to make themselves lords and tyrants of their homes. The Catholic Church had been divided by what was called the Great Schism, and the Pope no longer lived at Rome, but had established his residence at the city of Avignon in Provence. The Pope and the Emperor were continually fighting for the control of the different cities of Italy, and the people would side first with one and then with the other. Catherine's name was now so well known that she was urged to help hold the cities to the Church, and with that object she traveled through Tuscany, trying to settle disputes and put an end to the many civil wars. She also urged men to go upon a great crusade against the Saracens which was being planned, and she won over not only Italian soldiers but foreigners as well to this cause. She was invited to visit Florence again to settle disputes there, and, obedient as ever to the call of what she considered her duty she rode to that city, being met at the gates by all the principal men, who showed her

the greatest respect and besought her to make peace among the people. She spent some time there, visiting the sick, talking with the warlike, and healing bodies and minds by her sympathy and spirit of self-sacrifice.

All Italian patriots wanted the Pope to come back from Avignon to Rome, and Catherine believed that his return was necessary for the welfare of Italy. So, when her work at Florence was done, she set out for Avignon, to see the Pope, Gregory XI. She found Avignon a gay and wealthy city, and the Pope and cardinals well pleased with the great palace they had built upon a cliff high above the river Rhone. The city was safe from the wars which were devastating the rest of Europe and especially Italy, and none of the papal court were anxious to give up their luxurious and comfortable life there for the turbulence and trials of Rome. Among these pleasure-loving people arrived the simple black-clad Catherine, a somewhat strange figure in a city which boasted of its extravagance and pride. She was too famous now for the courtiers to disregard her, but they spoke bitter words of her behind her back and tried to prevent her accomplishing her purpose. The Pope was anxious to see her, and she met him, and told him how much he was needed in Italy. He, much impressed by her words, promised to give the matter due thought. She did not stay long, but in the short time she was there she won over many of the vain court and convinced the people that what she wished was right. Gregory was more moved by her appeal than by any that had been made to him before, and a little while after she left he took

courage, outfaced the timid and slothful cardinals, and moved his seat back to the city by the Tiber.

For the rest of Catherine's life she was practically the patron saint of Italy. Wherever the plague raged there she went and nursed the sick; wherever there was strife she appeared to try to calm the waters. She won her great reputation by the actual good works that she did, but people were so fond of ascribing miracles to her that she came to seem really more than human. After her death she was officially proclaimed a saint by the Catholic Church, but before that Italy had come to believe her such a being.

In Siena to-day Catherine's house is regarded as a sacred place, and all through that quaint mediæval city there are relics and reminders of her. She is the greatest daughter of that city, and one of the greatest of Italy. We must remember that she lived in a superstitious age, and that events which we might explain in a natural way the people of that age preferred to regard as miracles. We cannot understand the feeling which drove Catherine, even as a girl, to rejoice in sufferings that she inflicted on herself, but we can appreciate the spirit of devotion to what she thought her duty which led her into so many strange and difficult paths. It is a singular story, and one in which it is very hard to distinguish between what was actually true and what was legendary, but we do know that this girl whom history has called St. Catherine of Siena grew to be a heroic woman, an angel of mercy to the sick and suffering of her day and an inspiration to nobler living in that bitter and warlike age.

II

Joan of Arc

The Girl of Domremy : 1412-1431

A GIRL of thirteen, dark-haired, dark-eyed, clad in a simple gown of white caught at the waist by a yellow girdle, sat listening to a small boy who, stretched at her feet, was trying to make music on a willow pipe. A sunny valley lay rolled out before her, and near at hand a dozen well-fed cows were lazily chewing grass. The girl's seat was a moss-covered stone, about her were clumps of flaming red poppies and farther away was a sea of sky-blue corn-flowers. She herself was burned by the sun until her face and hands were a rich orange brown.

The boy threw down his pipe of willow. "'Tis broken, Joan, split at the side. I know a better willow tree by the Meuse. I'll cut some wands there come Sunday, and make thee a pipe will play a rare farandole like the minstrels used to play at Domremy Fair."

"Father says there'll be no more fairs in Domremy, Philippe. He says we're all like to lose our homes these days. He says the English are surely coming for us, and we'll be driven out of France into the sea."

Philippe sat up and crossing his legs rested his elbows on his knees. His round blue eyes were very

serious. "The curé says the English are devils, Joan. He crosses himself when they are but named to him, and I heard him tell my mother she should pray to the holy statue of Saint Margaret in the church and offer her a full quarter of her spinning that I fall not in their hands."

"My sister Catherine says they have heads like savage beasts; and she is twenty and old enough to know," said Joan.

The boy flipped a bold grasshopper from his knee and leaned closer towards the girl.

"'Tis only Saint Michael can defeat them, Joan," he said in a half whisper. "I saw his picture on a shield the other night, and father says 'twas he who drove the English from his mount in Normandy, the one they call the Mount at Peril of the Sea."

The girl nodded her head. "I dream of Saint Michael, all clad in shining silver, some fast days, Philippe. He comes and looks at me, and when I wake up I can still see his eyes."

Joan had bent forward, and was gazing fixedly at the picture before her, the valley of rich meadows crossed by the sluggish waters of the river in a dozen channels, the ridge of forest-crowned hills beyond and to one side the red-tiled roofs of the little town of Domremy. "When the soldiers come again, and are like to burn our home I'll pray to good Saint Michael, Philippe. He may hear me."

"He might," agreed the boy. Then he lost interest in the saints. "When it's Jacque's turn to tend the cattle wilt thou go to that tree I know of and help me

cut some pipes? I'll show thee a finch's nest close by too."

"Any day. And mayhap we'll find some rushes. Mother says she'll teach me to weave them in a mat. The floor's so cold come winter."

From the village church came the notes of the soft-voiced bell proclaiming noon. Joan rose and smoothed the creases in her simple homespun dress. "I must be going home now," said she. "I promised Catherine I'd help her with the baking. Look, the red heifer's straying. Thou'd best drive her back. Good-morrow, Philippe."

"Good-bye, Joan." The boy got to his feet and ran after the heifer who had deserted the rest of the herd. He looked back over his shoulder once and waved his hand to the girl.

Joan went slowly across the fields to the village. She was strong for her age, but a fast day, and this was one, always made her drowsy about noon. Moreover the sun was very warm and she wore no hat. She passed the scattered houses that made up the little town and went on by a lane that skirted the church and led through her father's orchard to his house. The door of the church was open and she could look in at the dim aisle and even catch a glimpse of the altar at the end with a lighted taper before it. She stopped to cross herself, then passing around the church she entered the orchard. Here the boughs of the apple and peach trees made a pattern of the sunshine on the grass. The shade was very welcome. She stopped, and leaning against one of the trees half closed her eyes.

Through her drooping lids she suddenly saw a circle of white light, whiter than sunlight, spread out on the grass between her and the church. The clear white circle widened. She opened her eyes and saw that the light was also in the air, that there was a column of it reaching up to the sky. She rubbed her eyes, thinking she must be dreaming, but the light stayed. Then slowly came into view a shining figure, appearing right out of the air but growing more and more plain until she could see it was an angel with a flaming sword, an angel clad in silver with a great halo of golden light about his head. She knew it was Saint Michael. She dropped to her knees and crossed herself many times. The angel stood silently before her, and now she saw other angels come slowly into the light and stand about Saint Michael. They all looked at her, but their lips did not move. The light was so bright now that she had to cover her eyes with her hands. She fell forward on her knees, trembling in great fear. When she dared to open her eyes again the wonderful vision had vanished, and there were only the trees and the stone wall of the church beyond.

It was some time later that Joan went into the house and joined her sister Catherine in the kitchen. She had the feeling of having been dreaming, but she was quite sure that her eyes had been wide open and that she had actually seen the miracle in the orchard. The thought of it kept her silent; she felt that she could not speak of it to other people; they would not believe her or would call her a witch. So she went about her work just as if nothing had happened, and she was kept very

busy, because the family were poor peasants, and Joan was a strong, sturdy, capable girl who could do a score of useful things. Indoors she helped her mother with the spinning, the sewing, the cooking, and in keeping the small house clean ; out-of-doors she worked in the fields with her brothers, gathered the harvest with the other girls of Domremy, and sometimes took her turn in watching the village cattle in the pasture lands down in the valley of the Meuse. She seemed to be quite like other girls of her age, very fond of bright dresses, always ready to dance or play, amused at a joke, but besides stronger and braver than most of the other girls, and always eager to help any one in trouble. When a child or an old woman was ill in the town it was Joan who was most apt to nurse them, to take them flowers or fruit ; and when some poor wanderer begged James of Arc to shelter him over night it was Joan who would give the stranger her bed and sleep on a pile of rushes in her sister's room. Every one was fond of her, and though the other children sometimes teased her for being silent and for liking to go to church, she paid no heed to them, and was happy in her own way.

Near Domremy was a fortress called the Castle of the Island where the noble Lord of Boulemont and his family lived. The men of the village had to take turns in standing guard at the castle, but in return they could fly there for refuge in times of danger. A giant beech-tree stood near the place, and it was said that here one of the ancestors of the noble lord had met a fairy and often talked with her. On feast days the

lord and his family made merry in the shade of this beech, and the village children often went there also, hung wreaths of flowers on the limbs of the fairy tree, danced about it, ate their bread and cheese and cakes under its shade, and drank the waters of a near-by fountain which were supposed to heal any one who was sick. Here the children picnicked one summer day not long after Joan had seen the vision of Saint Michael, and here Philippe brought Joan a half-dozen willow wands and cut them into pipes and whistles for her. The boys and girls ran races against each other, and Joan was so fleet-footed she could beat many of the boys, and after that they danced and then had supper and made a visit to the miraculous fountain to taste its water. By sundown they were tired and ready to go home. They all went together to the village and then scattered on their several ways. Joan, weary but happy, entered the little garden back of her father's house and sat down on a bench built against the wall. She gave a little sigh of content; the evening was beautiful and a warm wind blew across the valley from the west.

As she sat there resting she thought she caught the sound of voices. They did not come from the house, but seemed to be borne to her on the soft breeze. Much surprised she sat up straight. Then came into shape again before her eyes the faint but clear image of Saint Michael, only a little distance from her in the garden. His eyes seemed to rest fixedly on hers. He grew so distinct she could see the joints in his silver armor and that his lips moved. She slid from the

bench to her knees and bent her head. Some power outside herself made her look up. Two figures stood with Saint Michael now, one on each side, and she knew they were Saint Catherine and Saint Margaret.

Again Joan heard the voice, but now she knew it was Saint Michael who was speaking to her. He told her the kingdom of France lay in his care, that the king of France and all his people were in danger, and that she must prepare herself to go to her king's aid, for it was through her that France was to be delivered. He bade her be not afraid but prepare herself for the great work she was to do, and told her that the two saints there with him would be near her always and would direct and strengthen her. He ceased speaking, and slowly the three figures faded into air, and she heard only the whisper of the west wind in the trees.

She rose from the grass and slowly went indoors. All that evening she moved about her home in a trance, feeling she had a great secret she could share with no one, yet one which she could never forget.

A night or two later the village priest came for a chat with James of Arc. The two men talked of the war, and of the French and English kings. Joan sat by the window listening. Finally she heard her father say, "These be bad days; what with a weak king and the greedy English we French folk are like so many cattle waiting for the slaughter."

"Jesu have pity on us!" said the priest. "There is a prophecy made long syne by some holy man that our

France shall be ruined by a woman and then be safe restored by a maid from the borders of Lorraine. We know the woman, King Charles' mother, Madame Isabeau of Bavaria herself; but where is the maid? God grant she come soon!"

There seemed to be silence in the room, but Joan heard a voice speaking to her. "Thou art the maid," said the voice. "Thou wast born to save this land of France."

The summer passed and winter came to Lorraine. Outwardly Joan of Arc was like the other girls of Domremy. She helped her mother indoors and her father in the fields, she went to mass and confession and she learned as much as her friends did of the troubles of her country. But more and more often the voices spoke to her, when she was watching the cattle in the pasture, or visiting the little chapel on the hillside, or sewing in her room at home. They would come to her without warning, but always when she was alone, and they told her again and again that she was to save France, but they did not yet tell her how she was to do it. Sometimes she saw the visions of the saints themselves, but more often only heard their voices, and in time they grew so familiar to her that she no longer trembled at the sound.

In the summer when Joan was sixteen the English and the soldiers of Burgundy swept down on Lorraine, and the people of Domremy, peasant folk who were always at the mercy of the troopers, left their homes and drove their cattle seven miles southward to the walled town of Neufchâteau. Joan, now a tall strong girl, pretty with

her black hair and eyes and sunburned cheeks, went with her family and found a home in the walled city with a woman named La Rousse. Here, safe within the walls, she helped the other girls in tending the animals and caring for the housework. She heard wild tales of the terrible things the enemy's soldiers were doing in the country, and she prayed that her family and friends might not fall into their hands. Again Saint Michael appeared to her, and now he told her that the time was not far distant when she must set forth on her sacred mission.

The enemy's soldiers soon left that part of the country and James of Arc and his neighbors were able to return to Domremy. They found the village burned, the church a pile of ruins, only the stone walls of their houses standing, the crops destroyed, their goods carried away. They still had their cattle, and they set to work to build new roofs for their homes and go on with their work. For the first time the children saw what war meant. Joan found the orchard where she had seen her first vision laid waste, and beyond it the blackened stones of what had been the church. She understood that what had happened there was happening all over France and began to realize that God had called her to the wonderful work of saving her countrymen. The voices spoke again, and now they began to tell her exactly what it was that she must do.

Joan was now nearly seventeen, and Philippe, her old friend, was much in love with her and asked her to marry him. She was very fond of him, and liked him much better than she did any of the other youths of

Domremy, but the voices told her that she must not marry, but must give all her thoughts to the great work which had been set her. Philippe entreated her to change her mind, but she would not. Little by little now she spoke to him and to her other friends of the messages Saint Michael and the other saints had sent her.

In the autumn of 1428 the fate of France seemed trembling in the balance, bound up with the fate of the city of Orleans. The English army had just laid siege to that city, and if Orleans fell France was lost. The sovereign of France, Charles VII, was a weakling, and in the eyes of many French people not really their king, but only the heir to the throne, or Dauphin as he was called, because he had not yet been crowned and consecrated as king at the old city of Rheims. Rheims was in the hands of the English, but it must be taken from them, and Charles the Dauphin must be crowned and anointed there if he was to be King of France. One autumn day in 1428 the voices spoke again to the peasant maid of Domremy and gave her two commands ; first to save Orleans from the English, and second to lead the Dauphin to Rheims and have him crowned king there.

Naturally the tasks seemed impossible to Joan ; she pleaded that she could not ride, knew nothing of war, and had never been out of the valley of the Meuse. The voices told her that she would be guided safely, and that first she must go to the village of Vaucouleurs and ask the captain, Robert of Baudricourt, for an escort to take her to the Dauphin. Moreover, she must not delay ; she must save the city of Orleans.

Her chance to start came almost at once. A cousin of hers who lived near Vaucouleurs fell sick, and Joan offered to nurse her. At the cousin's house Joan told the husband that she was commanded to raise the siege of Orleans and asked him to take her to Robert of Baudricourt. The simple peasant was amazed and at first would not believe her, but she was so earnest and spoke so positively of the commands given her that finally he yielded and agreed to take her to the captain in Vaucouleurs.

A little later Joan and the peasant appeared before Robert of Baudricourt. The captain saw a common farmer and a strong, dark, pretty girl dressed in coarse red stuff like any ordinary peasant maid. Joan told him he must send her with an escort to the Dauphin. The captain laughed loudly and bade her go home and tend the cattle. She protested, but he only scoffed at her talk of her mission.

Joan, however, did not go home, but stayed in the town, and told those she met that she must go to the Dauphin because she was the maid who was to save France. She seemed an honest, gentle girl, and one by one people began to take an interest in her story and wonder if it could be true. One day a roystering soldier named John of Metz stopped at the house where she lived, and asked for her, thinking to make fun of her. "What are you doing here?" he demanded when she came to the door. "I have come," said Joan, "to a royal city to tell Robert of Baudricourt to send me to the Dauphin, but he cares not for me or for my words. Nevertheless, before mid-Lent, I must be with the

Dauphin, though I have to wear my legs down to my knees. No one in the world, neither kings, nor dukes, nor king of Scotland's daughter, nor any one else can recover the kingdom of France without help from me, though I would rather spin by my mother's side, since this is not my calling. But I must go and do this work, for my Lord wishes me to do it." "Who is your Lord?" asked the soldier in surprise. "God," said Joan. The man was so much impressed by her words that he said he would take her to the Dauphin himself. He asked her when she wished to start. "Rather now than to-morrow, rather to-morrow than afterwards," Joan answered.

But even with the aid of this soldier and of the friends she had made who believed in her it was some time before Joan could persuade the captain to give her an escort. At last she told him of the visions and the voices and finally he let himself be persuaded. He gave her the men she wanted and she made ready to start on her journey to the Dauphin. She decided she had better dress as a young man, and her friends bought her the clothes she needed and a horse. She rode out of Vaucouleurs clad in the black vest and hose, and gray cloak of a squire, booted and spurred, with a sword at her side and her hair cut short and round, saucer fashion, as was the style. Six armed men went with her. She did not want to go, she longed to return to her mother and the simple folk of Domremy, but the voices kept saying over and over, "Go, Child of God, go forth to save France."

The Dauphin was at the castle of Chinon in Touraine.

There Joan went, and begged him to listen to her. The news of the peasant girl who thought she was to rescue the land had already come to him and he was curious about her. He granted her an interview, but thinking to test her, hid himself among a group of courtiers. As she entered the room the voices told her which was Charles and she went straight to him. She dropped upon her knee before him. "Gentle Dauphin," she said, "I have come to you on a message from God, to bring help to you and to your kingdom." Then in answer to his questions, she told him how she had been directed to lead his army to the aid of Orleans.

The Dauphin was impressed, and bade her be cared for at the castle. Again she had to wait, but now the story of her visions and the prophecy that a peasant maid of Lorraine should save France had spread abroad and people began to put their faith in her. The common people were the first to be convinced, because they were by nature superstitious and found no difficulty in believing the marvelous stories that now began to be told about Joan; after them the captains and the soldiers were willing at least to pretend to believe in her because she would lead them against their enemies; and finally Charles VII himself, weak and disappointed king as he was, decided that Joan could at least do his cause no harm, and might do it good, and so gave his consent to her requests.

In a very short time then the simple girl of Domremy, only seventeen years old, was put at the head of the French army and rode north to raise the siege of Orleans. Clad in full armor, astride a white charger,

sword at her side, she carried a banner which had been described to her by the mystic voices. The field of the banner was sown with the lilies of France, in the centre was painted God holding the world and on each side knelt an angel. The motto was "Jesus Maria." With this banner floating above her she rode to Orleans, and all the country people who saw her pass told their neighbors the old prophecy had come true.

By great good fortune Joan's army was able to enter the city of Orleans. There the warrior-maid was received with the utmost reverence, greeted as a deliverer sent by God, and hope revived in the people's hearts. She waited a short time, and then taking counsel with her generals planned an attack on the English outside the walls. Again fortune stood by her, the French were victorious, and the enemy were forced to retreat and so raise the siege.

Joan's first task was done. After an interval she set out upon the second, to crown the Dauphin in the city of Rheims. This meant a march through a part of France held by the enemy and the capture of many cities. Joan and her army accomplished the work, however, and the day came when Charles the Dauphin and the Maid of Orleans, as she was now called, entered the great cathedral of Rheims, and Joan heard her prince consecrated and proclaimed King of France. She had given her country new hope and strength and a king to look to.

Joan had now completed the two tasks for which she had left Domremy; her voices had spoken truly to her and she had done what they had commanded. She

wanted to go home, enter her father's house again, and remain a peasant girl like her friends and share their simple life. But she had become too wonderful in the eyes of France for the people to let her do as she wished. They begged her to do more, and so she was persuaded to keep with the royal army and wage battle after battle with the English. For a time victory stayed with her, but finally one day at Compiègne she was cut off from her men by the enemy, surrounded and taken prisoner. The rest of her history is briefly told. She was put in prison at Rouen, tried for witchcraft, condemned and burned at the stake in 1431, when she was nineteen years old.

So it was that the peasant girl stirred France to hope by her wonderful deeds, and gave her life at the end for her country's sake. France made her a national heroine, the Catholic Church proclaimed her a Saint, and in all history there is hardly to be found so marvelous a story as that of the simple girl of Domremy, Joan of Arc, called the Maid of France.

III

Vittoria Colonna

The Girl of Ischia : 1490-1547

VINES had woven the walls of a little natural bower on a high cliff of the wooded, sea-swept island of Ischia off the coast of Italy. Beyond lay the bay of Naples, a deep blue glimmering with specks of gold, and still farther off stretched the white and brown and yellow roofs and walls of that sun-loved city. It was late afternoon, the hour of all the four and twenty when the city and the sea were most alluring to the eye. In the bower sat a woman and a golden-haired girl, and each was watching the colors shift and deepen in the broad breeze-touched bay.

"Is there anything else as lovely, Isabella?" asked the girl in time. "See yon handful of opals just tossed on the waves off Capua. How still it is! The woods have gone to sleep."

The woman smiled. "Peace to their slumbers. Yonder poor town of Naples has little time to rest! What with France and Spain, the Holy Father and the rest of them, the poor folk of Naples can scarce call their souls their own."

"Indeed 'tis like looking down from a nest upon a stormy plain," agreed the girl. "Here at least are few plottings and struggles."

She settled more comfortably, her head resting in

the palm of her hand. Then, after a moment, she sat up again and, turning to her companion, laid a finger to her lips. Close to them, the other side of the network of wild vines, was the sound of footsteps and presently of voices.

"To the west, beyond this cliff, lies a beach," she heard a man's voice say, "where the Marquis Ferdinand and his teacher come to swim each day at this hour. We can hide in the bushes back of the shore and take them unarmed. The Orsini have offered an hundred ducats for the boy."

There followed a chuckle, and then another voice added: "'Tis an easy way to line my purse again."

"Softly then, softly," cautioned the first speaker, and crackling twigs marked their stealthy descent towards the sheltered beach.

The girl, alarm in her eyes, sat up straight. As soon as the crackling ceased she bent forward. "Didst hear, Isabella?" she whispered. "Didst hear yon plot? They wait for Ferdinand and Messer Florio to bathe beneath the cliff and then set on them. An hundred ducats the Orsini pay. What can we do to warn them?"

But Isabella's wits seemed flown away. She sat silent, rocking from side to side, her face suddenly quite white.

"Think, Isabella, think; what shall we do? We can't let them have Ferdinand without a warning. 'Tis almost time that his boat came alongshore. He bathes at sunset and the sun is nearly gone. Speak, Isabella, speak."

The girl put her hand on the woman's arm and

shook her. The only reply was a moan and a whispered, "Oh, Vittoria, what will our dear lady the Duchess say?"

"She will say we were cowards for one thing, and she will be right," said the girl. "Many a time have I heard my father say, 'There's nothing the Orsini want but the Colonna will snatch away from them.' They shan't have Ferdinand. Tell your beads here on the cliff as you will; I'm going down over its edge to the beach."

She stood up, tall and slender in her white gown, her fair hair falling to her shoulders, and looked out across the bay. "There, he is coming now," she exclaimed, pointing eastward to where a white sail was skimming the sparkling waves. "If they take Ferdinand they take Vittoria Colonna too."

"But the Duchess ——" began the frightened Isabella. "She bade me never leave thee. If I go home alone ——"

"Stop!" ordered the girl. "Thou knowest the safety of Ferdinand is of more value than all the womenfolk in Ischia. The boat is almost here."

She stepped to the edge of the cliff where the vines were thickest and tested them with her feet. Then, searching carefully for that ladder of knotted branches which seemed to promise the securest hold she stepped over the edge and slid her feet from one rung of the vine-ladder to another while she clung to the roots with her hands. Far below the waves murmured against the rocks and lapped at the silver half-moon of the sandy beach.

Fortunately the cliff was shelving and in places a path was worn where boys had hunted for sea-birds' nests. Vittoria was strong and she kept her hold upon one vine until she had found another quite as safe. Slowly she crept downward, stopping now and again to look out for the sailboat which was steadily crossing towards the little beach. She figured that it would pass beneath her just as she should reach a certain jutting ledge of rock. The wind was rising and she had to hasten. She twisted her fingers tightly about a vine and loosed her footing. So she slipped down and stood, out of breath and with her hair and dress disheveled, on the ledge. Putting her hands to her mouth she sent a hailing cry across the water.

The man and boy on the skiff looked up and saw the white-clad figure of the girl above them on the ledge. "It's Vittoria!" cried the boy. "She has some message for us, Florio. Send the boat in beneath the cliff."

The man nodded and swung the tiller over so that the light cockle-shell skiff danced over the water to Vittoria's ledge. As they neared it the boy, a handsome, curly-haired, sunburned lad of fifteen, caught at the matting of heavy vines which hung almost to the water's edge while the man dropped the little sail.

"What is it, Vittoria?" asked the boy. "Messer Florio and I were going for our swim."

"Not to-day, Ferdinand," she answered. "I have word for thee. Wilt catch me if I climb down?"

"Aye, that I will."

Holding again by the vines and slipping her feet

from rung to rung Vittoria left her ledge and was soon near enough for Ferdinand to catch her in his arms. Messer Florio steadied the boat against the rock while the boy swung Vittoria across the gunwale.

"Now set your sail back towards home," she commanded.

"Why, Vittoria?"

"Isabella and I were on the cliff but now," she exclaimed, her eyes sparkling, "when we heard two men plan how they should hide behind the trees of the beach and seize upon you both when you were unarmed. One said the Orsini would pay an hundred ducats for Ferdinand. They are down there waiting now."

Messer Florio's swart face paled and the boy frowned. "So even in Ischia there is danger from those wolves, is there?" said he. "Oh, wait until I am a man, and can draw their fangs for them."

"Aye, wait, Ferdinand. Meantime let us be sailing towards home."

"Truly, the Lady Vittoria speaks wisely," said Messer Florio, glancing up at the cliff as though fearful that their enemies might even yet be in position to harm them from above. "Take my place, Ferdinand, while I work the bow out to sea again."

The boy obeyed, and between them they soon had the skiff tacking out from shore, her nose pointing over towards Capua.

"Poor Isabella," said Vittoria after a time. "I think she was too fearful even to speak. We must send a guard to bring her in by dusk."

"'Tis well one of you had courage to give the warning," said Florio. "'Twas a climb few girls would care to risk to my thinking."

"Needs must when the devil drives," answered Vittoria with a laugh. "I could not see them steal my husband from before my very eyes. Moreover when have the Orsini ever had the better of a true Colonna?"

So Ferdinand the boy Marquis of Pescara and Florio his tutor sang the praises of the little Lady Vittoria Colonna until they had rounded the rugged cliffs of Ischia and sailed into safe harbor. Above the landing-place stood the great fortress-castle where lived Costanza d' Avalos, Duchess of Francavilla, and châtelaine of this island rock of Ischia. Florio gave a sigh of relief as he saw Ferdinand and Vittoria step on shore. He knew the robbers would have made short shrift of him if they could have placed their hands on the young Lord of Pescara.

In those days the great Roman families of Colonna and Orsini were always at swords' points. Each had had many cardinals, statesmen, and warriors, and each strove its hardest to despoil the other. Vittoria, the youngest daughter of Fabrizio Colonna, had been born in 1490 in the Castle of Marino, which guarded one of the passes in the Alban hills near Rome. But such a castle was no place for children, for the lords of Marino and the other mountain strongholds lived like robber barons, swooping down on neighboring towns and cities, holding travelers to ransom, and attacking and destroying one another's homes on any favoring chance. The Lord Fabrizio Colonna and his wife Agnes were

anxious to place their daughter in safer hands, and at the same time it happened that Ferdinand II, King of Sicily and Naples, was desirous of uniting the powerful Colonna family to his cause by marrying a girl of that house to a boy of his own race. So at five years of age Vittoria was solemnly betrothed to Ferdinand, Marquis of Pescara, and went to live in the sheltered island of Ischia in the Bay of Naples, under the care of the Duchess of Francavilla, the older sister of the young Marquis Ferdinand. Here the boy and girl were brought up together, studying under the same teachers, playing the same games, while the careful Duchess kept vigilant watch and ward over both, for nothing would have pleased the lords of the house of Orsini better than to prevent the marriage of a Colonna to a boy of such rank and wealth. Even in Ischia, protected by nature as it was and guarded by the Duchess' soldiers, spies sometimes appeared, and neither Vittoria nor Ferdinand were strangers to perils at the hands of enemies of their houses.

For the most part, however, Ischia was quiet and the boy and girl led happy, peaceful lives. Ferdinand was trained to be a soldier, but also learned something of letters and art. A taste for poetry was considered fashionable among young noblemen of that period and he was brought up in the fashion. Vittoria showed an unusual love of literature, and the Duchess, finding her young ward eager to learn, trained her in Latin and Greek and urged her to write verses of her own.

Ferdinand grew tall and strong, fit for the work of a soldier, gentle at most times, but fiery when his anger

was aroused. He was considered remarkably handsome, with an auburn beard, an aquiline nose, and eyes keen and commanding. Vittoria, while she was still a girl, was regarded as one of the beauties of Italy, her face being of the calm oval Roman type, with the broad brow, the thoughtful eyes, and the full red lips. Poets sang the praises of her golden hair and artists loved to paint it, and the fame of its beauty had spread to Rome and Naples through the words of wandering troubadours who had been to Ischia.

When Vittoria Colonna and Ferdinand d' Avalos were nineteen years old they were married, and it was a true love-match, for they had grown more and more fond of each other during the years they had spent on the island. The wedding was almost royal in its magnificence, and then bride and groom went to Naples, where endless feasts were given in their honor. They traveled a little and then went back to Ischia, where for three years Ferdinand and Vittoria were very happy, and where she began to write some of those sonnets which were to win her fame.

Then came the call to war, and Ferdinand left Vittoria at Ischia to hasten to the aid of his king who was warring with Louis XII of France.

From that time the life of Vittoria's husband was spent in camps and battles. He was unusually brave, a man beloved by his soldiers, and as a general there were few men of the age his equal. Now he was winning, now losing, at one time in prison at Milan writing letters in poetry to his wife to which she replied with poems of her own. He was wounded at the great

battle of Pavia, and a little later, worn out by his hard warring life, died in 1525.

Vittoria stayed at Ischia, and to ease her grief for her loved husband wrote many sonnets dealing with their life together. Her poems were considered very beautiful and her fame grew until she was accounted among the greatest of Italian writers. After a time she traveled and everywhere she was received with the highest honors as a poetess. At last she settled in Rome, and there her house was the centre of learning in the city. All men of talent claimed to be her friends, and the letters of the day were filled with accounts of her genius, her holiness, and her beauty. Chief among her friends was the great painter Michael Angelo, and the friendship of each was a continual inspiration to the genius of the other.

So it was that this girl who saved her betrothed husband from his enemies that day at Ischia became in time one of the noblest figures in Italian life, one of the finest flowers of what we call the Renaissance in Europe.

IV

Catherine de' Medici

The Girl of Mediæval Italy: 1519-1589

A STONE bench with arms carved to represent crouching lions stood under an ilex tree in a corner of the Medici gardens in Florence. There, on a certain autumn afternoon, sat two girls, talking languidly, for the day was hot. Both were dark, but while one looked much like a hundred other girls to be met in the streets of Florence, the other was striking. Her long, oval face was very pale, and seemed the more colorless in contrast with the black hair which she wore low on her forehead and over the tips of her ears. Her lips were thin and straight, and her eyelids made her eyes look long and narrow, almost like two slits from which gleamed a singularly bright or a dull light, depending on whether she were interested or indifferent. Delicate black brows were penciled above those eyes. She was handsome, but one might also judge that she was crafty.

Just now she was admiring the glitter of a ruby in a ring upon her hand. "How much it looks like a drop of blood," she was saying. "Hast thou ever seen one of those rings, Bianca, with a little hidden place to carry poison? My uncle Filippo has one. The Duke's goldsmith made it for him."

"I hate all such things," said Bianca. "If I had such a ring I'd throw it into the Arno."

"Nevertheless they are useful sometimes. My uncle and the Duke are playing at being friends now, but thou knowest that to-morrow they might well be at each other's throats." She smoothed a fold of the green gown on her knee. "I like my uncle, but the Duke ——" she shrugged her shoulders. "I trust him no more than I would the rabble of Florence. He is kind to me now. In good faith I know there is some reason for it. 'Tis not love of me or because I am a girl of his house of the Medici."

"Softly," warned Bianca. "Here is he now coming through the garden."

There came towards them a singular group. One was a tall man, dressed in doublet and hose, with a long heavy gold chain hanging almost to his waist, and a gold girdle in which was stuck a short dagger, the handle of which glittered with precious stones. A velvet cape hung from his shoulders, and on his head perched a flat velvet cap, tilted at an angle. He bore a certain resemblance to the girl in green; he had the same cream-white skin, lustrous black hair, and narrow, searching eyes. Beside him came a dwarf, dressed in parti-colored brown and gold. He had to take two little hopping steps to every long stride of the man with him. On the other side of the Duke stalked a big greyhound, a certain stately grace in every movement. He stood so high that the Duke could pat his head and pull his long ears without stooping.

The girls rose and courtesied as the others reached them. The Duke, with a smile in his black eyes, waved his hand for them to be seated. "'Tis pleasant

here in thy little nook, Catherine," said he. "This work over state affairs in my cabinet makes my head buzz as if 'twere a hive of angry bees."

"What honeyed thoughts must be yours, my lord," observed the dwarf.

"Honeyed indeed, since they were of my fair Catherine," answered his master. "Lie down in the shade, good lad, and rest thy overworked wits. I would have a talk with my dear niece if she will give me room upon her bench."

Catherine moved, and the Duke sat down. Bianca rose, but the Duke bade her stay. "I have no secrets from Catherine's friends," said he.

"Thou knowest well, little lady," he began, "that we of the Medici have had our ups and downs. Young as thou art thou hast not escaped them. Recall those days when thou wert at the convent, and we were striving to retake Florence from the barbarous chiefs of the Republic. Did not Battista Cei—wretched man! propose that thou shouldst be set out between two battlements where the artillery fire would sweep across thee?"

"I remember well," said Catherine, her eyes gleaming as she spoke.

"And later, did not Castiglione advise that rather than hand thee over to the care of our Holy Father the Pope thou shouldst be given to the soft mercy of the mercenary soldiers?"

"That I remember also," said Catherine. "Though I was only nine I shall never forget those days."

"I only recall them," continued the Duke, "that

thou mayst consider how uncertain is the life of a Medici, and may understand with what care I have looked to thy welfare. Thou art dear to me as my own daughter, and as a daughter have I planned for thee. Now for my news. I have arranged to marry thee to a son of the French King!"

He looked for some surprise on Catherine's part, but she showed none. She gazed straight ahead of her, her eyelids drooping a little over her eyes.

"The French King has two sons, the Dauphin and Prince Henry. Which am I to marry?" she asked quietly.

The Duke crossed one knee upon the other. "I cannot tell thee yet," he answered. "The Dauphin for preference, but Henry if need be. The King has raised objections to the first, but a house like ours, which has given two Popes to Christendom, might well provide a Queen for the throne of France. One or the other it will be."

Catherine bent her head. "I trust thou hast always found me dutiful," said she, "and wilt in this."

The Duke, his white fingers playing with the chain about his neck, eyed the girl closely. "Thou art a curious maiden, Catherine," he observed slowly. "I tell thee that thou art to marry a Valois and go to Paris and thou showest as much excitement as if I said the wind had veered a quarter. Is it nothing to thee to marry and leave thy home?"

Catherine smiled, her eyes bent on the greyhound which lay crouched at her feet. "Good my lord," she answered, "I have known ever since I was old enough

to think of such things that some day thou or some other of my kinsmen would come to me and say, 'Catherine, thou art to marry such and such a prince.' To me they are all alike, dressed of a piece. I know not even if they be comely or no, but only that such a one is Heir of France and such is Prince of Savoy. I am ready to live in Paris or in Milan as it suits my kinsmen. As for leaving home thou hast said thyself that my days here have been somewhat hazardous. I have no reason to love these Florentine gentlemen overmuch."

"True," agreed the Duke. "Thou sayest wisely, surprising wisely for a maid thy years. If I mistake not thou wilt play this game of statecraft shrewdly, with an eye ever to the stakes and little concern for the other players. It is well, the Medici have never played the fool. One word more. Shortly thou and I and thy good uncle Filippo Strozzi must leave for Leghorn, there to meet the Pope and the envoys of the King of France, and sign the marriage papers. I am right glad that Filippo will go. He will safeguard thee as carefully as I. Now must I take my leave. May thy dreams be sweet, savored with the thought that some day thou mayst be Queen in France." He rose and poked the dwarf with his toe. "Come, good jester, much sleep maketh the wits dull."

"Then should mine be sharp," answered the dwarf, springing up. "He who serves the Medici sleeps with one eye open."

"And so he must," agreed the Duke with a laugh. He called to the dog and the three went back across the lawn as they had come.

Only when they were out of sight did Catherine speak. "He is a smooth-tongued man in very truth, Bianca," said she. "He talks about the care he takes of me, the thought he spends in planning for my marriage. He would sell me to-morrow to the highest bidder. If I marry one of the French princes 'tis so that he may count on France's aid to help him here in Italy. And he is glad that Uncle Filippo will go to Leghorn with me. He's glad forsooth because my uncle is the most popular man in Florence, and could upset the Duke in a twinkling had he the mind to do so. His head will rest the easier with me in Paris and the Strozzi out of Florence. Oh, a very gentle kinsman is my lord Duke."

"Thou mayst not do him justice, Catherine," urged Bianca.

"Justice?" Catherine's eyes narrowed and a gleam shot into them. "I may be young, Bianca, but I am no fool. I cannot speak for other countries, but here in Italy one should trust no one else. Each has some plan in mind, and given the chance will stop at nothing to have his way with things. Hark you now." The girl lowered her voice to a whisper. "Thou knowest Messer Lorenzino de' Medici, Duke Alessandro's closest friend and counselor? Were I the Duke, Lorenzino would leave Florence for his health and never return. Twice have I come upon him when he thought he was alone and each time there was a dark brooding look upon his face. He has some purpose in his friendliness. What if some evening when the Duke walks forth alone, let us say strolls on the

other side this ilex where the poplars are a screen, a man glides from the shadow? A glint of steel, and Duke Alessandro is no more. The Florentines are glad, and Lorenzino reaps rewards. He has done a public service. 'Tis so easy, so very easy."

"Be still, Catherine. What thoughts thou hast! 'Tis enough to make one shudder."

The gleam in Catherine's eyes disappeared, and she was the same quiet indifferent girl she had been before. "I only said how easy. I only thought the Duke should be more careful of his friends."

"But even to think such things is dangerous, Catherine," protested the nervous Bianca.

"No, thoughts have killed no one," answered Catherine, with a shrewd smile. "Else there had been no one left alive by now."

"I will not talk with thee when thou art so cruel-minded, Catherine," and Bianca rose from the stone seat.

"'Tis not I. 'Tis the great world about me, the men and women of all the Christian courts. Howbeit 'tis time we went indoors. I must plan preparation for this journey to Leghorn the Duke told me of."

She rose also, and moved across the lawn by the side of her friend with a sinuous grace which was remarkable in a girl so young as she. However, as those in the Medici Palace often observed, the Lady Catherine, styled the Princess of Florence, was old for her age in more ways than one.

Probably this was to have been expected. Catherine had lost her father and mother very shortly after



CATHERINE DE' MEDICI

From an old engraving

she was born. Her father was Lorenzo de' Medici, and her mother Madeleine de la Tour d'Auvergne before her marriage. Her father had been the head of his family in Florence and the real ruler there, although the Florentines were so jealous of what they considered their independence that he had never dared proclaim himself lord of the city and used the title of Duke of Urbino. Even so after Lorenzo's death the Medici had been driven from Florence and had had to fight desperately to retake it. At that time the leaders of the republic in the city had shut Catherine, who was only nine years old, in a convent, and had discussed the best way in which to be rid of her, as the Duke had so thoughtfully reminded her. When the Medici finally took possession of the city again Alessandro was the head of the family and became Tyrant of Florence, calling himself Duke of the City of Penna. He released Catherine from the convent and adopted her into his own family, giving her the title of Princess of Florence. Catherine, although she was only fourteen, had seen enough of the men of her family to distrust them almost as much as she did the people of the city. On all sides she had found treachery and deceit and greed for power, and if she was overwise for her years in such matters, it was because she had been brought up to see little else.

One man alone she trusted, her uncle Filippo Strozzi, who had married her father's sister, and who was now the most popular man in Florence. The Duke would have liked to be rid of this man by any means he could, but he did not dare deal with him in an underhand way, and so decided to send him to accompany Catherine to

Leghorn, hoping that he might be induced later to go with his niece to France and keep away from Florence. Catherine had judged rightly when she said the Duke had laid his plans for her marriage more for his own protection than for her welfare.

Early in October, 1533, the Duke Alessandro, Filippo Strozzi, and Catherine left Florence for Leghorn. In order to dazzle the French court the Duke had arranged a remarkable suite to accompany the young Princess. The entire procession consisted of more than a thousand persons, and when the rear-guard were still leaving the gate of Florence those in the lead had already passed the first village outside the city.

Although Duke Alessandro was head of the house of Medici in Florence the Pope, Clement VII, was head of that house in Italy, and he had decided that he also would go to Leghorn and take a hand in the wedding plans of the Lady Catherine. Like all the powerful princes of that day both Pope Clement and Duke Alessandro wished to dazzle the rest of the world with their magnificence, and Catherine must have been surprised at the sights she saw in Leghorn. The Pope had arrived by sea, and his private galley was hung with crimson satin trimmed with golden fringe, and covered with an awning of cloth of gold. This same barge had been fitted with a suite of rooms for Catherine herself, and here were gathered priceless works of art and scores of curious treasures which had been sent to the Pope from distant countries. The oarsmen and the sailors were all magnificently dressed, and three more barges were filled with the officers and servants of His

Holiness. Near the Papal galleys were moored the barges of the envoys of the French King, headed by the Duke of Albany, and so the harbor was filled with splendid vessels, while on shore Duke Alessandro did his best to amaze the simple people of Leghorn with the wealth and magnificence of the Lords of Florence.

There followed many meetings between the Pope and the Duke and the French envoys. It was settled that Catherine's marriage dowry should amount to a hundred thousand ducats, a very large sum of money for even such a rich house as that of the Medici to pay. Then the question arose as to which of the French princes she was to marry, whether the Dauphin or Henry, Duke of Orleans. The Pope and the Duke urged that she be married to the Dauphin, but the French King would not consent, and finally the two Medici princes realized that they had better take the younger son while they could get him, and agreed that Catherine should marry Henry. But by this time they were so much afraid that the French King Francis I would try to break his agreement with them that they insisted on an immediate wedding for Catherine and journeyed on to the city of Marseilles in order that it might take place at once.

If the Pope and the Duke were fond of gorgeous display, Francis I was even more so. Although he had given many splendid entertainments before, he outdid himself on this occasion. The wedding feasts for Henry and Catherine lasted thirty-four days, and during all that time the Pope and the King witnessed tournaments and sham sea-battles, listened to music and to

the poems of the troubadours, and met at the banquet-table to eat and drink and make merry half the night. So Catherine, just fifteen years old, was married to Henry, who was three weeks older.

Catherine's opinion of the treachery and deceit of the people of her time was quite correct. She had told Bianca only what was the truth, for in mediæval Italy every one in high place was a conspirator and the men of her own family were the worst. The Pope and the Duke had wanted to marry Catherine to the Dauphin so that she might some day be Queen of France. They found they could not do this, and must take the second son. History does not tell what plots were hatched on that golden barge off Leghorn, but history does state that only a very short time after the wedding the Dauphin died, and that it was generally believed that he had been poisoned. He had been taking part in some athletic games at Tournon on a hot day in August, and when he stopped, being very warm, he asked for a glass of water. It was given to him iced, and a short time later he died. The man who gave him the glass had been one of those who were with Duke Alessandro at Leghorn. Thus, whether by their own devices or by chance, the heads of the house of Medici saw their little Lady Catherine the wife of the heir to the French throne.

Catherine was shrewd, and she studied the people about her in France with the same skill that she had shown in Florence. She saw that she must win the affection of the king if she were to escape suspicion of taking part in the many plots that were made against

him. So she stayed close beside him whenever she could, and was always ready to do whatever he might suggest, until very shortly Francis found himself exceedingly fond of this quiet, willing little daughter-in-law who seemed to admire him so much. She studied Henry and found him vain and pleasure-loving above everything else, and so she let him go his own way, interfering with nothing that he wished to do, but waiting until she might have the chance to win some power over him. And she studied the courtiers, men and women, so that she might be able to play them like pawns at chess, one against another, when the day should come on which she should be Queen of France.

As she waited she saw cunning and deceit win one victory after another in Italy and France. She heard how the brooding Lorenzino de' Medici, even as she had predicted to Bianca, had become Duke Alessandro's closest friend and greatest flatterer in order to find the chance to strike and kill him, and she heard how the people of Florence had proclaimed Lorenzino a patriot for ridding them of the Duke, and how her uncle Filippo Strozzi, one of the noblest men of the time, had vowed that he admired the assassin so much that each of his sons should marry one of Lorenzino's daughters.

Catherine became a most powerful woman, but powerful through fear. She had learned the lesson of her childhood well. She was a Medici, and therefore overweeningly ambitious, and she was as scheming, as clever, and as cruel as any of her famous family. Her husband, Henry, became King of France, and was killed in a tournament. Her three sons became kings

of France in turn, and during all their reigns she was the power behind the throne. During all her life the court of France was a cobweb of intrigue, in which no one was safe, and a man or woman became powerful only to be secretly put out of the way lest he or she should grow too strong. She was beyond doubt one of the ablest women in French history and she might have done much to make France great and respected, but instead she almost ruined it by her selfish ambitions. History lays at Catherine's door the killing of innocent Huguenots in all parts of France, known as the Massacre of Saint Bartholomew's Eve. With all her gifts she could not rise above the teachings of her girlhood in Italy, and so she stands out as a queen of treachery and bloodshed, thoroughly typical of her age in its darker sides.

Lady Jane Grey

The Girl of Tudor England: 1537-1554

A LITTLE lady sat reading a small, vellum-bound book in the window-seat of one of the rooms of his Majesty's palace of Westminster. She was short and slender, and for a girl of fourteen very graceful. Her face was fair and now warm-flushed by the sun, her hair was a soft red-brown and her eyes that light shade of hazel, almost red, which so often goes with hair of reddish color. Her dress was of green velvet, with great gold-embroidered sleeves. At her waist was a girdle of gold. Her gown was cut to a point at the neck and about her throat was a little chain and a small heart-shaped locket. On her head was a coif of fine white lace bound with tiny bands of green and gold. The window behind her was open, and now and then the breeze blew wisps of hair about her forehead and sometimes threatened to turn the leaves of her book.

Presently a boy, a few years older than the girl, dressed in dark red doublet and hose, with a flat cap of the same color on his head, pushed aside the arras at the door and came into the room. He was very pale, and his big eyes, under high black arching eyebrows, looked very tired and moody. He had crossed

to the window-seat before the girl knew he was in the room.

She rose quickly and made a low courtesy. The boy rested one knee upon the window-seat. "I'm glad you've come to court, Lady Jane. I wish you might stay some time."

"Your Majesty is very good to say so."

The boy bit his lip. "All day and half the night people are saying to me, 'Your Majesty is very good' to do this or that, usually something they've made me do. Can't we forget, cousin, for just a little time, that I'm Edward the Sixth, King of England and Ireland and so on, and just pretend I'm simple Edward Tudor and you Jane Grey?"

"An your Majesty wishes it," she said, smiling at the dark-eyed boy.

"I do." The boy sat down on the window-seat. "Oh, Jane, it's a stupid life I lead. Always my masters with lessons, my bearded counselors with scrolls and ink-horns. When I'm tired one man gives me physic, when I'm well again another sets me tasks. My head splits with sermons, and acts of state, and such like matters. I think they grudge me the hours I have to sleep. And among them all I've only one true friend, Barnaby Fitzpatrick, and him they let me see but now and then."

"I know," said the Lady Jane. "It seems there are so many things we must learn. At home my master, Messer Aylmer, is forever setting me this or that to study."

The boy leaned forward and whispered, "I wish I



LADY JANE GREY AND ROGER ASCHAM

were a boy of the streets, with a penny in my pocket and naught to do but plan the spending of it."

"Oh, my lord—Edward, I mean," said the girl, much amazed.

The arras was pulled back again, and two youths entered. One was tall and fair, the other of much shorter stature, with merry black eyes. Both were dressed in the height of the court fashion, with plumed hats, short swords, and jeweled collars.

"Here's Barnaby," said the king, "and Lord Guildford Dudley. Oh, Barnaby, I'm free for an hour or so. What shall I do with it?"

The shorter of the two boys, drawing his heels together, made a low bow to the girl who had resumed her place on the window-seat. "My Lady Jane Grey," said he. "Welcome to our palace of Westminster. Is it not a cheerful place? But for the four of us here gathered I doubt if there be a soul within its walls under five and fifty years of age."

"My Lady Jane," said tall Guildford Dudley, making his bow in turn, "is kind to come here to relieve our dulness."

Now Edward clapped his hands impatiently. "Think, Barnaby, think. What shall we do?"

Barnaby looked out through the mullioned window. "Down there in the garden are bows and arrows. Suppose we be Robin Hood and his men and shoot at wands?"

"Good!" cried Edward. "They told me not to go out-of-doors while the sun was hot, nor walk in the garden without one of my gentlemen-at-arms. Now

will I do both. Come, Jane, you shall judge among us for our skill. There's a little staircase just beyond the arras that leads into the garden."

He sprang up, his pale face flushed with the spirit of adventure, and throwing his arm over Barnaby's shoulder ran with him to the stairs.

Guildford Dudley smiled. "What say you, Lady Jane? Will you leave your book? 'Tis the royal order, you know."

"Very gladly, my lord. I was desiring something better to do." They followed the others to the staircase, and a moment later found themselves in the sunny garden.

From a flower bed Barnaby produced a rounded stick, some three feet long, and stuck it in the ground at thirty paces from a seat under a plane-tree. "Jane shall sit here and be our judge," said he, "while we three shoot at yonder wand."

The three boys chose their bows, which were quite as long as they were tall, and carefully fitted arrows to the cords. Then, standing under the tree, Edward took aim and loosed his bowstring. The arrow went very wild, clipping leaves from a yew some distance to the right.

Barnaby shot next and came nearer the wand. "My eye needs training," said he. "'Tis not near true yet."

Lord Guildford aimed carefully, and sent his shaft just over the wand's top. "Best of the three!" cried Barnaby, and the Lady Jane clapped her hands and smiled at the tall, fair-haired boy.

The second round was not very different. Edward,

his arm shaking as he tried to hold the taut bow straight, shot his arrow into the ground. Barnaby missed the wand by an inch or two to the right, and Guildford grazed it, shooting very close.

Edward's third try was little better than his other two. His shaft went high and wide. He dropped his bow and threw himself on the ground at Jane's feet. "I can't do it," he complained. "'Tis idle trying. They never let me train my hand at sports."

But the other boys were adepts. Barnaby sent his third arrow right to the base of the wand so that the stick bent back, and then Guildford, taking the greatest care, let fly a shaft that hit the stick fairly and split it in two. "Well shot!" cried Barnaby. Guildford turned about, a smile on his pleasant face. "How was that, Lady Jane?"

"Splendid!" answered the girl. "If I had a prize I'd give it to you," and she made room for him to sit beside her on the bench.

Edward, his chin resting in his hand, was looking towards a gate at the rear of the garden. "I wish," he said slowly, "that we could go out into that lane and see what is happening there, just as other children do."

"Why not?" exclaimed Barnaby. "Who's to say no? Let's have a peep outside. Nobody'll be the wiser."

Edward got to his feet doubtfully, but when he saw the other three quite in earnest he laughed, and ran ahead of them to the gate. He swung it wide open and the four trooped out into the lane.

The walls of the palace grounds ran for some dis-

tance, but as soon as the children had turned a corner they came into a street of shops and small dwelling-houses where there were many people. They walked slowly, pointing things out to one another and looking curiously at the new sights about them. Finally Lady Jane spied a pedler standing in the road, with a basket at his waist hung by a rope about his neck. He was calling out in a loud voice to attract attention to his wares. "Let's see what he has," she exclaimed, running over towards him.

A number of people, attracted by the pedler's words, had already gathered near him, but the girl and the three boys stopped directly in front of him. He was a jolly-looking fellow, with a very red face, and a broad-brimmed hat, wound with an orange scarf, stuck far back on his head. "Come buy, come buy!" he called in a singsong voice. "Here are little mirrors for the ladies, fresh from the court of Paris, wherein each may see how beautiful she is and how well her kerchief suits her. And here be ribbands will set the lads' hearts aflutter, and pieces of lace made after the fashion of Mechlin. Come buy, come buy! Come, my good dame, your man will be glad to see you look so fine when he comes home." But the woman he looked at laughed and shook her head. "He keeps his eyes for the food that's awaiting him," said she.

"What ho!" cried the pedler, thrusting his hand into the pile of small articles that lay heaped in his basket. "Talking of food, here be knives, each in a leather jacket of finest Spanish make, will carve you a venison haunch or a foeman's gizzard, just as your

fancy sits. Here, my fine gentlemen," said he, extending a couple of the knives towards Edward, Barnaby, and Guildford, "you should have such to cut your way into court."

"I've a knife here," said Barnaby, touching the scabbard of his short sword, "worth twenty of those bodkins."

"Hark to him!" cried the pedler. "Bodkins indeed! Why, 'twas only yestereve his Majesty ordered a dozen of them to arm his Yeomen of the Guard!" He looked at Lady Jane, noting the richness of her dress. "What will my lady have? She has taste, I warrant. A sweet dye for the hair, a ring, a love philtre, a girdle set with gems?" As he spoke he held up one thing after another, tempting the four to draw near him.

Lady Jane looked into the basket and spied in a corner a bracelet hung with curiously cut bangles. "I like that," said she, pointing it out to the others.

"Ah!" cried the pedler. "The lady has good taste! 'Tis a sweet bracelet, captured from the Moors when the great city of Granada fell. Each of these bangles has a prayer writ upon it, and 'tis said that worn upon the left arm, just above the wrist, 'twill bring good luck beyond all wishing for."

"Take it as my gift, Lady Jane," said Edward, stretching out his hand for it.

"And the price," continued the pedler, "is most monstrous low, too low in fact by half, and yet 'tis the price. A mere matter of five florins."

Edward put his hand to his belt. He had no purse

with him. "'Tis a fair price," said he. "I'll have the money sent you," and again he held out his hand.

"Sent me? Oh, no, fine sir. This hour I may be here, the next in Cheapside. Who buys of me pays in hand." He looked at the other two boys smilingly. "Such a small sum, only five florins."

But as it chanced they also had no purses with them. "Never mind, Edward," said Barnaby. "Lady Jane can have a finer one another day."

"No," said Edward, frowning, "she shall have it now." He looked at the pedler. "Give me the bracelet and in twenty minutes a man shall fetch you the money. Be at the palace gate. I'll send it to you."

The pedler shook his head. "An old bird must be wary, young sir. I might wait and wait and winter come and go, but no five florins. That is my rule to all, be ye whoever ye may."

Edward, however, had the Tudor hate of all opposition. "Give me the bracelet!" he exclaimed, stamping his foot on the paving. "And trust my word for pay, or I'll see you soundly thrashed and driven out of London!"

"Oh ho!" cried the pedler. "Sits the wind so? 'Twill need a bigger man than you to do one or t'other."

"Bigger than I!" cried the boy, his face like a sudden thunder-storm. "Why, you rascal you, I'm ——" But before he could speak the word Barnaby had twitched his sleeve, and whispered, "Ssh—look about you."

Edward turned around. A few paces behind him a

tall man, clad all in black, with long black moustaches and eyes that blazed with anger, had come to a stand. Now he turned to a man with a halberd who stood at his heel. "Drive that rogue away, and scatter the crowd!" he ordered. In a trice pedler and bystanders were on the wing.

The man in black stepped up to the four children. "So your Majesty would roam the streets at will?" said he. "And did your Majesty deign to consider what would happen to this country had one of these scamps taken you at your word and fallen foul of you?"

"I wanted a little holiday, good my lord," pleaded the boy. "'Twas only for an hour."

"And one such hour might have changed the history of England," said the other, who was John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, the most powerful man in the land and guardian of the King. He looked at the others. "And what a shame to draw the Lady Jane Grey into the streets! I should have thought you at least had known better, Guildford."

The fair-haired youth flinched before his father's frown. "'Twas only for a glimpse outside the gardens, your Grace," said he.

"Enough!" commanded the Duke sternly. "We will return to Westminster now. I would ask your Majesty to be so good as to walk with me."

Whereupon he offered his arm to the boy king, and led the little procession back to the gate of the garden by as short a way as he could. But even so word had got about that the boy who was bargaining with the

pedler was none other than King Edward, and that the long-bearded man was the Duke of Northumberland. Therefore every one stared from the safe vantage of windows and doors, but was careful to keep out of the way, for the Duke was known to be a man of sudden and bitter wrath.

The garden-gate closed behind the five of them, and the hour of freedom was ended. Edward, looking more like a prisoner than a monarch, was led off to the small room called his cabinet to sign papers and listen to long reports. One of her mother's maids came in search of the Lady Jane, and carried her away to the apartments of the Duchess of Suffolk, where the girl was lectured by her mother the Duchess, and then set to studying a book of sermons.

It was not a happy time for royal children. The boy king, Edward VI, was kept penned in his palace of Westminster and ruled with a rod of iron by the stern Duke; his two half-sisters, the Princess Mary and the Princess Elizabeth, were both kept well guarded in the country and rarely allowed to see their friends; and his cousin, the Lady Jane Grey, who was next in line of succession to the throne, was hardly freer than these other royal children. They were all really only pawns in a great game of chess that was being played by the great noblemen of England, and no one seemed to care in the least whether they were happy or not.

The Lady Jane did not stay long at Westminster Palace. A few days after her outing with the three boys her father and mother took her back with them to their country home. Such a trip was made slowly

and with much ceremony. The Duchess, her daughter, and their ladies-in-waiting rode in great lumbering coaches, or chariots, while the Duke and his gentlemen, who often numbered as many as a hundred, rode as a guard of honor. If the weather was fine the journey was pleasant, the cavalcade stopping at noon to picnic under the trees by the road, and arriving at night at some quaint inn, to be welcomed by a cheery host and hostess, leaping wood-fires, glistening pewter, and the fragrance of a great variety of roasted meats. But when the weather was bad and the wheels of the chariots sunk so deep in the mire that the horses could hardly pull them out again, and the snow fell or the wind whistled about the mounted cavaliers, then travel through "merry England" was not so happy an affair, and men and women were glad enough to reach their homes.

The Lady Jane had been trained to absolute obedience by a mother who seemed made of iron. She was forced to study in her own room on days when the rest of the household were out-of-doors hunting or hawking, and was set tasks translating from the Latin or Greek instead of playing in the garden. Once the famous scholar Roger Ascham came to the Duke of Suffolk's home at Bradgate Hall. He met the Duke and his wife with all their friends riding through the park on the way to the hunt. He asked where he would find the Lady Jane, and was told she was in her closet reading. He went into the house and found her seated at a window studying one of the works of the Greek writer Plato. Much surprised Ascham asked her

why she gave up the sport of hunting for the sake of study.

The Lady Jane smiled, and answered quite seriously, "I think all their sport in the park is but a shadow to that pleasure I find in Plato. Alas! good folk, they never felt what true pleasure means."

Just two years after Lady Jane had watched the three boys shooting arrows at Westminster she was married to one of them, the tall Guildford Dudley. He was the son of the great Duke of Northumberland, who was already planning to put his son and his son's wife on the English throne after the death of the delicate Edward VI. The wedding was very magnificent, and every one predicted that the little lady and her nineteen-year old husband would be very happy.

Edward, the boy king, died barely six weeks later, when he had not quite reached his sixteenth birthday. Then great events happened to Lady Jane. The Duke of Northumberland and many other lords and ladies went to the house where she was staying and told her that the King had disinherited both his sister the Princess Mary and his sister the Princess Elizabeth, and had ordered that Jane Grey should succeed to the crown.

Then her own father and mother and, after them, all the lords and ladies knelt before her and kissed her hand and called her Queen Jane. She was too surprised at first to make any reply, but a little later she told them all she did not wish to be Queen. They answered that it was not a matter of her choice, but was her destiny. Reserved and obedient as ever, the girl

bent her head and allowed her parents to proclaim her Queen.

On July 10, 1553, Lady Jane went from Richmond to the Palace of Westminster in London, where she was dressed in the great robes of state. Then she proceeded by barge down the river Thames to the Tower of London, which was then both a palace and a prison. As she landed and entered the Tower grounds the people hailed her as Queen. Her gown was of green and gold and covered with jewels, and her young husband walked beside her under a canopy, dazzlingly arrayed in a court suit of white and gold.

This quiet little Princess only reigned as Queen of England for nine days. Most of the country rose in arms on behalf of Mary Tudor, Edward VI's oldest sister, and the Duke of Northumberland's army was soon defeated and he was taken prisoner. Jane had no wish to be Queen; she, like the others, thought that Mary was the one entitled to rule. When her father came to her on July nineteenth and told her that her friends had been beaten and that she was no longer the Queen she was really glad. She had been sitting alone in her chair of state in the council chamber when he came to her. He looked at her, deserted by all her court, and his eyes filled with tears. "Come down from that, my child," said he. "That is no place for you." Jane rose and he took her in his arms. As they stood there together they heard borne to them on the summer air loud rejoicing voices crying, "Long live good Queen Mary!"

Lady Jane looked up at her father. "Can I go

home?" she asked. He bent his head, but did not answer. He did not know what was in store for them.

In spite of its glitter and magnificence that was a cruel age in England. The Church was split into two parts and each hated the other and did its best to destroy it when it had the power. It was the same with the great nobles. One followed another in ruling the state and each had little mercy for a fallen leader. The great Duke of Northumberland had lost, and now his enemies sent him to the scaffold as he had earlier sent his own rivals.

The new Queen Máry, though she was later to be known as Bloody Mary, did not wish harm to befall Jane Grey. Jane and her husband were kept in the Tower as prisoners and in time might have been freed had not some new rebels in the country taken arms against Queen Mary and threatened to drive her from the throne. Then the statesmen decided that such a rival as Jane Grey was too dangerous, and she was ordered to be tried for treason. She was found guilty, as were her father and her husband Guildford Dudley, and they were all ordered to be beheaded on Tower Hill. There on February 12, 1554, when she was only seventeen, Lady Jane was beheaded for having tried to make herself Queen. As a matter of fact she had never wanted to be Queen, nor acted except as her parents ordered.

Of the four children who had run out of the Westminster garden three years before only one was still living, the merry Barnaby Fitzpatrick. He became a great soldier, and was known as the Baron of Upper

Ossory in Ireland when the Princess Elizabeth succeeded her sister Mary and became "Good Queen Bess." The world had not been very kind to young Edward Tudor nor to Guildford Dudley nor to Jane Grey. It was their misfortune to have been born so near the throne. All their lives they were really prisoners. There are few girls in history whose fate was as tragic as that of Jane, the little "Nine Days' Queen of England."

VI

Mary Queen of Scots

The Girl of the French Court: 1542-1587

HENRY II, King of France, was riding into his good city of Rouen. The townspeople, eager to show their loyalty and glad of a chance holiday, had decked both the streets and themselves in all the hues of the rainbow. Henry the King and his company of gallant gentlemen rode into the city by the great highway that led from Paris, and Catherine his Queen, with her ladies, came up the winding river Seine in decorated barges, taking their course in and out among the many emerald isles like slow, calm-moving swans. The King stopped by the bridge that crossed the Seine in the heart of the city, and throwing his horse's reins to a page, descended the bank to the margin of the river, and handed the Lady Catherine to shore. He was a brilliant king, with much of the charm of his father Francis I, who had met England's Bluff King Hal on the Field of the Cloth of Gold, and he bore himself towards his Queen with a noble grace. Her hand in his he led her up from the shore and over the crimson carpets the good people of Rouen had spread in their streets, to a pavilion fluttering with flags, where seats had been placed for them. Behind the King and Queen came the ladies-in-waiting and Henry's gentle-

men, and each man tried to imitate his royal master and hand his lady up the steps of the pavilion with as fine an air. Several people were already awaiting the royal guests in the stand, and among them was a girl, about ten years old, who was sitting in a big arm-chair, and smiling at the people in the street below, at the flags and bunting, the music and the cheers.

As the King and Queen reached the top step of the pavilion the little girl rose and stood with one hand resting on the arm of her chair. Her face was pale, but her features were very lovely, so that any one would have predicted she would some day be a great beauty. Her eyes were the rich brown called chestnut, and her hair, which waved back from her forehead, was the same color. She wore a white satin cap, fastened very low on one side of her head, with a rosette of ostrich feathers, held by a ruby brooch. Her dress was of white damask, fitting closely, with a small ruff of scalloped point lace, below which hung a collar of rubies. About her waist was a girdle set with the same red stones. Her sleeves were very large and patterned with strings of pearls. She made a lovely picture as she stood before the big crimson-lined chair.

King Henry bent, and raising the girl's small hand, touched it to his lips. "How is our little Queen of Scots?" said he. "Our little bride-to-be of France?"

"Well, please your Majesty," answered the little girl, quite self-possessed, "and glad to meet your Highness here."

Then Catherine the Queen, stooping, kissed the girl on each cheek. "Dear Lady Mary, you are a very

gem, as sweet as any I have ever laid eyes on. Come sit beside me and tell me of your mother."

So the ten-year-old girl, already Queen of Scotland, and lately brought to France to marry the Dauphin Francis, took her seat with the royal pair, and watched the great pageant which now wound through the Rouen streets. It was a clear, fresh noon, with just enough breeze from the Seine to ruffle the folds of the innumerable banners. First in the great procession came the friars and monks in their gray and brown robes and with their sandaled feet. Then followed the city clergy, the gorgeous Archbishop in his robes of state, with priests bearing gold and silver crosses in a long line after him, and white-clad boys swinging censers to the time of a low rhythmic chant.

"Here come the different guilds," said a gentleman of the court, who stood by the chair of small Queen Mary. "See the rich salt merchants in their gray taffeta, with black velvet caps and long white feathers."

After the salt merchants came the drapers, in white satin doublets and hose, with gold buckles gleaming in their high white caps, and after them marched the fish-mongers in shining red satin. Each of the trades of Rouen went by, each arrayed in its own colors, and as the pavilion was passed caps were doffed and cheers rose at sight of the smiling Henry and Catherine and the demure-faced little Mary.

After the guilds and the soldiers, some on foot and some on horse, and all proud and dazzling as so many peacocks, came triumphal cars, representing gods and goddesses, and foreign countries. The little Scotch



Mary Stuart âgée de 9 ans
1582. 14 mois de l'année.

MARY STUART
At the Age of Nine

girl opened her eyes wide as she saw six huge elephants swing along the street, the first bearing on its broad back a tray of lighted lamps, the second a miniature church, the third a villa, the fourth a castle, the fifth a town, and the sixth a ship. After them came a troop of men dressed like Turks, waving scimitars. Then followed a car bearing a grotto with Orpheus seated within on a throne, listening to soft music played by a group of girls who sat about his feet. Finally appeared a barge bearing an imitation of a grove of trees with a great rock in the centre and Hercules, club in hand, standing by it. The car was stopped directly in front of the royal pavilion. A monster, the seven-headed hydra, crept out from behind the rock, and as soon as it was in full view Hercules attacked it. A mimic battle followed, and at its end Hercules had overcome the monster and cut off its seven heads, one of which he held up to the King. Henry flung him a purse of gold pieces, while the courtiers cheered. Catherine the Queen turned towards Mary. "Have you ever seen such sights in Scotland, *chérie*?" she asked.

Mary shook her head. "My people are not so gay as your French," she answered.

Mary had been brought up in the customs of royal courts, and although she found this of France unusually brilliant she had felt quite at home in it since she had first come from Scotland. Her father, James V, had died when she was only a few days old, and she had been crowned nine months later. Dressed in robes of state the baby, not a year old, had been carried from her nursery to the church, and there Cardinal Beton

had placed the heavy royal crown on her head, had bent her little fingers about the sceptre, and had girded her with the old historic sword that had been worn by so many fighting kings of Scotland. After that the great nobles had knelt before her and raised her tiny hand to their lips in the kiss of allegiance, and royal princes from other countries had kissed her on the cheek. The little Queen had cried, seeing so many strange people about her, and her mother had hurried her back to the nursery.

She soon grew used, however, to seeing strange people and strange happenings. When she was five years old she was betrothed to the heir of the French throne, the Dauphin, and a little later was sent to France to be educated. Her mother chose four Scotch girls of noble families to go with her, Mary Beaton, Mary Livingston, Mary Seton, and Mary Fleming, and these four were always with little Mary Stuart. They were called the "Queen's Maries," and as they grew up became famous for their beauty and their wit.

The court of France under Henry II was very gay. Tournaments had been revived, and the King and his courtiers liked to try their skill with lances in the lists. The court moved from one château to another, and at each there were hunting and hawking, dancing, archery contests, and tennis matches. Wherever the King and Queen went, there Mary Stuart went also, usually accompanied by her powerful uncles, the Duke of Guise and the Cardinal of Lorraine. In that company of beautiful and clever women the little Scotch Queen, girl as she was, could more than hold her own. She

was already famous for the loveliness of her face and figure, and for her learning. The court of Valois made her their pet, and Queen Catherine used to say, "Our petite Reinette Escossaise has but to smile to turn the heads of all Frenchmen."

At all these royal châteaux Mary met Francis the Dauphin, whom she was to marry. He was about her age, but pale and delicate, and lacking the gay spirits of his father. He loved to hear of brave deeds, and he had courage, but not the strength to do the things he wanted. Like Edward VI, the boy king who sat on the English throne at about that time, Francis had never had a fair chance to be happy. He liked Mary Stuart and she liked him, which was fortunate, but they would have been married to each other whether they had cared or not.

When Mary was sixteen and Francis a year younger they were married in the great church of Notre Dame in Paris. It was one of the most magnificent weddings Paris had ever seen. The young Queen of Scotland was dressed in white, with a blue mantle and a train covered with pearls. On her head she wore a royal crown set with diamonds, rubies, pearls, and emeralds, and at her throat hung a matchless jewel known as "the Great Harry," which had belonged to her great-grandfather, Henry VII of England. The church was a sea of jewels, for in those days men wore almost as many precious stones as women, and the great stone pillars set off a blaze of costumes that reveled in all the colors of the rainbow. The nobles of Scotland were there as well as those of France, and as soon as

the ceremony was over Mary turned and greeted her boy husband as Francis I, King of Scotland. Handfuls of gold coins were scattered to the crowds in the streets as the bridal party left the church, and heralds announced the coming of the "Queen-Dauphiness," and the "King-Dauphin."

That afternoon there were masquerades in the streets, and at five o'clock a great wedding supper in the Palais de Justice. The men wore suits of frosted cloth of gold, the women gowns that were stiff with jewels. Each dish was presented to the diners to the sound of music. After the supper came dancing, and then a masque that was the finest the court of France had ever seen. First there came into the hall the seven planets of the skies, Mercury in white satin, with golden girdle and wings, carrying his wand, or caduceus, in his hand. Mars appeared in armor, and Venus in sea-green flowing draperies as if she had just risen from the waves. After the planets came a procession of twelve hobby-horses, ridden by twelve boy princes, among whom were the Dauphin's two younger brothers, later to be known as Charles IX and Henry III. One of the toy horses was ridden by eight-year-old Henry of Guise, whose golden hair and beautiful blue eyes won the admiration of the great Italian poet Tasso, and who was to be the last chief of the house of Guise and to fall, struck down by the blows of the forty-five guardsmen, as he passed through the halls of the châteaueau of Blois to meet King Henry III, the little boy who rode so gaily by him now. Last of all there came into the room six ships, decked with cloth of gold and

crimson velvet, their sails of silver gauze fastened to masts of silver. The ships were slowly steered down the hall, each gliding as though carried over gently swelling waters, and the sails of each filling with the breath of an artificial breeze. On each ship were two chairs of state, in one of which sat a prince in cloth of gold, with a mask over his eyes. As the ships sailed by the groups of ladies and young girls each prince seized a lady and placed her on the chair by his side. King Henry, like a skilful mariner, steered his ship close to the marble table by which the little bride sat, and reaching down drew her on board his vessel. The Dauphin caught Queen Catherine, and each of the other princes chose a belle from the group of lovely ladies. Then, as if blown by favoring gales, the ships sailed on about the great room, and out through the archway to the dancing hall. The great ball that followed was worthy of the day. The dazzling bride danced the pavon, a form of minuet which was very stately and graceful. Her train was twelve yards long and was borne after her by a gentleman, so that she had full chance to show her skill and grace.

Mary, sixteen years old, now Queen of Scotland and Dauphiness of France, was quite content with what was already hers, and had no wish to conquer other crowns. But the grown-up people about her were always scheming, and cared absolutely nothing for her wishes where matters of state were concerned. So, when Mary the Queen of England died and the Princess Elizabeth ascended the English throne, Henry II of France insisted that his daughter-in-law was the rightful sovereign of

the British Isles. A great tournament was being given in honor of the marriage of Elizabeth of France to Philip II of Spain, and the French King had Mary borne to her place on the royal balcony in a car of triumph with the banners of Scotland and England together flying over her head, and heralds in front of her crying, "Hail, hail, all hail the Queen of England!" The people took up the cry and soon all those at the tournament had hailed Mary under this new title. Little did they think that news of this, carried by sure couriers to Elizabeth in London, would cause her to nurse thoughts of revenge against her cousin during many years to come.

Hailed by this new title the innocent girl-queen Mary took her place in the royal balcony and the tournament began. It was an afternoon in early summer and directly before her stretched the green carpet of the lists where the knights were to try their skill at arms. The King himself was to set his lance in rest, and was already riding up and down at his end of the lists on a curveting bay recently sent him by the Duke of Savoy. Each knight wore the colors of some lady, Henry the black and white of the Lady Diane de Poitiers, the Duke of Guise red and white, the Duke of Ferrara yellow and red, the Duke of Nemours yellow and black.

It was a stirring sight to see the knights, clad in full armor, the visors of their helmets drawn, grip their long heavy lances under their arms, and setting spurs to their great chargers, dash swiftly across the field and meet midway in a terrific clash. Lance rang on shield or helm or breastplate, the riders struggled to hold their

seats in the saddle, and then if neither was unhorsed they rode past each other to turn at the farther end of the lists, and prepare for the next onset. The little Queen, with her four Maries about her, watched the dashes and the shivering of lances with excitement in her eyes, and clapped her hands or sighed as a favorite knight came off victorious or was hurled from his saddle to the ground. But that day all the knights were powerful, and though each challenged the others in turn none could claim to be the absolute champion.

The sun was sinking low, and the knights had given their lances to their squires when King Henry rode across to the royal balcony, and raising his visor, spoke to a man who was sitting near Mary. "Come, my lord Count of Montgomery," said the King. "I would fain break a lance with you. To horse, for the honor of your lady and the glory of France!"

The Count rose from his seat. "It is an honor, sire, to meet so great a champion in the lists, but to-day I must crave pardon. The hour is over late for me."

"The light holds well, my lord. 'Twill see one meeting," answered Henry. "I would have the court see how well Montgomery can hold a lance."

"It is most gracious of you, sire. Were the time otherwise ——" It was quite evident that the Count was anxious not to meet the King.

But Henry was impatient of refusal. He interrupted, and said with a hasty gesture, "An I must command I will. To horse, my lord, and with what speed you may."

There was nothing for the Count to do but bow,

whisper an excuse to the lady at his side, and leaving the pavilion seek the tents. In a short time he rode out into the field, his armor shining golden in the sunset, his lance in his gauntleted hands, a favor of blue and orange ribbons fluttering at the crest of his helmet. Meantime the King had curbed his horse to a place before the balcony where the Queen sat. Catherine leaned forward. "Have you not ridden enough to-day, sire?" she asked. "I would beg you to stop."

"One more joust," said Henry, "and this one, madame, in honor of yourself."

"But, sire," she persisted, "you cannot excel the deeds you have already done to-day, and now you should join the ladies."

Henry, however, with a smile, shook his head. "This one shall end the day," he said, and rode to his end of the course.

Mary Seton leaned forward to speak to her young mistress. "The Count of Montgomery, being Captain of the Scottish Guard, dared not refuse, with you here to see," she whispered. "See how he reins up his charger. He is young, and not anxious to break his lance on the King's coat-of-mail."

Montgomery took his place, lowered his visor, and set his lance. At the opposite end the King did the same. Then at a signal each touched his spurs to his horse, and rode furiously fast to the onset. There was a crash, the shock of steel, and a cry from the audience. The Count had driven his lance at the King's helmet, and it had broken short. The blow sent the King reel-

ing and he was whirled about so fast that he had difficulty to keep his seat. The Count rode on, but the King, only too evidently dazed, swayed in his saddle, and then fell forward on his charger's neck. A dozen men sprang forward, and catching the King, helped him to the ground. A glance showed what had happened. Montgomery's lance had broken and a splinter of the steel had been driven through an eyehole of the helmet into the King's head just over his right eye. The men took off his armor and carried him as gently as they could into the palace.

Thus suddenly the celebrations of the Princess Elizabeth's wedding came to an end. The young and reluctant Count of Montgomery had given the King his death wound, and a few days later the spirited monarch died. The triumphal arches and banners were torn down, and the bells of Paris tolled slowly where they had rung joyful peals so short a time before.

So the Dauphin Francis and Mary Stuart became King and Queen of France. He was sixteen and she seventeen. They were too young to reign and Francis was much too delicate. Moreover there were two or three grown-up people who had no intention of letting the boy and girl have their own way. Behind the throne stood the boy's mother, Queen Catherine de' Medici, and the unscrupulous and ambitious uncles of the girl, the Duke of Guise and the Cardinal of Lorraine. They headed the Catholic party in the kingdom and they were pursuing the hapless Huguenots with torch and sword. Careless of the young King's wishes they plunged France into terrible civil wars

wherein massacres were a matter of almost daily occurrence.

Francis and Mary were crowned in the old Cathedral of Rheims, where Joan of Arc had once seen her Dauphin crowned, and over the royal pair hung the banners of France, Scotland, and England. Then they traveled south to the château of Blois, and Francis amused himself with hunting while the Queen and her four Maries either rode out after the gentlemen to watch the sport or stayed at home to listen to the poems and songs of troubadours or walked on the banks of the small winding river Loire. She was more beautiful than ever, and very fond of her husband Francis, and their little court, made up largely of boys and girls nearly their own age, enjoyed itself thoroughly while the dark figures of Catherine and Mary's uncles were free to plunge the kingdom into blood.

The house of Valois had spent all its strength, and the four sons of the gallant Henry II, three of whom were to be kings in turn, were fated to be weak and sickly. Francis drooped and pined, and a year had barely passed before his reign was ended, and Mary, patient nurse at his side, was made a widow. Charles, the second brother, came to the throne, only to find it a place of weariness and regret, and to shudder at the horrors of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew's Eve, planned by his mother. Perhaps it was as well for Mary that her reign in France had ended. The land had fallen into evil days, wherein there was little happiness for any one.

The Queen of Scots, still only a girl, went back to

her northern home, and the people of that mountainous land were glad to welcome her to the old historic Palace of Holyrood in Edinburgh. But even when she was leaving France her cousin Elizabeth the English Queen showed her enmity. Mary had asked to be allowed to pass through England on her way to Scotland, but this Elizabeth refused, and Mary was obliged to make the long sea-voyage.

The youth and beauty and the sweet manner of the young Queen won all Scotch hearts to her. She was at once beset by royal suitors; the King of Sweden, the Archduke Charles, son of the Holy Roman Emperor, and Don Carlos, son of Philip II of Spain, all wanted to marry her. In the midst of the plots and plans of her statesmen the young Queen took matters into her own hands and married her cousin, the handsome Earl of Darnley, whom she loved with all the passion of her nature.

Though the Scotch people had longed to have their Queen home again they did not make her happy when she lived with them. Plots and counterplots surrounded her, the leaders of the Catholics and the Protestants were continually fighting over her, and the dashing Darnley proved a weak and vicious man. Mary did what she could to steer her course through these troubled waters, but she was met by treachery on every hand. At last she was betrayed by some powerful men who wished to be rid of her and to rule the kingdom as guardians for her infant son, Prince James. She was delivered over to the English, and charges were brought against her of having conspired against Queen

Elizabeth. Her judges found her guilty ; the English Queen, remembering how Mary had been proclaimed in France as Queen of England, turned a deaf ear to all pleas for mercy, and so Mary, the beautiful, heroic Queen of Scotland, came to her death on the scaffold. Like so many others who had been brought up in royal palaces in that glittering but cruel age she met a tragic fate not so much on account of her own acts as through the bitter hatreds of other people.

Mary's son became King James VI of Scotland, and when Queen Elizabeth died King James I of England. In France the two young brothers of her boy husband, Charles IX and Henry III, had met the same untimely deaths as that young King, and the throne passed to the valiant Henry of Navarre. The house of Guise had fallen, and the bloody civil wars were ending. There was little left of that gay court of France where Mary had seen such splendors as a girl. Like the thunder-storm that ends a summer day tragedy too often closed those pageants. So it had been with the life of the famous Scotch Queen, who had ruled all hearts as a girl in France.

VII

Pocahontas

The Girl of the Virginia Woods : 1595-1617

DEEP snow covered the fields about the encampment of the Algonquin Indians on the banks of the river James. The snow had been falling for days during January, and made the long, low houses of bark and boughs look like so many great white ridges high above the ice-bound river. They were big houses, these "long houses" as they were called, each one large enough to hold twenty families. Each family had a compartment to itself, with sleeping bunks built against the walls, and curtains of deerskin to shield the family from the open passage which ran the length of the house. At different places in this passage fire-pits were built on the earth floor, and each pit gave heat enough to warm four Indian families and an opportunity for them to cook their meals. Some smoke went out at rude chimneys made in the roof, but much of it stayed in and filtered through to the different living-rooms. Each of these "long houses" was the home of from eighty to one hundred Indians.

The river James was called by the Indians the Pow-ha-tan, and the Algonquin tribe that lived upon its shores went by the same name. The tribe's chief settlement was the village of Wero-woco-moco, and

here the famous old chief, called by the white men Pow-ha-tan but by the Indians Wa-bun-so-na-cook, was usually to be found. He had built there a "long house" for his own family, and at one end of it was the council room in which the various chiefs of the tribe met with him to discuss all matters relating to tribe affairs. Here they spent much of the time smoking about a fire-pit when the snow was falling and the hunting season at an end.

Before the council-house a group of boys were playing "snow-snake" and tumbling about in the drifts on a raw afternoon in January. Suddenly there appeared an Indian runner, coming noiselessly out of the woods and crossing the open space where the boys were playing. "It's Ra-bun-ta," cried one of them, and making a snowball threw it at the slim young Indian. Others took up the cry and pelted him with snowballs, while one named Nan-ta-qua-us dashed forward and tried to trip him with the knob-headed stick they had been using in their game of "snow-snake."

Ra-bun-ta, however, kicked the stick away and gave the boy a push which sent him sprawling. He dodged the snowballs and ran on without a word to the door of the old chief's house. Pushing the matting aside he dashed in and spied the chief sitting with other braves about a fire at the farther end of the house. Other Indians were lounging about nearer fires and children were playing up and down the passage. Some of these were turning somersaults in the open spaces between the fires while others were trying to balance on their heads and walk on their hands.

As the runner darted along the passage a girl, dressed in buckskin, came whirling along turning handsprings. Ra-bun-ta leaped to one side, but the girl's feet struck full against his breast, and with such force that he was thrown backward while the girl went tumbling to the ground. Both fell sprawling just clear of a fire-pit. There followed a great roar of laughter, the other children danced about in delight, while the chiefs, loving a rough joke, leaned back and ridiculed the upset messenger. "Knocked down by a girl! Oh, for shame, Ra-bun-ta!" called one as the young man slowly picked himself up. "You'd make a splendid brave," cried another.

But the old chief, taking his pipe from his mouth, looked at the girl on the floor. "My daughter, you have nearly killed our brother Ra-bun-ta with your foolery," said he. "That is hardly young girl's play. Why will you be such a little *po-ca-hun-tas*!"

"Po-ca-hun-tas! Po-ca-hun-tas!" called the other children delightedly, using the word which in the Algonquin tongue meant "little tomboy."

Ra-bun-ta, laughing, turned quickly and made a dash at the little girl, but she jumped aside in time to avoid him. "A *po-ca-hun-tas* must always be on guard," she exclaimed as he stepped past her.

The runner now turned and faced the chief Pow-hatan. "Oh, strong one," said he, "the feet of the little princess Ma-ta-oka, whom you have now renamed Po-co-hun-tas, are more dangerous to me than the 'snake-stick' of her brother Nun-ta-qua-us. I have with difficulty escaped from these two with my life, but it is well

I have been able to do so, for I have news for you. I have traveled fast over the snow to tell you. The braves who are with your mighty brother O-pe-chan-ca-nough have seized the pale-face chieftain in the swamp-lands of the Chicka-hominy and are even now bringing him here to this your council-house."

Pow-ha-tan nodded his head. "It is well, Ra-bun-ta," said he. "We will be ready for him."

The young Indian messenger bowed and made his way to one of the nearer fire-pits. As he warmed his hands over the blaze other young braves crowded about him, asking him countless questions. One wanted to know if it was true that the white chief wore a headpiece of heavy iron, and another if the chief had used magic against the braves, and a third if he was indeed half as tall again as any Indian chief. Ra-bun-ta answered their questions as best he could, and then, squatting by the fire while he ate the parched Indian corn that the little Ma-ta-oka brought him, he told how the "Great Captain" had been surprised and taken prisoner in the swamps by O-pe-chan-ca-nough and two hundred of his braves. "The Great Captain" had only had two white warriors with him, and these had been slain by the Indian chief, but then the white chief had caught his Indian guide and held him in front of him as a shield, and so saved his life while he shot flames through his magic fire-tube. Finally the Captain's foot had slipped and he had fallen into a mud-hole, and then the braves had found it an easy matter to surround him and make him prisoner. They found his clothes shot through and through with

arrows, but the Captain as brave and confident as ever.

The news that the great White Captain was coming to the village caused great excitement. The Indians admired courage and craftiness above all other qualities, and this pale-face was known to be extraordinarily brave and cunning. Reports of this Captain John Smith, the governor of the little settlement of white people that was called Virginia, had spread far and wide among the Indians, and he was undoubtedly the white chief whom the Indians most admired and feared. All that night and the next day the Pow-ha-tans talked of Captain Smith, and the chief's daughter Ma-ta-oka, or Po-ca-hun-tas as she was now called in jest, listened eagerly to all the stories about him. Already she thought of him as an all-conquering hero.

The Indians were all waiting out-of-doors when the chief O-pe-chan-ca-nough and his braves reached the village with their prisoner. Wild yells rent the air as they caught sight of the tall white man, walking fearlessly among the red men, his head held high, and his eyes smiling. He was led to the council-house, and there a great feast was spread before him, which he shared with Pow-ha-tan and the other chiefs of the tribe. Po-ca-hun-tas, watching secretly from a corner, saw that the white man ate heartily, although she knew he must be in doubt as to what fate lay in store for him.

Pow-ha-tan was a wise chieftain and he knew that if he should kill Captain Smith he would cause a relentless hatred among the white settlers towards his own

tribe. He knew the white men were strong and he preferred to have them as friends rather than as enemies in his wars with his tribe's chief foes, the Manna-ho-acks. When a prisoner was not killed he was usually made a slave, but Pow-ha-tan thought the Captain too big a man to use in that way, and so he decided to treat him as a guest, talk with him for several days about affairs between the settlers and his tribe, and then send him home with many presents.

To Captain Smith's surprise he was invited to regard himself as a guest in Pow-ha-tan's house, and the following day was adopted by the chief as a son, and given a large grant of land in the neighborhood. The old chief's daughter seemed much interested in him, and was always waiting to serve him in any way, occasionally asking him questions which showed her great curiosity in the white people. The Captain could not help liking her for her kindness to him, and asked the chief her name. The latter hesitated, for Indians did not like to let their real names be known to these strange people. "She is called Po-ca-hun-tas," he answered evasively. And to Captain Smith she was known as Po-ca-hun-tas from that time.

The Indian girl seemed sorry the Captain was leaving when he said good-bye to her the next day, and wished him a safe journey back to the Virginia settlement. Captain Smith gave her a few small gifts he had managed to carry with him, and he promised to bring her more when he should come again. With the rest of the children she stood out in the snow to wave him a farewell as he left the village in company

with two of Pow-ha-tan's guides, and that night she dreamed of the "Great Captain" as a hero in a far country doing prodigious deeds of valor. To her he now seemed the most wonderful man in the world.

After the excitement of the "Great Captain's" visit the village of Wero-woco-moco sank back to its ordinary life, and Po-ca-hun-tas shared the work of the other girls, although being the daughter of the chief she was relieved of much of the drudgery that fell to most of them. Two things she particularly wished for now, the one that she might see the white Captain again, and the other that she might visit a white man's village and see all the wonders she had heard so much about. Winter changed to spring and the Indian braves went hunting, and spring deepened into summer, and in the early fall her first wish was granted, for Captain Smith with some friends came to Pow-ha-tan's village to invite that chief to go with them to the white man's town of Jamestown to be crowned by the English people as king of the Pow-ha-tan tribe. The Captain had not forgotten the twelve-year old Indian princess and had brought her a necklace of coral beads and bracelets set with red stones, and in thanks she led ten other girls of her own age in an Indian dance before the Captain and his friends, a graceful dance about a fire in the forest to the accompaniment of gay Indian songs and the music of the Indian drum. By now Po-ca-hun-tas and Captain Smith had become great friends, and Pow-ha-tan, watching them with his shrewd eyes, decided that if he should ever need to ask a favor of the white settlers

this little daughter of his might prove the best of messengers to send.

It was only a few weeks afterward that some of Pow-ha-tan's braves were made prisoners by the settlers through fear that a conspiracy was being planned against them. The old chief sent his daughter with Ra-bun-ta to Jamestown, and she begged the Captain to free the captive braves. Like Pow-ha-tan John Smith knew when to be gracious, and he at once gave orders for the release of the Indians. Then he entertained Po-ca-hun-tas as though she were a royal princess. She met the white girls and boys who lived at Jamestown and learned their games, teaching them in exchange the sports of the Algonquin children. One day when Captain Smith came into the market-place square he found his young guest leading a line of boys who were turning handsprings. A crowd had gathered to watch them go round and round the square in a great circle, the Indian princess at the head, turning better wheels than any of the boys. She had such a good time that she came again and again, sometimes on matters of business with Ra-bun-ta, sometimes with her brother Nun-ta-qua-us, and sometimes with her girl friends. With each visit her admiration for Captain John Smith increased.

Those were times when there was little real safety for either Indians or white men. The settlers were far too often greedy and selfish, taking land as they pleased, regardless of the fact that it had belonged to other men for generations, and breaking their agreements with the Indians as though a promise given to

a redskin was of no value. What the settlers wanted they tried to get by hook or crook, and so the Indians soon came to distrust, and then to fear and hate them. Certain discontented men in Jamestown also were planning to rid the colony of its strong governor Captain Smith, and conspired with restless Indians to capture and kill him when he was unprepared. Some of these Indians were of the Algonquin tribe, and one day Po-ca-hun-tas, stealing silently through the woods, came upon a meeting of them and overheard their plans.

This was in midwinter of the year 1609. Provisions had run low in Jamestown and the settlers were almost starving. Captain Smith, trusting to the old friendship of Pow-ha-tan, left the colony and journeyed through the forest to Wero-woco-moco. There he met Pow-ha-tan and made a treaty with him, by which he was to receive a supply of corn to carry back to the settlement with him. The chief said it would take him several days to collect the provisions, and so the Captain pitched his camp in the woods by the York River to wait until the promised corn was sent out to him. But meantime certain braves had come to Pow-ha-tan and shown him how easy it would be to deal the pale-faces a serious blow by killing their leader and letting the people suffer for supplies. Pow-ha-tan listened, considered how much harm the white men had already done his Algonquins, and at last nodded his head. None of those seated at the council-fire knew that the sharp-eared Po-ca-hun-tas was hiding close behind one of the deerskin curtains that hung at her bedroom door.

The braves ceased their conference and scattered for the night. Then the girl stole out from her room and glided down the passageway to the door. There was no moon and she could cross the open space about the houses without observation. She slipped into the forest, and with scarcely a crackle of twigs to mark her progress over the dead leaves she made her way in and out through the trees, following the trail to the camp on the river with the sure instinct born and bred in her.

Now and then she would stop and listen or glance up through the bare branches at the star-strewn sky. Then she would turn and steal on again, fleet-floated as a deer. So she covered several miles and came near the river. She stopped to listen and then stepped on again. Soon she caught the light of a camp-fire shining through the trees.

She stood behind the trunk of a giant oak and looked at the little camp before her. At the fire sat a man, his gun resting across his arms. Near him lay a dozen other men, wrapped in blankets and apparently asleep. She knew the man on watch was Captain Smith.

She took a step forward and a dry twig crackled ever so little under her tread. The Captain turned like the wind, his gun raised in defense. "Wake up!" he cried. "Watch! I heard a noise!"

The girl took another step, holding up her hands. "It is I, Po-ca-hun-tas," she said. "I come alone to speak with you."

The Captain lowered his gun. "Come, Po-ca-hun-tas," he answered. "You are always welcome."

She stepped into the clearing, and the men, glad to find only one girl where they had feared to see a line of savage Indians, sank back on the ground.

"What would you say to me, Po-ca-hun-tas?" asked the Captain, extending his hand in welcome to her. "I hope you have come to tell me that the corn and the good cheer will soon be here."

She took his hand and stood very close to him. "Be guarded, oh, my father," she answered. "The corn and the good cheer will come just as they have been promised to you, but even now my father, chief of the Pow-ha-tans, is gathering all his power to fall upon you and your men here and kill you. If you would live, get you away from these woods at once."

"Is it so?" said the Captain. "Then, men, we must be up and off before the twigs crack again. How can I thank you, Po-ca-hun-tas, for this warning?" He thought of the Indian's love of presents and put his hand in the pocket of his coat, but there was nothing there. Then his eyes fell on the small compass which hung from a chain at his neck. It was very valuable to him, but he wanted to show the girl his appreciation of the greatness of her service. He took it from his neck and held it out to her. "My daughter," said he, "three times you have come to me in Jamestown to warn me of dangers that waited for me, and now again you have saved my life, coming alone, and at risk of your own young life through the lonely woods and in this gloomy night to warn me. Take this present, I pray you, from me, and let it always speak to you of the love for you of Captain Smith."

All Indians looked upon the compass, or "path-teller" as they called it, as an instrument of magic, and as Po-ca-hun-tas saw this present gleaming in the Captain's hand she would have liked to own it. But she shook her head.

"No, no, *Cau-co-rouse*," said she, using the Indian word for "Great Captain." "I must not take it. If it should be seen by my tribesmen, or even by my father, the chief, I should be as but dead to them, for they would know that I had warned you whom they have sworn to kill, and so they would kill me too. Stay not to parley, my father, but be gone at once."

"It is well we should," agreed the Captain, and he gave orders to his men to prepare for the march at once.

"Good-bye," said Po-ca-hun-tas, giving him her hand again, after the fashion of the white people.

"Good-bye, my daughter," he answered. "May we soon meet again when there will be no danger in the meeting."

Po-ca-hun-tas slipped away into the forest as silently as she had come, and threaded her way safely home to her own "long house." No one knew she had been out of bed. When the Algonquin braves, in war paint, reached the bank of the York River they found only the embers of a camp-fire to show that the white men had waited for them there.

Captain Smith got safely back to Jamestown, but he found many of his own people discontented, and soon afterward, tired out by the continual difficulties that beset him in Virginia, he gave up his position there and



POCAHONTAS

From the only authentic portrait

sailed back to England. Po-ca-hun-tas heard the news and decided that she had better keep away from Jamestown now that the settlers were hostile to her father and her great protector was gone. Troubles were increasing between the Indians and the white men, and neither trusted the others any more.

When she was sixteen Po-ca-hun-tas was visiting friends in another village on the James when she was suddenly made prisoner by a man named Captain Argall, a trader, who decided to hold the Indian girl as hostage for the friendship of Pow-ha-tan. He took her to Jamestown, and there Po-ca-hun-tas was given a certain amount of liberty and met again some of the boys and girls she had played with before. They all liked her, and although she missed her free life in the woods she found so much that was new and strange to interest her that she was not sorry to stay for a time in Jamestown. Here she soon met a young Englishman named John Rolfe, who was much attracted by her, and who at length asked her to marry him. She consented, and a short time after their marriage she sailed with him to visit his home across seas in England.

The people of London had seen few Indians and were very curious to learn more about them. They were charmed with Mistress John Rolfe, or the Princess Po-ca-hon-tas of Pow-ha-tan, as they liked to call her. Captain John Smith met her again and told his friends how she had saved his life that night on the York River. The story spread, and the Princess Po-ca-hon-tas found herself a heroine in England. But she bore her honors very modestly, and was much happier alone

with her devoted husband than when she was being stared at by crowds of strange people. She did not live to go back to Virginia or see her own tribesmen again, but died in England when she was only twenty-two.

Ma-ta-oka, or Pocahontas as we call her, was a real heroine, one of the few daughters we know of that brave, romantic race which so quickly vanished from America after the white settlers came. Many among the Indians were cruel and bloodthirsty, many were treacherous and sly, but Pocahontas we know was warm-hearted and true, faithful to the great Captain she had admired before she had even seen him and risking her life to save him from her father. It is fortunate that history has kept her story, for we must always think more kindly of the Indians when we remember the little daughter of Powhatan, nicknamed Pocahontas by her father because she was such a tomboy.

VIII

Priscilla Alden

The Girl of Plymouth : About 1604—after 1680

TWO girls stood on the deck of the *Mayflower*, hand clasped in hand, their eyes fixed on a narrow strip of grayish shore beyond the waste of tossing ocean. About them stood others, men and women and a few children, all looking in the same direction, wonder and satisfaction and a certain awe in their faces. They had been at sea for nearly thirteen weeks, and during most of that time their little ship had been buffeted by constant storms.

"Mary dear," said one of the girls to the other, "can you really believe that yonder low line is land?"

"I doubted if it could be when John first pointed it out to me," answered the other, "but now I'm sure of it. I can almost see the breakers on the shore. Do you know, Priscilla, that that's where you and I are to live and that we may never see England again?" Her hand tightened on her friend's and her dark eyes turned towards her.

"Our home!" murmured Priscilla softly. "It looks bleak enough from here. I hope we find it pleasant country inland."

All over the *Mayflower* men and women were pointing out the shore to one another and calling it their home. They had come from England to find a land

where they might worship God in their own way, and had sailed over the wide and stormy Western sea to found a new colony in this new and almost unknown land.

Columbus had had great faith when he held his course to the west in spite of the protests of all his men, but these simple Pilgrims had no less faith when they started out to make a new home in an unexplored continent where other settlers had already met with famine, pestilence, and savage redmen. They were a brave, deeply religious people, ready to stand the hardships that lay in wait for them, confident that God was with them and that they were doing what was right for them to do. This was the spirit that had given them courage to face many difficulties, for already they had met with troubles that would have daunted less determined people. They had had two ships when they had sailed from Southampton on the fifth of August, 1620, but at the very outset the smaller vessel, the *Speedwell*, had sprung a leak, and had to put back to port. A second time the two ships had started, but again the *Speedwell* proved unseaworthy, and they had returned to Plymouth. This time there were disputes among the officers and some of the men had left, but the *Mayflower* had sailed at last on September sixth with one hundred and two on board. Then they had met with bad weather, so that instead of reaching the new world in the autumn as they had planned, it was already November before they sighted the shore of America. It took brave, persevering spirits to face the odds that stood in front of them.

Presently a young man came up to the two girls. "We're farther north than we thought to land," said he. "The Dutch settlements lie to the south. But they've decided to try this place now we're here, and by night some may set foot on shore."

"Do you think we can go in the first boat, John?" asked Mary Chilton eagerly.

John Alden shook his head. "Only a few of the men are to land with Miles Standish. They're to explore and come back to report. There may be Indians settled about here."

"I wish I were a man," sighed Mary.

"There'll be plenty for girls to do once we're ashore," answered John.

"We've waited a month," put in Priscilla. "I guess we can wait a few days more to land."

John Alden moved away to examine his matchlock gun for the hundredth time, and the two girls, who were close friends, tried to wait as patiently as they could while the *Mayflower* drew in towards shore. They went down to the cabin for their simple dinner and then returned on deck. Now the land stretched before them in a clear line, a low, barren shore that looked of little promise. The chill November day made the country seem most inhospitable, and many on board were already homesick for the green fields and flowering meadows of England. Mary Chilton and Priscilla Mullins moved about among the women and children, cheering them with their own hopefulness.

By nightfall the *Mayflower* had rounded a point of the coast and come into a small land-locked harbor,

where it seemed as if a thousand vessels might find safe anchorage. Here the shores appeared more promising, and many eager eyes strained through the dusk to see what the site of their future home might be like. It was too dark to send explorers ashore, so the *Mayflower* dropped anchor, and the Pilgrims prepared to go to bed. Before they slept they gathered in the cabin and with bent heads listened to John Carver give thanks to God that they had been brought safely across the sea and in sight of their promised land.

Next day Priscilla and Mary watched Captain Miles Standish and a score of men lower the shallop and set out towards shore. John Alden smiled up at the girls as they hung over the rail, and they waved their kerchiefs to him and to the ruddy-faced Captain Standish who stood up in the bow to direct the shallop's course. Then they had to wait as patiently as they could to learn what the explorers might report.

Standish's party spent two days exploring the land about the harbor, which formed the tip of what we now call Cape Cod. They found that the land was fertile, as was shown by the fact that the Indians had cleared much of the ground for planting and had left a magazine of corn. They caught a distant glimpse of a few Indians, but the latter fled as soon as they saw Captain Standish's men.

When the explorers returned to the *Mayflower* and made their report the leaders of the Pilgrims were in two minds as to whether to settle on this shore or to seek another site farther to the west. Those who wanted to settle here spoke of the good harbor for

ships, the fact that the Indians had already tilled the soil, and the chances that they might find good whale fishing off the coast. They added that they were tired with the long sea voyage and unfit to go further, and that with winter almost at hand exploration would be very difficult. But the others objected that it would be unwise to settle permanently without having looked a little farther to the west, and the larger number of the leaders agreed with this view. Therefore on the next day the shallop was sent out again with eighteen men on board to explore more of the coast. Eight men stayed on the shallop while the rest landed and went along the shore. Their journey lasted three days, and on the third morning the land party had just started to eat breakfast by their camp-fire when suddenly they heard a series of wild war-cries, and a shower of arrows struck all about them. At the same time Indians in ambush on the beach sent their arrows at the men in the small boat. Captain Standish and his men seized their muskets and in a moment more the Indians were flying before the fire that leaped from the muzzles. Not one of the Pilgrims was wounded, and soon they were on their way along the shore again, this time more careful to keep a watch for the hidden redmen. Presently they embarked in the shallop and sailed across the bay, reaching a place nearly opposite the point of Cape Cod. Here they found fertile land, a good supply of water, and a protected harbor. It seemed the ideal spot for which they had been looking, and they decided to make their new home here. The Indian name of this place, Accomac, had already been changed to Plymouth,

which it happened was also the name of the English seaport from which the Pilgrims had finally set sail.

The people on board the *Mayflower* eagerly hailed the returning explorers. They were growing impatient at being kept on the ship when the land stretched invitingly before them. Priscilla and Mary, with the rest, heard Captain Standish tell of the place he had discovered, and shortly afterward they themselves saw it from the vessel's deck. Now all was excitement. The different families made ready to leave the ship which had been their home for nearly seven weeks and set up their household goods on shore. In the first boat load went Priscilla and Mary Chilton, and Mary was the first woman to set foot on Plymouth soil. The two girls looked about them, at the long beach, the cleared corn land, and the high hill beyond with its commanding view over the wide bay. Priscilla turned to her father. "How strange that this should be our home!" said she. "And yet I feel almost a love for it already."

"I pray you may, my daughter," he answered, "for it is like to be the only home any of us are henceforth to know."

If it had taken courage to face the perils of the sea it took scarcely less to face those of the new land. It was already December and growing more and more cold with each day. Their store of provisions was almost gone, and there could be no harvest here until spring. Some of the women and children were sick, and none knew how the Indians might look upon their coming. But the little band of Pilgrims set to work with stout hearts, determined to carry out the purpose

on which they had started. They chose John Carver Governor and Miles Standish Captain of their troops, and set to work to build log houses for the winter's shelter.

Priscilla was strong and she helped her father in his work during that long hard winter. There was plenty for all to do, but many had not the strength to accomplish what was needed. There was a great deal of illness and very little good food. The weather made it almost impossible for the men to hunt or to find wild fruits, and they had neglected to bring fishing-tackle with them. Their provisions were eked out with shell-fish, but it was hard to gather these in the cold water. Other colonies in the new world had already been forced to give up their homes in fear of starvation, but this band held on, although half their number died, and at one time there were only seven who were not sick. Fortunately the Indians gave them little trouble. One day one of them walked into the village and spent the night there, showing friendliness, although Captain Standish watched him closely, having little faith in his pretensions. A day or two later he returned bringing five others, and then there came another named Tisquantum, who had once been taken as a prisoner to London, and who understood something of the strange white people and their ways. With his aid a treaty was made with Massasoit, the chief of the Indians in that part of the country, and each side agreed to live in harmony and concord with the other. Many of the Indians already had a superstitious fear of the men from across the sea, not only on account of their won-

derful "fire-tubes" but for another reason. Some Indians had a few years before captured a French trading-ship, and killed all the crew but five, whom they kept as prisoners. One of these had warned the redmen that the God of the white people would not let these wrongs go without some punishment, and very soon afterward pestilence had broken out on the coast and killed many of the Indians who lived there. Those who survived recalled the Frenchman's words and believed that pestilence was a weapon like the "fire-tube" which the white men kept in their camps to use against their enemies. Therefore they were very careful how they treated these new arrivals who had settled at Accomac.

But if the winter was hard and starvation stared them in the face and sickness was rife in Plymouth the Pilgrims worked on, confident that they were doing the will of God. This was the spirit of young as well as of old, and the thought that must often have cheered Priscilla as she looked from the door of the rude log-cabin over leagues of snow to a lowering sky. But there were bright hours even in that first winter. Sometimes Captain Standish or John Alden or others of the men would bring logs of red cedar from the near-by forest to the Mullins cottage and pile them on the hearth. Then they would have a great fire and all the family would gather round it, and neighbors, seeing the smoke, would come through the path cut in the deep snow to the Mullins door and join in the warmth and the stories at the hearth. Many a day Priscilla and Mary spent at the spinning-wheel, talking of old play-

mates in England while their feet kept the wheels going and the carded wool piled up about them on the floor. At other times, when the weather was clearer, they would go down to the beach and walk its length until they came to a great rock. There they would sit and talk of what they would do when summer came and the sea should be calm and the woods full of wild flowers. Sometimes they would sing, for both girls had good voices, sending the words of the old hymns of the Pilgrims far out across the breakers. Slowly the winter passed and Priscilla had her first taste of spring in New England.

Hope sprang up fresh in the hearts of these Pilgrims as they saw the snows melt and the days grow longer. They began to build bigger and stronger houses and to prepare the fields for crops. Whenever they could be spared from home Priscilla and Mary and the few other girls in the village went out to the woods. There the trees were putting forth their buds, and one day they came upon a fragrant rose-colored flower which they had never seen before and which they named the Mayflower. Soon the woods were full of them, and the girls gathered armfuls to take back to their log homes. Beyond the circle of green woods they found many ponds and on their banks another white and red flower called the azalea, and in the water were wide lily pads and still farther beyond bushes of the soft snowy pink-hued laurel. In the evenings they would climb to the hill back of Plymouth and, seated there, look over the tiny gathering of houses to the open bay where the light high up in the rigging of the

Mayflower shone like a planet low down in the sky. There they would talk of England, and of how by this time the hawthorne must be in bloom and the hedgerows all in blossom and the small stone churches mantled in ivy and the lark singing as he soared above the tower. But although they talked much about England, they were already very fond of their new home, and when they heard that the *Mayflower* was to sail back to England they did not say that they would like to sail on her.

The *Mayflower* left in the early spring and at nearly the same time John Carver, the first Governor, died. The settlers chose William Bradford Governor in his place. Building and farming was now progressing rapidly and the town began to take definite shape. It stood on rising ground only a short distance from the beach. Two streets crossed one another and where they met stood the Governor's house with an open common in front of it. Four cannon were placed in the common, one pointing down each of the four streets. A little above the town they built a big house, which was used as a church, as a public storehouse for provisions, and also as a fort. Here were more cannon, and here the settlers gathered with their matchlocks whenever there was an alarm of Indians. The settlers' dwelling-houses were simply big log huts, each standing in its own enclosed piece of ground. Round the whole settlement ran a heavy palisade, open in front towards the ocean, but guarded on the other three sides by gates. Beyond the palisade lay the farming land, divided into many small patches of corn fields. The

whole village was like one big family, all equally concerned in the common lot.

The men of Plymouth were more fortunate in their dealings with the Indians than those of Virginia had been. At the very start they had won Massasoit, chief of the Pokanokets, to their side, and now they had a chance to strengthen that tie. Word came to Governor Bradford that the Indian chief was very ill and that his native doctors could do nothing for him. The Governor sent Edward Winslow to the chief, and he, knowing far more of medicine than the Indians did, was able to cure Massasoit in a short time. The chief was very grateful and vowed that if ever the men of Plymouth should need his aid he would come instantly with all his braves to help them. But other chiefs were not so friendly, and soon after Canonicus, chief of the Narragansetts, a tribe that was always warring with the Pokanokets, took offense at the alliance between his enemies and the white men. He sent a messenger to Governor Bradford, carrying a bundle of arrows wrapped in a rattlesnake's skin. An Indian who happened to be in Plymouth told the Governor that the message meant hostility on the part of the Narragansetts. The Governor threw away the bundle of arrows and sent the skin back filled with powder and balls. This threat from the settlers frightened Canonicus and he would not take the war-path against them. Realizing that they were not to be dismayed, he sent other messengers to treat with them, and arranged to trade with them in corn and furs.

So far Priscilla's life had been much like that of the

other girls of Plymouth, patient, enduring, brave, but with few adventures except such as fell to the whole colony of Pilgrims. Now her life became more dramatic. The valiant, vigilant captain of the colony, Miles Standish, wanted her to be his wife.

Miles Standish was not by nature like the men who had crossed the sea with him to find a home. He was a soldier first and foremost, a man who had quarreled with his family in England and gone forth to seek his fortune with his sword. He had been in many battles, he had married, and at last, hearing of the Pilgrims' plans to sail for America he had decided to throw in his lot with theirs. They had made him their captain and he had proved himself a good one, and he had become one of the leading men, and one of the most popular in Plymouth. But the weather was too severe for his fair English wife Rose, and she had died soon after they landed. A year later he found that he had lost his adventurous soldier's heart to the pretty Priscilla Mullins.

Captain Standish knew that he was readier with sword and musket than with the words to win a young girl's love. He was much perplexed as to what he should do until he thought of his friend John Alden, who was quick of wit, and ready of tongue and pen, and who had before now written many a letter for the Captain. So he went to John Alden and begged him in the name of their friendship to call upon Mr. Mullins and ask him if he would give his daughter's hand to the Captain, and if he agreed then to plead his cause with Priscilla.

John and Priscilla had been brought up together and were close friends, and when the Captain made his request of John the youth discovered that he himself was in love with Priscilla. But he felt in honor bound to do what the Captain asked of him, and so, with a heavy heart he went to the Mullins house. Priscilla's father listened while John asked if Miles Standish might have his consent to marry his daughter, and at the end willingly agreed. Then John went to the room where the girl sat at her spinning-wheel, and even as he entered his foot faltered and he turned very pale. With his eyes bent on the floor and his voice hesitating he told her that he came from Captain Standish to ask if she would marry him. Priscilla was astonished; the Captain was older than she and had been so busy that she had seen little of him. John Alden had been her comrade and she cared more for him than she had ever dared admit to herself. He looked so pale and distressed as he stood there before her that she wondered what might be the cause. Then the reason flashed upon her. With downcast eyes and a voice that was only a whisper she spoke to him. "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?" was what he heard her say.

John wondered if he could have understood aright. Then she looked up at him and he knew that it was him she loved and that she had no room for Standish in her heart. So, still trembling, he asked her to marry him instead of Standish, and she said she would. But even in his joy John feared that he had proved a traitor to his friend.

Dark days followed for the lovers. John had to give

his message to the Captain, and it was no easy telling. For days he carried with him the feeling of treachery, and he spent many nights walking on the shore, distrustful of himself and of the love that had come to him in such fashion. Priscilla was scarcely happier, for the same thought was with her, and she knew it was she who had put the words into John Alden's mouth. Then came news that Captain Standish had been sent on an expedition against the Indians, and both Priscilla and John feared that in a moment of rashness over his disappointment he might expose himself recklessly in battle, and so the colony lose its best guardian and captain.

But Miles Standish was no coward and he set out on his expedition determined to fight when he must but not to run into needless dangers. A three days' march brought him to the Indian encampment, but it seemed as peaceful as the town that he had left. Women were at work in the fields and about the tents, but there were no braves in sight. After a short *détour* he discovered them, their bodies covered with war paint, seated about a fire, handing a smoking pipe from one to another. One of them caught the glint of sun on the Captain's armor and spoke to the others, and then two rose and came towards Standish. They spoke peacefully, saying that they wanted to be friends with the white men, and would like to trade skins and corn for knives and muskets and the mysterious powder the white men used in their "fire-tubes." Standish offered them blankets but refused to give them arms or powder. Then their manner changed very quickly, and pointing



JOHN ALDEN AND PRISCILLA

By Boughton

to the knives at their belts they began to tell the white men what they would do to their settlement unless they would come to terms. In the meantime the wary Captain had noted how the other Indians had left the fire and were creeping up towards him on all sides, fixing arrows to their bowstrings as they came, but pretending that they were only going back to their tents. He waited, like a tiger ready to spring, while the chief worked himself up into a passion with his threats. Suddenly the chief drew his knife and raised it high, giving the war-cry. At the same instant Standish sprang forward, and before the Indian's knife could fall he had plunged his own into the redman's breast. The chief fell, and instantly a storm of arrows swept about Standish and his men and the braves leaped forward, crying their wild war-whoops. The white men turned back to back, and, leveling their muskets, sent a deadly fire at the advancing braves. The latter, always frightened at this mysterious sight and sound, turned and fled, leaving their chief, Wattawamat, dead in front of Standish. Then the Captain cut off the head of the Indian and carried it back with him to Plymouth, where it was stuck on a pike from the roof of the fort as a warning to other warring redmen. Such acts were part of the customs of those times, and the elders of Plymouth approved of the Captain's deed, but one elder, named John Robinson, who was the religious leader of them all, cried out as he passed the fort, "Oh, that he had converted some before he killed any!"

If Miles Standish had flared up in anger when John

Alden first told him the result of his suit of Priscilla that anger dropped as quickly as it rose. The Captain had many other matters to think about, what with the constant fear of attack from restless Indians, and he was away from Plymouth almost as much as he was there. So the lovers lost the feeling that they had not been fair to him, and let it be known through Plymouth that they were to marry.

Meanwhile the Pilgrim village was prospering. Food was plentiful, for the first harvest had been good, and the hunters had brought in deer and the fishing-boats returned well-laden from the sea. Therefore the Governor ordered a day of thanksgiving late in the autumn, and when that day came the people went to the fortress-church on the hill and gave thanks to God that He had allowed them to endure and prosper in their new home. Later in the day they feasted, and never had Plymouth seen such a plentiful repast. Word of the feast had been sent to some of the neighboring Indians and ninety of them came and sat about the board with the white men. That was the beginning of our Thanksgiving Day.

John Alden was busy building a new house for his bride. He could build better now than the settlers had been able to do when they faced that first winter. He chose his ground with care, and built a substantial home, covering the roof with rushes, and filling the latticed windows with panes of oiled paper, which let the light come through but not the wind or rain. He dug a well and planted an orchard at the rear of the house, and when the place was finished it was one of

the finest in Plymouth. In the spring Priscilla and John were married, their wedding being one of the earliest in the colony, and Priscilla being the first of the girls who had sailed on the *Mayflower* to change her name.

History does not tell us a great deal about this girl of the Pilgrims, but we do know how much courage and faith and constancy was required of the first settlers of New England. We picture Priscilla as the daughter of such people, devout, simple, and from force of the rude life about her growing more and more self-reliant from the day when Mary Chilton and she first set foot on Plymouth Rock. History does not tell us of Priscilla's wooing, but the romantic story has been so wonderfully put in poetry by Longfellow that when we hear Priscilla Alden mentioned we think first of all of "The Courtship of Miles Standish." It is a story which ought to be true, if it is not.

We know that Captain Standish and John Alden were friends at a later time, for when the Captain married his second wife he built his house over on Duxbury Hill, near where John Alden's stood, and his son married the daughter of John and Priscilla. So the blunt, brave Captain did not die of a broken heart.

Such is the story of this girl of the Pilgrims and of the brave days when the foundation stones of our land were being laid.

IX

Catherine the Great The Girl of Stettin: 1729-1796

"COME with me," whispered a small boy to a little girl who was standing, looking rather lonely, in one of the long corridors of a house in the North German town of Eutin.

"Come along," he added, still in a whisper, and tiptoed down the hall. The girl followed and saw him stop at a doorway and peep into the room beyond. Apparently satisfied he entered, and she, her curiosity roused, went into the room after him.

It was a bare apartment, with walls once white but now gray, small barred windows, a ceiling supported by rough timbers, and a wooden floor, uneven and uncarpeted. On a bench at one end stood a large round tub of water and from pegs in the wall hung caps and coats. It was the place where the few soldiers who were supposed to guard the house lounged when off duty, and used as a dressing-room. It was unoccupied now, and the boy, still on tiptoe, ran across the bare floor to the tub of water.

Pulling some paper from his pocket the boy tore it into many pieces and dropped three or four of them into the water. Then taking a stick that lay on a bench he began to poke the papers. The girl stood

beside him. "See, Figchen," he whispered, "those are boats, sailing on the great Baltic Sea. This one's heavy laden, see how she rocks. That's her port over on the other side. Here comes a storm," and he stirred the water with his stick and sent the paper boats tossing to the rim.

"That's not much of a pond, Peter," said the girl disdainfully. "We've one in Stettin twice that big with live fish in it, and when we want to have a storm we throw a stone into it."

But the little boy was too busy with his boats to listen to her. He threw the rest of the papers into the tub and leaned so far over its edge that he could see his fat cheeks and blue eyes mirrored in it.

"Look, Figchen, look," he cried excitedly, "there's a whole war-fleet going over to the other side."

The girl, forgetting her disdain, bent over the rim and began to blow down at the water.

Before they knew it there were quick steps on the floor behind them and a man had seized Peter by the collar and jerked him back from the tub. "Didn't I tell you not to go near that water again?" the man demanded, his face and voice showing his anger. "What do you think you are? You're a soldier, and a soldier's first duty is to obey orders. For this you go to your room and do without dinner to-day."

The little boy stood with his back to the wall, looking much frightened. "Oh, Herr Brummer——" he began.

"Not a word," ordered the man. "You've heard what I've said."

The girl had looked on in amazement. Now she took a step forward. "You're a simpleton, Peter Ulric," she said. "Afraid of your tutor. Why don't you send him away?"

Herr Brummer turned as if he had noticed the girl for the first time. He bowed, smiling sarcastically. "Ach so; it is the Princess Sophia of Zerbst who speaks? And you would advise Prince Peter of Holstein to disobey his tutor?"

The girl's eyes met the man's defiantly. "I would," she answered. "At home, in Stettin ——"

"Well, we're not in Stettin," broke in the man, turning back. "Go to your room, boy, and stay there till I come for you. And if I find you playing here again I'll make you kneel on dried peas till you can't stand up."

The boy, used to being treated in such fashion, went out of the guard-room, his face surly and white.

"As for you," said Herr Brummer to the girl, "the sooner you go home the better. You'll find Peter Ulric a dull playmate." With that he turned on his heel and followed the little Prince of Holstein, and heir to the thrones of Russia and Sweden, from the room.

Figchen, which was the nickname given to the Princess Sophia of Zerbst, waited a moment and then went out into the garden at the rear of the house. She was used to being left to her own devices, but in her home town she could go out into the city squares and play with other children, and here in Eutin she had been forbidden to leave the house and its garden. She wished she were at home again, and could not under-

stand why her mother was so fond of traveling about to visit her relations. She thought this particular court of Holstein the dullest of them all, and little Peter Ulric the stupidest boy she had ever met. He was stupid, there was no doubt of that, but no one had ever cared enough about him to try and make him more intelligent.

Children of rank had a dull time at the courts of the little German duchies in those days. The Princess Figchen was better off than Peter Ulric because she was a girl and did not have to be moulded into a soldier, but she had little enough fun. Her father was very fond of her, but he was a general in the army of Frederick the Great of Prussia, and away from home most of the time. Her mother was vain and capricious. The family were poor and only used the left wing of their palace at Stettin. Here Figchen had three rooms, and her bedroom was close to the bell-tower of the church, so that she was wakened early every morning by a deafening peal of bells. She played in the streets with the town children, none of whom called her "Your Highness," and the children's mothers treated her just like any other little girl.

Most of her time, however, she spent with her governess and teachers. French was the fashion then and children were taught the language, the manners, and the gallantry of Paris. The Princess was bright but wilful, if she was interested she would learn quickly, if she was not the teachers might storm and she would only laugh at them. Her governess told her that her chin was too sharp, and that by sticking it out she was

always knocking against everybody she came across. Figchen laughed and stuck her chin farther out. But in her own way she was fond of her French governess and read a good many French books with her.

Even though Figchen did like the girls of her own town better than those she met elsewhere, her mother, who was restless and eager for excitement, found Stettin very dull, and was continually traveling. She had relatives in all the little German cities, and liked to visit them at Hamburg, Brunswick, or Berlin, and hear the latest gossip. So Figchen met most of the Grand Dukes and Duchesses of her time, and was presented at Berlin to the powerful young Frederick the Great, who was just beginning his remarkable career. This visiting also gave her mother a chance to see the young Princes who might be eligible for her daughter's hand, for it was the first concern of a young German Princess to find a husband who would some day wear a crown. But Figchen herself was not interested in these boys with long titles to their names. Most of them seemed very stupid to her, much like Peter Ulric of Holstein, taught to be a soldier instead of being taught to be a gentleman.

Then, suddenly, when this little Princess of Zerbst was twelve years old, strange events occurred in Europe. To the northwest of her home lay the mighty country of Russia, still almost savage, but of enormous size and of unknown strength. Only a short time before Peter the Great had been Czar of Russia and had built up a great Empire that overshadowed the little

German duchies that lay along its borders. One of Peter's daughters had married the Duke of Holstein, and been the mother of the small Peter Ulric. Another was the Princess Elizabeth, who had not married. Peter the Czar had a half-brother Ivan, and Ivan's granddaughter was ruling as regent in Russia for her little son named Ivan. Then on December 9, 1741, the Princess Elizabeth, filled with her great father's ambition, suddenly seized the throne, and threw the regent and the little Czar Ivan into prison. The child's reign ended, and the unscrupulous woman took the crown as the Empress Elizabeth. She was strong and could hold it and that was all that counted in Russia then. The Empress looked about for an heir and her eyes lighted on Peter Ulric, the son of her sister. The regent in prison had always called him "the little devil," because she was afraid he might some day set aside her own Ivan. "The little devil" disappeared from his home and reappeared at St. Petersburg, and all the world learned that Elizabeth had proclaimed him the Grand Duke Peter, her adopted son and heir to the crown she wore. Figchen heard the news and wondered how such a stupid boy could ever be Czar of Russia.

The Empress Elizabeth, like a fairy godmother, waved her wand again, and this time it rested on Figchen herself. The Empress ordered the little girl's portrait sent to her, despatched presents to her and to her father and mother, and finally invited the Princess of Zerbst to visit her in Moscow and to bring her daughter with her. The ambitious mother knew what that meant. The Empress meant to marry

Figchen to the Grand Duke Peter. That was a more dazzling destiny than she had ever dreamed of.

Mother and daughter started out for Moscow. They were poor and did not need many boxes to carry their wardrobe. Traveling was hard, and, it being January, the cold was so bitter they had to wear masks to protect their faces. There were no hotels and they had to stay at posting-houses, poor shacks where the landlord's family and his animals often slept under the same roof. There was no snow but the four carriages in which the Princess and her suite traveled were so heavy they required twenty-four horses to pull them. Sledges were fastened to the backs of the carriages to be used later, and these made their progress slower.

But when they crossed the frontier to Russia everything changed. Troops met them, with flags flying and drums beating. Gallant officers joined them and paid them compliments. Castles opened to them and the ladies, shining with diamonds and silks, quite overwhelmed the simple German Princess and her daughter. When they reached St. Petersburg ladies of the court were ready to stock their wardrobes with magnificent toilettes. The travelers were glad of that, for they knew their own clothes would look shabby enough in the presence of an Empress who was said to have 15,000 silk dresses and no less than 5,000 pairs of shoes.

When they left St. Petersburg on their way to Moscow the Princess and Figchen traveled in a magnificent sleigh, built like a great couch with curtains of scarlet and gold, and lined inside with sable. The ladies reclined on what was really a feather bed, with

coverings of satin and fur, and supported on springs so that the sleigh could pass over the roughest road without disturbing the passengers inside. Here they lay and looked out through the windows at the snowy barren country all about them. Figchen was impressed. Used as she was to the simplicity of the little German duchy, she could not help wondering at so much extravagance and luxury, or thrilling at the sight of the great Cossack soldiers and the Imperial grenadiers who rode as her escort. So she began to realize the might of this great northern country.

The Empress Elizabeth welcomed them warmly at her palace in Moscow, and at once Figchen found herself surrounded by fawning courtiers, ambitious women, and all the pomp and ceremony of a court. Generals and statesmen struggled to kiss her hand, ladies to compliment her on her complexion, for they all knew now that the little German maiden was to marry their Grand Duke Peter. She knew it now also, but although she remembered how stupid and timid he had seemed at Eutin, she made no objection, because her eyes were dazzled with the wonders of this new life.

Peter Ulric had not improved since Figchen had last seen him. Herr Brummer's iron hand no longer held him in check, and he had run absolutely wild. His health was ruined, he was dissipated beyond belief, cowardly, and as ignorant as his poorest soldier. He kissed Figchen's hand, and said he was glad to see her, and then left her, to drink himself stupid with vodka. The marriage promised to be about as tragic as it well could be. But Figchen had more interesting things to

think about than Peter Ulric. She had to study a new religion, so that she might enter the Russian Church, she had to have prepared a great trousseau, and she had to try and learn in a short time some of the things she had refused to learn at Stettin. Then she fell ill, and was sick for days, while her mother and the Russian doctors struggled as to the best way to cure her. The doctors advised blood-letting but the Princess was very much opposed to it. They agreed to refer the matter to the Empress, and found that she had gone on a five days' visit to a distant convent where she had shut herself up in one of her strange spasms of religion. Finally she appeared and ordered the blood-letting. Poor Figchen suffered, but recovered. When she regained consciousness she found herself in the arms of the Empress, and in her hand a gift of a diamond necklace and a pair of earrings worth 20,000 roubles. Figchen began to realize that the Empress Elizabeth was a very singular person.

As soon as she was well again she finished making ready to enter the Russian Church, and in June, 1744, when she was fifteen, she made her new vows. She was a handsome girl, and her youth, beauty, and modest manner made a charming picture as she entered the imperial chapel. She wore what was called an "Adrienne" robe of red cloth of Tours, laced with cords of silver, and about her unpowdered hair was bound a simple white fillet. Her voice did not tremble and she did not forget a word of the long Russian creed. Then the new name of Catherine was added to her other names and it was announced that henceforth

that would be her official title. The next day she was betrothed to Peter Ulric.

Peter's health was so bad that the wedding had to be put off from one date to another, but finally, in August, 1745, when Peter was seventeen, and Catherine sixteen, they were married with the greatest pomp and ceremony. Figchen became a Grand Duchess and wife to the next Czar of Russia, and her mother went home to Stettin and left the girl, surrounded by her own court, to fight her own battles.

No one had ever cared very much for Figchen, her father and mother had let her grow up as she would, and the only thing that was asked of her was that she should marry the prince they might pick out for her. That was her idea of duty, and that she had done. She had seen very little kindness, or consideration for others, or happy home life in any of the German courts where she spent her childhood. She had seen men trained to be soldiers and gamblers and drunkards, and women who were vain and spiteful and ambitious. In Russia she found things even worse than they had been at home. The Empress was a tyrant who had put the rightful Czar, a little boy, and his mother, in a distant prison, and planned to keep them there all their lives. Figchen's husband cared nothing for her, and soon appeared to have forgotten that she existed. If she had disliked him when he was a boy she despised him now that he was a young man. All around her were conspirators, and slanderers, and spies. There seemed only one thing left to her, ambition, tremendous ambition, such as had made Peter the Great and Eliza-

beth mighty conquerors and rulers of Russia. So, cut off from all other dreams, Catherine began to dream of that, and, as time went on, she made plans for the future.

Strange to say, although Figchen had always seemed a very quiet, docile girl, Catherine proved a very strong, determined woman. She kept her eye on what was happening in Russia, and she laid her plans. Peter had showed he cared nothing for her, and she cared nothing for him. More than that she knew that he would make the worst possible Emperor of Russia, and she thought she knew some one who would grace the throne much better.

The Empress Elizabeth died at a time when the Grand Duke Peter was away from the capital. He heard the news and started for St. Petersburg, but had not gone far when couriers brought him tidings that Catherine had seized the throne, proclaimed herself Czarina, and meant to rule alone. So she had. Dressed in the uniform of a general she had appeared before the troops, and announced that she was their new commander. Those rough soldiers knew that she was strong and that Peter was weak, and they put the care of their country in her hands. So the Empress Catherine II succeeded the Empress Elizabeth.

Peter, amazed, indignant, terrified, had no more chance now than he had had in the guard-room when Herr Brummer found him sailing boats. He was only a pawn. But as long as he lived he might make trouble. Therefore one night conspirators seized him and assassinated him, just as had often been done to



CATHERINE THE GREAT

From a painting by Rosselin

Russian rulers before. History does not say if Catherine knew of the conspiracy in advance, but does say that she shed few tears over his fate.

Events proved that Catherine knew her strength. She became one of the great sovereigns of Europe, a far-seeing statesman, a brilliant commander of her armies. She was relentless, but she was fearless as well, and a century which had given the title of Great to Peter the First, and to the warrior Frederick of Prussia, paid the same tribute to her. She had only been taught the value of power in her girlhood, and that was all she came to care for later. The wonder of it is that the little Figchen who used to play with the town children in the streets of Stettin should have become the masterful Catherine the Great.

X

Fanny Burney

The Girl of London: 1752-1840

A GIRL sat at a desk in a small third-story room of Dr. Charles Burney's house in London, writing as rapidly as her quill-pen could travel over the paper. It was a December afternoon, and the light was not very bright, so that she had to lean far forward until the end of her nose almost touched the tip of her pen. Now and then a smile would cross her lips or she would stop a moment to reread a sentence or two and nod her head, but for the most part she kept steadily on, very much in earnest in what she was doing. On one corner of the desk lay a pile of finished manuscript, showing that she must have been at this work for many days. As a matter of fact she had come up to this small spare room every afternoon for a month and written until it was too dark for her to see.

Presently another girl came tiptoeing up the stairs, paused a moment at the door, and then stole quietly into the room. Without a word she crossed over to an old sofa on the other side of the room, and sat down upon it. The writer went on driving her quill-pen across the paper. Some five minutes later the quill stuck and sent a shower of ink-blots in all directions. "There, my pen's stubbed its toe again," said the

writer, sitting up straight. "I'd better let it rest itself a while."

"Oh, Fanny," exclaimed the girl on the sofa, "do tell me what's happening to dear Caroline Evelyn now."

The authoress laid down her pen and tilted back in her chair. "The funniest things have been happening to her lately, Susan. I laughed until I cried. A young man named Lord Farringfield fell in love with her. He was very good-looking, with light curly hair, and she thought she liked him very much. He made her an offer of marriage in her father's garden, when suddenly a wind came up and blew off his wig. He looked so funny without any hair that all she could think of to say was to offer him her handkerchief to cover his head, and that put him out so that he jumped up from his knees and stalked away. Later the gardener found the wig on the bough of an apple tree, but Caroline didn't dare send it to its owner and kept it on a little stand in her room to remind her of her first offer of marriage. Let me read it to you."

"Oh, do, Fanny," urged the younger sister.

The writer delved into the pile of papers and pulled out several. Then, with a preliminary chuckle, she began to read. At first she went smoothly enough, but after a while she began to laugh, and finally she had to stop and dry her eyes with a handkerchief. "He did look so ridiculous," she said. "Can't you see him there, saying, 'Oh, my adorable Caroline, wilt thou ——' when whist! he claps his hands to his head, but his beautiful curls have gone?"

"Indeed I can," replied Susan, who was hugging herself and rocking on the sofa with appreciation. "However can you do it, Fanny? It seems to me each person in the story is funnier than the last."

"They don't start out funny," said the writer, "but after they've talked a little or walked about they begin to do funny things. Of course the hero and Caroline herself are quite serious. It's getting to be a big book. Just look." She opened a drawer of the desk and produced another pile of papers and laid them on top of those already on the table. "It's almost a full-sized novel now."

"It's beautiful," said Susan. "I don't know any book that's ever made me laugh and cry so much."

"Do you really think it's good?" Fanny turned about so as to face her sister. "I'll tell you something, Susan. I just had to write it. I couldn't help doing it, no matter how hard I tried."

"It's wonderful," continued the admiring Susan.

"But you mustn't tell. You must never tell," besought Fanny. "I'd be so ashamed of myself, and just think what father might have to say to me about it!" She swung about to the desk and rested her head in her hands as though to contemplate the overwhelming things Dr. Burney might be called upon to say should he discover her offense. Then impulsively she stretched out her hands and clasped the manuscript. "Oh, I love it, I love every line I've written there."

Some one else had been climbing the flight of stairs to the third story, and now came into the room. It

was Mrs. Burney, the stepmother of Fanny and Susan. She went over to the desk and looked at the pile of written sheets before Fanny could turn them over or hide them in the drawer. "So this is what you've been about, is it?" said she, not unkindly, but rather in an amused tone. "I've wondered where you went when you stole away from the rest of the family every afternoon. Your father said you wanted to study, but I told him I didn't approve of young ladies creeping out of sight to pore over books. So you've been writing a story surreptitiously? Take my word for it, Fanny, writing books has gone out of fashion."

"I know it," said Fanny, "but I couldn't help it. I'd much rather do this than practice on the harpsichord."

"But music is a polite accomplishment, my dear, whereas scribbling is quite the reverse."

"Fanny's isn't scribbling," protested Susan. "It's wonderful. It really is, mother. It's as good as anything down-stairs in father's library. Let her read some of it to you."

"No, thank you, Susan. I can understand some parents letting their children run wild and become novel-writers, but not Dr. Burney. You must remember you have a position in society to think about, my dears."

"I know," agreed Fanny guiltily.

"What would the world say," continued Mrs. Burney, "if it should learn that Dr. Burney's daughter Frances had composed a novel!"

"Father writes books," suggested Susan.

"Yes, but on the subject of music. It's quite another thing to compose a treatise showing learning. Fanny's writings, if I mistake not, are merely idle inventions, the stories of events that never happened to people who never lived."

"Yes, they are," agreed the ashamed Fanny. "I make them up out of my head as I go along."

"But they're quite as interesting as the things that do happen to real people," argued the devoted Susan. "More interesting, I think. I don't know any real person who interests me as much as Caroline in Fanny's story."

Mrs. Burney smiled. She had no wish to be harsh, but she had very decided ideas as to what was and what was not proper for young ladies to do. She was a bustling, sociable person, and she considered that Fanny was altogether too shy and reserved. She wanted to make her more like her other sisters, Esther and Charlotte, both of whom were very popular with the many visitors who came to see the celebrated Dr. Burney.

"It's for your own good," she said finally. "I shan't tell your father, but I know he wouldn't approve of your spending your time in this way."

"I know," said Fanny slowly. "I know what people think of a young woman who writes. I oughtn't to do it, but the temptation was too strong for me. I'll give it up, mother, and not steal off here by myself. I'll try to be more the way you and father want me."

"That's the right spirit, Fanny. You know we're all very proud of you anyway." Stooping down Mrs.

Burney kissed her stepdaughter, and then left the sisters alone.

For some time there was silence while Fanny stared at the big pile of closely written sheets which lay in front of her and Susan looked at her sister. Then with a sigh the older girl rose and gathered the papers in her arms. "Mother is right. It is wrong of me," said she. "Would you mind, Susan, coming down into the yard with me?"

"What are you going to do, Fanny?" asked her sister in alarm.

"I've made up my mind what's best to be done, and I'm going to do it. Come down-stairs, please."

Fanny led the way with the papers, and Susan came after her. They went down the three flights, through a hall, and out into a paved court at the rear of the house.

"Will you watch them a minute, please?" said Fanny, as she laid the papers on the bricks.

She went indoors and soon was back again, with some sticks of wood, some straw, and a lighted taper in her hand. She laid the sticks together, stuffed some straw in among them, and then placed the pile of papers on top.

"Oh, Fanny," cried her sister, "you're not going to burn up all the story? Oh, poor Caroline! Don't do it, Fanny; think how long it took to write it and how good it is!"

"I must," said Fanny, very decidedly.

"Oh, please, please don't! It's almost like murder. It's a shame, Fanny, it is, it's a terrible shame!"

"It hurts me most," said Fanny, "but it's the only way to settle Caroline once for all." With a very grim face she held the taper to the straw until it caught fire. In a moment a page of the manuscript was curling up in flames.

"Oh, Fanny, Fanny!" cried Susan, tears coming to her eyes. She looked beseechingly at her sister, but the latter's purpose was inflexible. A few minutes more and the papers were all burning brightly.

The two girls stood there until the fire had burnt itself out, and then turned to each other. Tears stood in Fanny's eyes and also in those of the sympathetic Susan. "Poor Caroline Evelyn," sighed Fanny, "I'm going to be ever and ever so lonely without her."

Susan slipped her arm about her sister's waist, and they went indoors to get ready for supper. The young authoress was very quiet when the family met at table a little later, and had very little appetite, but the family were quite used to Fanny's reserve, and none of them thought anything about it except the faithful Susan, who threw tender reproachful glances across the table at Fanny from time to time.

The father of these girls, Dr. Charles Burney, was the fashionable music-master of the day in London. He had made a great success, and had so many pupils that he had to begin his round of lessons as early as seven o'clock in the morning, and often was not through with them until eleven at night. Many a time he dined in a hackney coach on sandwiches and a glass of sherry and water as he drove from one house to another. Among his friends were all sorts of people, musicians,

actors, scholars, famous beaux and belles, and as he was most hospitable his children grew up familiar with many different types of men and women of the great world of London. The other girls and the boys were like their father in taking part in all the entertainments that went on, but Fanny, the second daughter, although she was admitted to be very bright, was unusually quiet and retiring. Her teacher called her "the silent, observant Miss Fanny," and that described her well, because she was always watching the people about her, and remembering their peculiar tricks of manner and speech.

But she had a mind of her own and could speak up on occasion. When she was ten years old her father lived in a house on Poland Street, next door to a wig-maker, who supplied perukes to the judges and lawyers of London. The children of the wig-maker and the Burney children played together in a little garden behind the former's house, and one day they went into the wig-maker's house, and each put on one of the fine wigs he had for sale. Then they began to play in the garden until one of the perukes, which was very fine and worth over ten guineas, fell into a tub of water and lost all its curl. The wig-maker came out, fished out the peruke, and declared it was entirely ruined. With that he spoke very angrily to his children, when suddenly the quiet Fanny stepped forth, and with the manner of an old lady said, "What is the use of talking so much about an accident? The wig is wet, to be sure, and it was a very good wig, but words will do no good, because, sir, what's done can't be undone." The

wig-maker listened in great surprise, and then made Fanny a little bow. "Miss Burney speaks with the wisdom of ages," he said, and without another word went into the house.

Among all their father's friends the Burney children thought there was no one quite so amusing as the great actor David Garrick. He would drop in at all hours of the day, and always playing some new part. Sometimes he would sit still and listen to Dr. Burney talk on the history of music, and gradually his face and manner would change until the children could scarcely believe he was the same man who had entered the room a short time before. He would seem to become an old crafty man before their very eyes, or a villain from the slums of London, or a Spanish grandee for the first time in England. Sometimes he would appear at the house in disguise and give a new name to the maid and appear in the dining-room as a stranger to the family. Once he arrived at the door in an old, ill-fitting wig and shabby clothes and the servant refused to admit him, taking him for a beggar. "Egad, child," he said to the maid, "you don't guess whom you have the happiness to see! Do you know that I am one of the first geniuses of the age? You would faint away upon the spot if you could only imagine who I am!" The maid, very much startled, let him pass, and he shambled into the house, again pretending to be a beggar. The children were always delighted to have him come, and Fanny in particular, because she had a talent for mimicking people herself, and she liked to study him. He often sent them

tickets to see him act at Drury Lane Theatre, and there they saw their friend play the greatest rôles of the English stage as no actor had ever played them before.

Fanny's particular friend was a Mr. Samuel Crisp, a curious man who had once been very popular in London, but had retired to a lonely life in the country at a place called Chesington Hall. He was very fond of the Burneys and often had them visit him at his country home. Fanny called him "her dearest daddy," and loved to walk across the meadows with him, and tell him of the curious people she had met at her father's house in town. He understood her better than any one else, and it was to him that she confided the story of how she had burned the manuscript of her novel. "It was very hard, Daddy," she said. "I know I oughtn't to want to keep on scribbling, but somehow I can't help it. I think of so many things, and I want to make them real, and the only way is to put them down on paper. People tell me young ladies shouldn't be writing stories, that it's not genteel, but how can I help myself?"

"You can tell them to me, Fanny, and no one shall ever know you made them up."

So she unburdened her heart to him, told him of her friend Caroline Evelyn, the dear child of her brain, of the suitors that young lady had, and how she treated them, and of her elopement to Gretna Green, and of the funny people she was continually meeting. Mr. Crisp listened and smiled, surprised at the girl's powers of description and humor. Finally he said to her, "It

seems to me, Fanny, that young lady's career is more interesting to you than your own."

"So it is," she answered. "I think more about her than about any one else."

"Then," said Mr. Crisp, "in spite of your mother's good advice and your own judgment I predict that Caroline rises in time from the flames."

"Do you think so, Daddy? Oh, if she only might! It's well there's no paper and ink here or I'd begin her over again right on the spot."

Mr. Crisp was right in his prediction. That summer the Burneys went to the little town of King's Lynn, where Fanny had been born. There Fanny shut herself up in a summer-house which was called "The Cabin," and began to rewrite her book. She seized upon every scrap of white paper that she could find and bore it off with her. She worked secretly, inventing numberless excuses for the hours she spent by herself. Gradually the story took shape again, changed in many ways from its first telling, and with the heroine rechristened Evelina.

Meantime Dr. Burney had started to prepare his great History of Music, and asked the help of his daughters to copy it for him. Fanny wrote the best hand and was the most reliable, so her father made her his chief secretary, and day after day she worked with him, having to postpone her own book from week to week. But each time she came back to it more ardently and each time her pen flew faster as she sat at her table in the little summer-house. At last she told Susan about it, and Susan was delighted, and when

Fanny read some of it to her she declared that it was a thousand times better than the story of Caroline had been.

When her father's History of Music appeared in print it made a great success, and this stirred the youthful Fanny with the desire to see what London would think of "Evelina." She was determined, however, to keep its authorship unknown, and so she carefully recopied the manuscript in an assumed handwriting in order that no publisher or printer who had seen her handwriting in any of the manuscripts she had copied for her father should recognize the same hand in this. But "Evelina" had grown to be a very long novel, and by the time she had copied out two volumes of it she grew tired, and so she wrote a letter, without any signature, to a publisher, offering to send him the completed part of her novel at once, and the rest of it during the next year. This publisher replied that he would not consider the book unless he were told the author's name. Fanny showed the letter to Susan, and they talked it over, but decided that she ought not to send her name. She then wrote to another publisher, making the same offer as she had made to the first. He said he would like to see the manuscript. Thereupon Fanny decided to take her brother Charles into the secret and have him carry the work to the publisher. Charles agreed, and Fanny and Susan muffled him up in a greatcoat so that he looked much older than he was, and sent him off. He was not recognized, and when he called later for an answer he was told that the publisher was pleased with the book, but could not agree to print it

until he should receive the whole story. That discouraged Fanny, and she let the book lie by for some time, but finally plucked up courage, and copied out the third volume.

In the meantime Fanny began to wonder if it would be fair for her to publish a novel without telling her father, and she decided she ought to go to him. She caught him just as he was leaving home on a trip, and said, with many blushes and much confusion, that she had written a little story and wanted to have it printed without giving her name. She added that she would not bother him with the manuscript in any way and begged that he wouldn't ask to see it. The Doctor was very much amused as well as surprised, and he told her to go ahead and see what would come of the story.

Better satisfied now that she had her father's consent Fanny sent the third volume to the publisher, who accepted the book and paid her twenty pounds for it.

At length "Evelina" was published. The first Fanny knew of it was when her stepmother opened a paper one morning at the breakfast table and read aloud an advertisement announcing the appearance of a new novel entitled "Evelina; or, A Young Lady's Entrance into the World." Susan smiled across the table at Fanny, and Charles winked at her, but she sat very still, her cheeks a fiery red. They did not give her secret away to the rest of the family, nor mention who the author was to any of their friends. Shortly afterward Fanny was ill and went out to Chesington to re-



FANNY BURNEY

cuperate. She took the three volumes of "Evelina" with her, and read them aloud to Mr. Crisp, who pretended that he had no idea who the author might be and listened with the most flattering interest to chapter after chapter. "It reminds me of something," he said one day.

"And what may that be, dear Daddy?" she asked.

"I can't think, but it's prodigiously finer than what I'm trying to recall," he answered.

By the time she returned home all London was talking about the new novel and wondering as to the author. Wherever Dr. Burney went he found people discussing the same subject. The great Dr. Samuel Johnson declared that it was uncommonly fine, and the Doctor was the accepted judge of all literary matters. Like all the others he was sure that the writer was a man, and made many guesses as to which of the lights of London it might be, but although one man after another was credited with the honor of having written it each had to decline the satisfaction. Sir Joshua Reynolds declared he would give fifty pounds to know the author and meant to find him, and Sheridan vowed he must get the clever man, whoever he was, to write him a play.

In the meantime Fanny and Susan were enjoying the mystery tremendously. It was very delightful to hear all the visitors at their house talking of "Evelina" without the faintest notion that the author was sitting there listening to all they had to say. But the time came when Dr. Burney learned the secret, and his pride in Fanny's accomplishment could not keep him silent. He

told the story to several of his friends and they, very much amazed, passed it on to others. Then Mrs. Thrale, a friend of the Burneys, gave a dinner, and told her guests that they should have the pleasure of meeting the author of "Evelina" there. When they came they were presented to the shy, quiet young woman whom they had often seen at Dr. Burney's house. She was overwhelmed with congratulations, and when the party came to an end Sir Joshua Reynolds, with a most courtly bow, bent over her hand, and hoped that he might shortly have the pleasure of entertaining her at his home in Leicester Square. When she went home Fanny said to Susan, "The joke of it is that the people spoke as if they were afraid of me, instead of my being very much afraid of them."

"Evelina" made Fanny Burney famous. She became a well-known figure in London life, and wrote other novels, "Cecilia," "Camilla," and "The Wanderer." She wrote a life of Dr. Burney, and she kept many diaries, all of which were filled with witty and humorous descriptions of the people of her age. In time she was appointed a Lady in Waiting to Queen Charlotte, wife of George III, and took a prominent part at court. Later she married the French Chevalier D'Arblay, and went with him to France, where she had many exciting adventures during the Reign of Terror. She afterward described these adventures in her diary and it gives a most interesting account of those thrilling times.

So it was that "the silent, observant Miss Fanny" became one of the great figures of England at the close

of the eighteenth century, and it was the fact that she could not give up her love of writing and had to tell the story of her heroine Evelina that first brought her to the notice of the world and made her famous.

XI

Sarah Siddons

The Girl of the English Playhouse : 1755-1831

MINE host of the ancient tavern known as "The Shoulder of Mutton" stood in his doorway rubbing his fat red hands. He was a big man with a round moon face and two little blue eyes that twinkled like bright stars. He was always smiling, like a Cheshire cat, and if there was one thing he loved better than a pot of his own home-brewed ale it was a joke at another man's expense. He was chuckling now, as he looked at the spare man who sat on a packing-box in front of him. "Ah, Roger Kemble," said he, "you would come to the old Welsh town of Brecon to give one o' your shows without knowin' it was contrary to the law here-about to take money for such like performances? You'll play to-night for nothin' or you'll no play at all."

The other man's fine black eyes snapped indignantly. "We'll not act for nothing. An actor and his family must live, law or no law."

"Then turn to some other trade, good Roger," said the innkeeper. "Turn carpenter or bricklayer or tapster."

"What! With my talent!" answered Kemble. "And the talent of my wife and children. We are actors, servants of the public if you please, but no whit

worse than those the court goes to see at Drury Lane in London."

"Right you are," said mine host, grinning broader than before, "but Drury Lane is in London and Roger Kemble and his family are in Wales." Then his good humor bubbled up. "Wife!" he called. "Fetch two cups of ale for Roger and me. 'Twill bricken up his brains."

The good wife, almost as round and rosy as her husband, bore out the two tankards of foaming ale, and handed one to the slim, dark-skinned man on the box and the other to her good-natured lord. "'Tis the first time I've known Roger Kemble's wits to lie abed," said she, smiling at the actor.

"Have no fear, good Mistress Anne," he answered, looking down at the full-filled cup. "My wits are even now shaking the bedclothes off and will be up and dressed, point devise, with shoulder-knots and buckles to their shoon, before the last drops of this nectar run down my thirsty throat."

He lifted the cup, waved it in greeting to her, and then drank. After that he shut his eyes and sat meditating. Mistress Anne with a laugh passed inside, and mine host leaned his broad back against a door-post.

Presently Kemble opened his eyes and took another swallow from his cup. Then he bent forward, with a cunning smile upon his lips. "Harkee here, lord of 'The Shoulder o' Mutton,'" said he. "Gather round me while I speak to thee. We have tucked away in one of our big boxes a case of a most delicious powder

for the teeth, pink it is of color and taken with a little water it gives a most refreshing flavor to the palate, something like rose-leaves dipped in curds and whey. Moreover 'tis said to keep the teeth most wonderfully sound and white. Now and then when times are hard the most talented actor has to turn surgeon in his travels, and look after countryfolks' health instead of their wits. So I came to buy the paste in Worcester."

"But what's that to do with the law against selling theatre tickets here in Brecon?" inquired the tavern-keeper.

"Much to do," said the other. "This rare paste for the teeth sells at threepence the box, but we'll sell it to-day for a shilling and whisper to each buyer that if he'll bring the little box to the coach-house to-night he may have admission to a wonderful fine play, free of course, no tickets sold, but only acted to such as have the magic box of powder. How does that strike you, man?"

"Squarely," cried mine host, his blue eyes beaming. "Well thought of, Roger! No tickets sold, only some tooth-powder. The law encourages trade. 'Tis a happy thought. I knew the ale would set your wits afoot. Empty the cup, and tell me what you play."

Kemble drank and set down the flagon. Then he took a paper from his pocket and unfolded it. "Hearken," said he, and began to read. "Mr. Kemble's company of players will appear in a celebrated comedy entitled 'The Tempest, or The Enchanted Island,' by W. Shakespeare, with all the scenery, machinery, music, monsters, and the decorations proper

to be given, entirely new. The performances will open with a representation of a tempestuous sea (in perpetual agitation), and storm, in which the usurper's ship is wrecked; the wreck ends in a beautiful shower of fire; and the whole to conclude with a calm sea, on which appears Neptune, poetic god of the ocean, and his royal consort, Amphitrite, in a chariot drawn by sea-horses."

"Splendid!" exclaimed the tavern-keeper. "To think that the old coach-house should see all that! Sea-horses and a chariot and a wreck! Lord love you, Roger Kemble, for a great magician! What have you done with the rest of your company?"

"They are unpacking in the stable-yard at present, placing the footlights, arranging chairs, setting the sea in order. But now that we're to sell tooth-paste in place of tickets I must bestir myself." He emptied the cup and set it on the box, then gave a long clear whistle, followed by two shorter ones, and called, "Hola, Sarah and John Kemble!"

A girl, about thirteen years old, with the same black hair and eyes and clear white skin as Mr. Kemble, and a boy a little younger, came running around the corner of the inn. "Ah, my pets," said the actor, smiling at the two children, "now you're to leave the stupid business of unpacking and setting-up and such like affairs to your elders, while you go through the streets of this town and sell packages of a paste that will make folks' teeth like pearls. Each box costs a shilling, and to each purchaser you give a copy of this playbill as a wrapper, and whisper in their ear that if they bring the

little box to the coach-house to-night at seven they may see the comedy without payment of a penny. You've a nimble tongue, Sarah my love ; if you find none that will buy the little boxes wave the bills in their faces and whisper the message to them until they get it through their dull numbskulls how much a single shilling will buy them. And now to hunt the wondrous little boxes ; good-bye, landlord, we part but to meet again." With a wave of his hand to the host Mr. Kemble slid down the packing-box, and playfully taking an arm of each child he led them around the street front of the inn to the cobble-paved court at the back.

In one of the boxes which stood in this court Mr. Kemble found the package he sought, and had soon divided the cases of tooth-powder between the two children. Then with a few parting instructions he sent the girl and the boy to look for customers.

The good people of Brecon knew Roger Kemble, for he had acted in that town a number of times before, and his daughter Sarah had in fact been born at "The Shoulder of Mutton" Inn. When word spread about of the way in which he was selling boxes of tooth-powder instead of tickets to his play the good people were much amused, and quite willing to buy admittance in this manner. Moreover the two children, Sarah and John Philip, were good-looking, with ready tongues and engaging manners, and they could describe the wonders of this play of "The Tempest, or The Enchanted Island" in as glowing words as the advertisements themselves. Before the afternoon was done they had sold as many bottles with program wrappers as there were seats in

the coach-house and had carried a bag of shillings back to their father. They found him with their mother and young Mr. Siddons, who acted with them, trying to make the little wooden stage look like an island in a tropical sea. "Bravo, my dears," cried he as he poured out the heap of silver pieces, "here's enough to pay our score at the inn, our coach fare west to-morrow, and buy you each a new pair of shoes when we get back to Worcester."

A little later, when the coach-house stage was set, the curtain hung, and the rows of seats properly arranged, the company of five players betook themselves to the inn dining-room for supper. They sat at the same long table with other travelers and devoured the venison pasty and the cold pudding set before them as though they had not fed for days. The landlord came in presently and asked how the tooth-paste had sold. When he heard of the children's success he laughed louder than ever and insisted that they should each have a glass of small beer at his expense.

Shortly after supper the children went out to their room over the barn and dressed for the play. Sarah was to be Ariel, chief spirit of the magic island, and she was clad in sea-green trunk and hose, with a green cloak, a wreath of leaves on her dark hair, and a star-tipped wand in her hand. She was a pretty girl, and very graceful, and she could act the part of a fairy well. Unfortunately when the curtains opened and Ariel appeared at the back of the stage some men were quarreling over a seat in a corner of the playhouse, and their loud voices drowned the girl's gentle one. Some

of the audience called to the quarrelers to be quiet, some called to Sarah to speak louder, and between the two she became confused. She hesitated, stammered, and then forgot the lines she was to speak. Then some boys who were sitting in the front of the audience began to laugh and jeer, and the small actress forgot entirely what she was to say, and her cheeks grew red and her eyes misty. It seemed a question whether the audience would give the girl a chance to begin the play.

At that moment Sarah's mother, a tall and very fine-looking woman, suddenly appeared from the wings. She took the little girl by the hand and led her down to the footlights, and told her to recite the fable of "The Boys and the Frogs." Sarah, reassured by her mother's presence, began the lines of *La Fontaine* which tell how the boys were enjoying themselves very much in throwing stones at the frogs in a pond until one of the frogs reminded them that although it was fun for the boys it meant death for the frogs. The little actress had not finished the fable before there was an outburst of applause, the confusion ceased, the men and boys who had been talking became quiet, and the audience, thoroughly good-humored again, called for the play to go on.

Sarah, now quite at her ease, began her lines over, and the play progressed with the greatest success. The lithe Ariel darted here and there like a real sprite, losing herself so completely in the sea-fairy that the audience applauded her again and again, and her father had to bring her out before the curtain at the end of the play.

Late that night Roger Kemble sat with mine host of "The Shoulder of Mutton" in the tap-room. "Roger," said the innkeeper, "that little daughter of yours knows how to act. I watched her close to-night. My word for it, she'll go to London some day."

"She can play Ariel when she's given half a chance," said Mr. Kemble. "Sometimes I do believe there's a big future for my little Sarah."

The life of traveling players in those days was very hard. Early the next morning Roger Kemble's little company had to pack up their scenery and costumes and load them on the carts that were to transport them to the next Welsh village. Their life was almost like that of gipsies living in a caravan. They had to be always on the move, in all kinds of weather, and put up with any shelter and theatre they could find. Sometimes, as at "The Shoulder of Mutton," they found a coach-house that would serve as a stage, sometimes they acted in a barn, or in a room of an inn, and occasionally they gave their plays in the open inn-yard, to audiences that sat in the galleries running around the outside of the house. They could only carry the scantiest costumes and scenery, and so they borrowed old clothes and decorations when they could. A few candles fastened in bottles usually served as footlights, and they did without any orchestra. Very often they did not make enough money to pay their expenses, and then they had to beg the innkeeper to trust them for the balance of their bill. Frequently they were dunned by sheriffs, sometimes they met sour looks and bitter words from the people of a town where actors

were not approved of, but on the other hand sometimes they were welcomed with open arms and their play warmly applauded. They remembered such times, and tried to forget the others. If it was a hard life it was at least full of adventure, and they were free to come and go as they would.

Sarah Kemble and her brother John had begun to act with their father and mother almost as soon as they were old enough to travel. Sarah was put on the advertisements as "An Infant Phenomenon," and sometimes when there were enough people in the company to make a procession through the village in the daytime the little girl would march with the older actors, dressed in white and gilded spangles, her train carried by her handsome small brother clad in black velvet.

But Mr. and Mrs. Kemble wanted their children to have an education if possible, and so they sent them to school whenever they stayed any length of time in one place. They often went to the town of Worcester, and there Mrs. Kemble sent Sarah to a Mrs. Harris, who kept a school at Thornloe House. The other girls, when they learned that Sarah was a "play-actor's" daughter, would have nothing to do with her, and she was very lonely, but her mother had trained her to be self-reliant and to use her wits, and so she amused herself designing costumes out of paper. One day some of the girls found Sarah wearing a very bright imitation sacque which she had made out of thick sugar-loaf paper bought from the grocer. They wanted sacques just like it for themselves and tried to copy it, but without success, and so they finally had to come to her and

ask to be shown how she had done it. Sarah gladly agreed, and became dressmaker to all the rest. That ended the coldness between them, and when some private theatricals were given in school a little later and the "play-actor's" daughter took the chief part she became one of the most popular girls at Thornloe House.

The budding actress was undeniably fond of fine clothes, whether they were made by herself out of odds and ends or were bought by her mother. One day while the company was traveling some of Roger's friends invited them all to a picnic in the woods near the town where they were acting. Sarah was told she might wear a new pink dress if the weather was clear. She was so much afraid that it might rain that when she went to bed she took her prayer-book with her and opened it, as she thought, to the prayer for fine weather. Then satisfied she went to sleep with the book folded in her arms. She woke at dawn, and found the rain pelting against the window. Very much disappointed she looked at the prayer-book, and was dismayed to see that it was open at the prayer for rain. Then she opened to the right page, and finally fell asleep again, and the next time she woke up the sun was shining and there was every promise of a perfect day.

There were many picnics and many parties scattered through Sarah's girlhood to make up for the hard work and rough company she had to endure. Meanwhile she was learning what it is in an actress that pleases people, the ordinary people of the country, not the fastidious folk of the big cities. She had a beautiful

voice and her father spent much time in teaching her to use it to the best advantage, and had her learn to sing. More and more people were telling him that his daughter would some day be a prominent actress and give up the life of a wandering country player for the career of a Drury Lane favorite in London.

By the time she was sixteen Sarah's beauty had become a matter of comment among the country audiences, and two young squires proposed marriage to her. But the young man named William Siddons who had acted in her father's company almost as long as she could remember had won the first place in her affections, and she would think of marrying no one else. Her parents were not at all pleased at this state of affairs, however, for they were beginning to have great ambitions for their daughter, and so they dismissed young William Siddons from the company and sent Sarah away to the home of a Mrs. Greatheed at Guy's Cliff in Warwickshire in order that she might forget him. In this new home she was happy, for here she found a library and could read whatever she wished, and the country was romantically beautiful, and she was only a short distance from Stratford-on-Avon, the home of her beloved Shakespeare. But she did not forget William Siddons, and when he came to Guy's Cliff to see her and pleaded his cause again as they walked in the sweet-scented Warwickshire fields she told him she would marry him. So it was that in her nineteenth year Sarah Kemble became Mrs. Sarah Siddons.

The young wife returned to the stage, now in a country company headed by herself and William



SARAH SIDDONS

Siddons. One day they came to the town of Cheltenham, which had just become noted as a watering-place and where many fashionable people were staying. Some of these, seeing the advertisement announcing that the play of "Venice Preserved" was to be given that evening at the theatre, took tickets thinking they would have fun at a raw country performance. Some one who had overheard their comments told Mrs. Siddons, who was to play the leading part. Ridicule was the one thing she could not stand, and from the moment when she first appeared on the stage she felt that the audience were laughing at her expense. She left the theatre as soon as the play was over, feeling very much hurt. But next day Mr. Siddons happened to meet Lord Aylesbury, one of the leaders of fashion, in the street. His lordship stopped to inquire for Mrs. Siddons' health. He then said that he had never seen finer acting in his life, and that Mrs. Siddons' powers as a tragic actress had so impressed the ladies of his party that they had wept most of the evening and were suffering with headaches in consequence.

William Siddons rushed home to tell his wife this welcome news, and found that she was already receiving calls from several ladies and gentlemen who had seen her act the night before and wished to compliment her. She was urged to stay in Cheltenham and act in other plays. This she did, and as a result word of her talent began to spread abroad through society and eventually came to London. The great Mr. David Garrick, the most famous English actor of the day and manager of Drury Lane Theatre, became curious, and

wrote to a friend in the country, "Have you ever heard of a woman Siddons, who is strolling about somewhere near you?" The friend had, and reported concerning her, and in a very short time Mr. Garrick had engaged Sarah Siddons to act in his company in London.

She did not succeed at once. Her first performances at Drury Lane were almost failures. People admitted that she was rarely beautiful and that her voice was magically flexible, but they doubted if she had the intelligence to understand and interpret the greatest characters. She persevered and studied and gradually her great dramatic powers unfolded until there was no part too difficult for her to act, and she could hold her audiences spellbound and make them laugh or cry as she would. She mounted higher and higher until she was hailed as the greatest of all English actresses, and David Garrick felt honored to act with her, and Richard Brinsley Sheridan wrote plays for her, and Sir Joshua Reynolds painted one of his greatest masterpieces of her as the Tragic Muse.

Her younger brother, John Philip Kemble, became a great actor also, and so they both bore witness to the good they had won from those early days when they had been strolling players buffeted about from inn to inn. They had learned a great deal about acting then, and the famous Mrs. Siddons, friend of royalty and all the great people of her time, was never sorry to remember the day when she had had to sell tooth-powder in the streets of Brecon in order to help her father pay for their lodging at the inn.

XII

Marie Antoinette

The Girl of Versailles : 1755-1793

THE young Archduchess Maria Antonia Josephine Johanna of Austria, whom we know as Marie Antoinette, was leaving her home in Vienna to marry Louis, the Dauphin of France, in his capital of Paris. She was only fourteen and she had never seen the French prince nor any of his court. Small wonder if she found it hard to start on such a journey.

The Archduchess had been brought up to do as she was bid, and it had seemed to her mother, the famous Empress Maria Theresa, that the welfare of Austria required that one of her daughters should marry into the royal house of France. She had chosen her youngest daughter because of her beauty and light charming manners, knowing well that the French appreciated such gifts. But she also knew that the throne of France was shaky, and feared for what might be awaiting this lovely girl in a foreign land. Her own youth had been troubled and her reign stormy, and it had taken courage for her to persevere and save her throne, so that often as she looked at the girl Archduchess making ready to leave home she would suddenly take her in her arms, exclaiming, "Antonia dearest, think of me when misfortunes overtake you."

Marie Antoinette bore herself like a true daughter of

her house. When all the royal family, the court, the nobles, and the deputies were gathered in the throne-room of the Hofburg in Vienna she entered with her mother. They were to sign a document by which she gave up all claim to the Austrian throne. The lords and ladies received the mother and daughter in deep silence as they advanced to the table. Maria Theresa was so much moved that her hand shook, and she could hardly guide the pen to write her name. Then Marie Antoinette took the pen and signed, and they both left the room. When they were in the Empress's boudoir Maria Theresa took her daughter on her lap, kissed her fair hair and her eyes, and begged her never to forget Austria, even though France was to be her home. "My dear child," she said, "how glad I should be if only I could always keep you with me. But I must sacrifice my own feelings for the good of Austria and for your happiness, which I hope is safe. Write to me often. I shall weep over your letters. I cannot write like Madame de Sévigné, but I love you quite as dearly as she loved her daughter."

Although the Empress was very fond of Marie Antoinette she had been so busied with state matters that she had never been able to be much with her. All her children had been brought up by tutors and governesses, and allowed to do much as they pleased. Marie Antoinette's first governess was dismissed because the Empress found that some writings which had been shown to her as her daughter's work were really the work of her teacher. The next governess was so fond of the sweet-natured little girl that she

could rarely find it in her heart to correct anything she did, and when she tried to do so a kiss or a laughing answer was always sufficient to make her relent. So Marie Antoinette, who cared little for books or study, did not learn much. She had two famous teachers, Metastasio, the Italian poet, who taught her to speak Italian, and Gluck, the great composer, who taught her music, and these two were the only subjects in which she made any real progress. She never learned to write clearly and knew less about geography and history than many a peasant's child. But to make up for her lack of knowledge she had by nature the greatest grace and a charming self-assurance which made her very popular with every one about her. She had tact and sympathy which could place any one at ease. One evening the musician Mozart was received at court, and as he walked across the highly-polished floor to bow before the Empress he slipped and fell. The courtiers thought him clumsy and did not try to hide their smiles. Seeing no one ready to help him Marie Antoinette hastened forward to assist him to his feet and comfort him with a few merry words. This gentle act won Mozart instantly to the Archduchess and he never lost his affection for her.

When she was about eleven years old a brilliant woman named Madame Geoffrin made a visit to Vienna and was presented to the Empress and her daughters. She was very much struck with the great beauty of the youngest girl and said, "What a charming child. I should like to take her back with me to Paris."

The Empress was already trying to arrange a marriage for this daughter with the French Dauphin, and wanted Madame Geoffrin to speak well of her in Paris. "Take her with you," said she. "Take her by all means. I should be delighted."

Madame Geoffrin carried such high reports of the little Archduchess home to Paris and spread her opinion so widely that the French court became much interested in this girl who was said to be so unusually charming. The King, Louis XV, sent one of his best painters to Vienna to paint her portrait, and was so anxious to see it as soon as it was finished that the artist despatched his son with it to Versailles almost before the paint was dry. Louis XV, who was used to beauty, was delighted, and from that moment was eager to have his grandson marry the Archduchess.

So it came about that the little Austrian princess was betrothed to the Dauphin, and left Vienna. But in spite of the brilliant match the people were sorry to have her go, for she was very popular with all classes. When the day came the Empress could hardly release her dear child from her arms, and the girl had at last to tear herself away and hurry from the castle to the waiting carriage. The streets were so crowded that it was difficult to drive her through them. Several times she put her head out of the carriage window to take a last look at the palace which had been her home. Then she leaned back in the carriage, her face bathed in tears, holding a handkerchief to her eyes to hide them from the gaze of the crowded streets.

As she had been beloved by the Austrians so she was

received with open arms by the French. The French people were by tradition hostile to Austria, but they could feel no enmity towards this fair and very beautiful girl of fourteen years who was coming to live among them and perhaps some day rule over them. She tried to show her pleasure at their welcome. As she crossed the Rhine the ladies who had traveled with her from Vienna came forward to kiss her hand for the last time. With tears in her eyes she embraced them all, and gave them messages to carry back to her mother, her brothers and sisters, and her friends. Then she turned to the French ladies who were waiting to receive her. "Forgive me," she begged. "These tears are for my family and the country I am leaving; but from this moment I will not forget that I am French."

As she traveled from the frontier to Paris the roads were lined with cheering peasants and girls strewed handfuls of flowers in her path. Everywhere people were saying to each other, "How lovely our new Princess is!" In each town she was greeted by the ringing of bells and the thunder of cannon, and each village street had its triumphal arch.

Louis XV and the Dauphin met her at the château of Compiègne, and Marie Antoinette saw her future husband for the first time. He was a quiet, shy youth, very easily embarrassed, and having none of her gayety or wit. The old King was delighted with the young bride and said so, but Louis the Dauphin forgot the little speech of welcome he had tried to learn by heart, and could only bow uneasily before her, shifting from one foot to the other, without a word to say.

From Compiègne the King, his grandson, and Marie Antoinette went to Versailles, the great palace outside Paris which Louis XIV had built in what had been a desert but was now one of the most beautiful parks in the world. In the chapel here Louis and Marie Antoinette were married, but a tremendous storm broke out before the ceremony was half over and spoiled the festivities that were planned. The palace and park were to have been illuminated, and many of the people of Paris had traveled to Versailles to see the great spectacle, but the storm made it impossible to light the Bengal fire, and the audience in the grounds fled in a panic, drenched with water, and frightened by the terrific lightning and the crashing thunder.

The motto of Louis XV and the French court was sometimes said to be "After us the deluge," because they spent the country's wealth in the wildest extravagance, regardless of the fact that the peasants in many parts of the land were starving for bread. Up to this time the people of France had looked upon the king and courtiers as a sort of superior beings, whom they might watch and admire from a distance, but never criticize. Louis XV knew that men and women in Paris were in want of food, but he did not hesitate to throw away money on his grandson's wedding festivities. The fêtes at Versailles lasted for a fortnight and the halls and lawns were filled with courtiers wearing the most extravagant suits and gowns and glittering with jewels, and every night there were royal banquets and concerts and balls, and four million lamps lighted the gardens. When the fêtes were over the people

learned that they had cost twenty million francs, and that this enormous sum must be supplied by his Majesty's hard-working subjects. It is hardly to be wondered at that there was discontent.

Yet in spite of this injustice the citizens of Paris wanted to show their affection for their new princess. They arranged for a display of fireworks in the city. Proper care was not taken, and the police could not handle the mob that thronged into the *Place Louis XV*. When the square was crowded a fire broke out and burned down the scaffolding that stood about the statue of the King. The wildest confusion followed, and in the attempt to escape from the square many were trodden to death and some were pushed into the river, while many more were badly hurt. Louis and Marie Antoinette were driving in to Paris to see the illuminations in their honor when they heard of the disaster. Both were very much distressed, and the Dauphiness sent all the money she had to help the sufferers while the Dauphin ordered that his income for a month be turned over to the prefect of police in Paris to relieve the distress there.

There was no court in Europe more extravagant or more corrupt than this of Versailles which Marie Antoinette, a simple fifteen-year-old girl, was now to call her home. It was absolutely different from the court of Vienna, where her mother had set the fashions. Here Louis XV, the Well-Beloved as he was called, gave thought only to his own pleasure, and his courtiers were too ready to follow his example. A thousand intrigues and conspiracies led from the palace like a net-

work ready to entangle any one who was not both shrewd and agile. Marie Antoinette, fond of gayety and pleasure, light-hearted, ready to be friends with any one, found herself at once a pawn in a dozen games, cajoled by some, disliked by others, with hardly a single real friend. The very persons who should have been her friends and advisers, the Dauphin's aunts, the Princesses Adelaide, Victoria, Sophia, and Louisa, were jealous of her position, and so fond of scandal that they magnified her slightest action into a serious offense. Tale-bearers were everywhere, and if Marie Antoinette merely smiled at some boy of the court a dozen gossips carried the news to these suspicious aunts. They did their best to keep her young husband from her, and to poison his mind against her in every possible way. Louis had little strength of character, and was more interested in his workshop than in anything else. He disliked society and he disliked the gossips who brought him stories of his wife, but he did nothing to stop their tale-bearing or to make Versailles more entertaining for her.

But in spite of their ill treatment of her Marie Antoinette tried her best to please these older Princesses. Young as she was she began to realize the difficulty of her position and to see that she must keep on friendly terms with the Dauphin's family if she were to escape the danger of being treated as an outcast at her husband's court. Often she found it very difficult to follow this wise course. Once the Princesses went to the King and complained that the Dauphiness frequently acted in an undignified way and wore shabby clothes.

The King sent for her and told her that she must pay more attention to the formal ceremony of his court, and that she would become very unpopular with the French tradesmen unless she spent more money on her dress. "My court dresses," replied Marie Antoinette, "shall be as elegant as those of any previous dauphiness or queen of France, if such is the wish of your Majesty ; but I beg my dear grandfather to be indulgent about my morning gowns."

The chief charge brought against her was that she was too lively and fond of fun. That she could not very well deny, because it was plainly the truth. She loved to dance and to sing, to take part in lively garden fêtes and to play with children her own age, and the court of Versailles frowned upon such pleasures. But there were a few young courtiers who agreed with her, and gradually they began to amuse themselves in secret. Sometimes Marie Antoinette could persuade the Dauphin to leave his tools and join them. She arranged some private theatricals and acted in them with her two young brothers-in-law and their wives. Louis, stretched in an easy chair, was their audience. He yawned from weariness if the play went well, but whenever the actors began to forget their lines he woke up and started to laugh and poke fun at them. One day he fell sound asleep and began to snore just as they had come to a most exciting scene. This was more than Marie Antoinette could stand. She left the stage and going over to him tweaked his ear. "If you do not like our acting go away, and your money shall be returned to you."

The Dauphin sat up, laughing at his wife's indignant face. "Go on with the play," said he. "I thought you knew it so well that you didn't need my prompting."

A little later they turned the tables on him. He considered dancing hard work, but one evening he summoned up courage to dance in a quadrille. He blundered through the steps, making so many mistakes that some of his friends begged him not to try it again until he had had some practice. Unwilling to give in the next morning he went to the dancing-room and began to practice, having given orders that no one was to be allowed to enter. He hopped and hopped about, and soon was so warm that the perspiration streamed down his face. Suddenly he heard a whistle, and looking about, caught sight of his brother in a gallery, watching him and laughing with delight. Louis hated to appear ridiculous and this made him very angry. He shook his fist at his brother and bade him leave the room. A few hours later he met this brother in a corridor of the palace, and, still smarting at the ridicule, he stopped and boxed his ears. The other returned the blow, and immediately a fight began. Marie Antoinette heard the sound of the scuffle and came running up. She tried to separate them, but got badly scratched before she could get them apart. By a little diplomacy she managed to reconcile them, and soon they were as good friends as ever. Shortly afterward, however, word of the private theatricals reached the ears of the older courtiers and they insisted that they be given up as being too frivolous.

It was not long before Marie Antoinette had more

serious matters to consider. Louis XV died when she was nineteen years old, and the Dauphin became Louis XVI of France. He and his Queen were really only a boy and girl, too young and much too inexperienced to reign over a country which had come to such a serious pass as had France. They both knew this well. The first courtiers who came to greet them as King and Queen were met with tears and protests. Louis and Marie Antoinette knelt in prayer. "Oh, God," they exclaimed, "guide us and protect us, for we are far too young to govern!"

Louis was crowned king in the old cathedral at Rheims, and his reign began. He had it in his heart to help his people, who were bent to the ground by the terrible weight of their taxes, but he could see no way to go to their assistance. His ancestors had been rolling up a debt without any thought of payment, and it seemed as if he must go on spending in the same reckless fashion. Marie Antoinette could not help him, she had no knowledge whatever of governing, and was too busy with her new position as Queen. She found that if she had been ruled by ceremony when she was Dauphiness she was bound even faster by it now. There was a rule for everything she did, no matter how trifling, and when she broke the slightest regulation the Comtesse de Noailles, chief lady-in-waiting, was sure to tell her of it. "On that occasion," the Comtesse would say, "your Majesty ought to have bowed in such a manner, on this occasion in another way. Your Majesty smiled when it was not seemly, nodded when a curtsy was requisite."

The Queen found these constant rebukes almost more than she could stand. One day a donkey on which she was riding threw her. The courtiers ran forward in alarm, but the Queen lay laughing on the grass. "Run quickly," she exclaimed, "and inquire from Madame Etiquette how a Queen of France ought to behave when thrown by a donkey."

The nickname of "Madame Etiquette" clung to the Comtesse from that hour.

In spite of all this ceremonial the young Queen determined to enjoy herself now that Louis was King. She had her way, although it made many enemies for her, and caused gossip to grow apace. She was hungry for pleasure, and she placed herself at the head of a band of the younger courtiers who had also been famished during the last reign. With them she often went from Versailles to Paris in order to hear the new plays and dance at private balls. She was fond of Paris, and very fond of the theatre and of dancing. The popular dances of the time were masked balls, to which every one went in dominos. Marie Antoinette would often drive into Paris wearing a domino and mask, and dance till daylight, rarely returning to Versailles before seven o'clock in the morning. The King did not care for such entertainments and almost never went with her. In time the people began to criticize her, and one night a masked figure came up to her during a dance. "A good wife," said the stranger, "ought to stay at home with her husband, and not run about to balls by herself." That was what others thought also, but Marie Antoinette had a streak of

recklessness in her, and she only laughed when her friends cautioned her about her love of pleasure.

But there was another side to this impetuous young Queen. One day when she was only the Dauphiness she had said to Louis that she should like a little country house of her own, where she might live quietly among the flowers and birds. When Louis became King he gave her such a house, the Little Trianon, a small two-storied *châlet* in the country, only a short distance from Versailles. There she could do as she pleased, wear simple gowns, and forget that there were such things as courts and etiquette. Early in the morning she would leave the palace on foot and hasten to the Little Trianon. There she superintended the men who worked on the place, crocheted or sewed under the shade trees that she had had planted, churned butter, and preserved fruit. She had her favorite cows there, and sometimes milked them; her pet doves and hens, which she fed; and her beds of flowers, which she tended like a most careful gardener. No one who saw the fair-haired girl, dressed in white, wearing a plain straw hat, and carrying a little switch in her hand, would have imagined that she was Queen of the most formal court in Europe.

Sometimes she stayed at the Trianon for several days at a time, and then she spent her evenings with a few friends in the drawing-room, with windows and doors opening directly on to the garden. When she had visitors she gave them afternoon tea herself, and every one walked about and chatted, and came or went exactly as they pleased. At her *châlet* she pretended

to be simply a lady of the manor, and her guests were treated as they might have been at the home of any well-to-do farmer. In time she built Swiss cottages in the grounds, with thatched roofs and rustic balconies, and a mill. She called Louis the miller and herself the dairymaid, and their friends hunted for eggs and churned butter and pretended to wash clothes in the lake, and sheared the sheep, and played at living the life of country people. But even the Trianon cost a great deal of money, and the French people set it down as another extravagance of the court and more particularly of this madcap Queen of theirs. Whatever she did was being criticized now, for the people had reached the limit of their endurance and were beginning to look upon King and court as the cause of their wretchedness.

The distant rumblings of thunder were soon heard, and jagged lightning cut the sky of France. Yielding to great popular appeal the King summoned a meeting of the States General, which represented the nobles, the church, and the people, or Third Estate, of France. The Third Estate, once summoned, would not be silenced, and Paris cheered as it heard men speak of the rights of the people for the first time in its history. Crowds gathered on street corners, secret societies were formed, and speedily a blaze was kindled that swept like a forest fire through the dry fuel of the mob. Suddenly a cry arose, "On to the Bastille!" and the mob stormed and took that famous prison which represented to them centuries of injustice. Louis at Versailles heard the news and turned pale, but did

nothing to allay the storm. Perhaps it was already too late for him to have won over his people.

But if Louis and Marie Antoinette were frightened the nobility were superbly confident. What could a wretched mob do to the nobles of France! Never had they been so haughty and domineering. Never had they held the people in such contempt. Marie Antoinette, thoroughly alarmed, cried in despair, "This *noblesse* will ruin us!"

The fifth of October, 1789, dawned dark and cold. The people of Paris were starving, and women and children stood at the bakers' shops begging for bread. Some one raised the cry, "On to Versailles! There is bread enough there, and to spare!" "On to Versailles!" echoed through the streets, and in a short time a mob had gathered and started on the road. That night the mob fought its way into the proud palace and Marie Antoinette barely escaped its fury. The Marquis de Lafayette with the National Guard arrived in time to save the King and Queen, but next morning the crowds camped in the grounds demanded that they both go back with them to Paris as hostages. There was nothing for them to do but agree, and sadly Louis and Marie Antoinette drove in to Paris to enter their palace of the Tuilleries as prisoners of the people. Marie Antoinette might possibly have escaped. Lafayette came to her at Versailles and said, "Madame, the King goes to Paris; what will you do?"

"Accompany the King," she answered, and went out with him through the ranks of scowling men and women.

The storm broke over France, and the tempest raged for weeks and months while the leaders of the mob argued back and forth as to what should be done with the King and Queen. Louis was utterly impassive, and although Marie Antoinette tried again and again to rouse him to some action he always fell back into his old slothful state. Then on the tenth of August, 1792, the people took the Tuilleries and carried the royal family to the prison of the Temple. Louis was put on trial and condemned to death. On the 21st of January, 1793, the sentence was carried out on the guillotine.

Marie Antoinette, a widow and a prisoner, torn from her children, and treated like a common criminal, was transferred from the Temple to the Conciergerie. As she entered this new prison she struck her forehead against the low beam of the door. "Did you hurt yourself?" asked the *gendarme*.

"No, nothing can further harm me," she answered.

"The widow Capet," as the revolutionists called her, was sentenced to the same fate as her husband, and she went to the same guillotine on the 16th of October, 1793. She bore herself bravely, like a true daughter of Maria Theresa, undaunted at the fate allotted her.

The people had a long score to settle with the kings and old nobility of France, and it fell to Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette and their brilliant court to pay the price that had been rolling up. King and Queen and nobles paid it, for the most part with a bravery worthy of their rank and race. The Austrian princess had been a pleasure-loving, extravagant,

fascinating girl and woman, but when the storm came she showed that beneath her wilfulness and self-indulgence lay a nature that was strong and true and a courage that was boundless.

XIII

Josephine

The Girl of Martinique : 1763-1814

THE girls of Martinique who came from old French or Spanish families, and were called Creoles, were unusually pretty, with the deep soft eyes and rich color of true children of the sun. Among the prettiest of them was Josephine, daughter of Monsieur Tascher, who owned a great estate in the valley of Lannois, close to the Caribbean Sea. From his house a wide avenue of palms, straight and very high, stretched to the sparkling waves. All about the house were roses, growing in riotous profusion, and beyond them was a paradise of shrubs and trees, mangoes and guavas, custard-apples, oranges, bananas and calabashes. *Ceibas* or silk-cotton trees spread their canopy of leaves across a brook that wound down from the hills and widened near the house into a round bathing-pool screened by thick blossoming vines. The hills were yellow with the gleam of ripening sugar-cane, and in sheltered nooks grew the shiny-leaved coffee plant, with its bright crimson fruit. This was Josephine's home, a tropical world where food was to be had for the taking from the trees.

Her father, like all the rich planters of Martinique, owned scores of slaves. He had given one of these, a girl somewhat older than Josephine, to his little

daughter, and they had grown as fond of each other as two sisters. The girl's name was Adée; she was tall and slim and very graceful, with the golden skin of the native of Martinique, the black hair tinted with purple, and the high color in the cheeks. Wherever the fair Josephine went the brunette Adée went also. They bathed in the same clear pool under the silk-cotton tree in the early morning, played together, rode together, and were inseparable. Yet the little Creole lady was always the mistress; ever since she could talk her word had been law to Adée and all the other slaves on the plantation.

June twenty-third was Josephine's birthday, and for one of those days her father planned a special celebration and told her in advance that she might set free one of the slaves.

Early on that particular birthday she woke, and looked eagerly towards the window. Adée was already moving about the room. "Is it fair? Is the sun shining?" asked Josephine.

"Of course it is, Yeyette dear, the sun is always shining, but most of all to-day."

"It must be lovely to-day," said the little mistress, "because it's my birthday, and I'm going to make Jo-jo free. Dear little boy. I can hardly wait till after breakfast to go out and tell him."

She jumped out of bed and crossed to the window. There she looked through the straight avenue of palms to the deep blue water. "It is lovely. Hurry, Adée, let's have our bath and breakfast so I can go tell little Jo-jo."

The two girls slipped out of the house and ran to the pool screened by the *ceiba* tree. There they dove and swam in the clear cool water. Then they returned to the house to have breakfast in the big flower-filled dining-room. As they went through the garden Josephine saw only the sunshine and the roses and was thinking of the beautiful new birthday gown that had been made for her at Fort Royal, but the native girl, with a much quicker eye, had caught sight of a black funnel-shaped cloud way off in the sky and saw a flock of birds flying very low across the bay. She looked anxious, but said nothing as the two entered the house.

Josephine talked gaily of her birthday plans while Adée helped her to put on her new dress. She was so delighted with it she could hardly wait to run and show it to her mother. But Adée, while she helped her little mistress, kept glancing through the window at the sea, and her face grew more and more troubled. Finally the toilet was complete and Josephine stood smiling at herself in the long mirror. "Oh, it's so lovely!" she cried. Then she turned around. "Why, what's the matter, Adée? You look almost frightened?"

Adée tried to answer lightly, but before she could speak the door of the room was thrown open and Monsieur Tascher, his face very white, entered hurriedly. "Quick, Adée, quick!" he cried. "Pick up anything and follow me to the *case-a-vent*, to the hurricane house. Don't lose a minute, the hurricane is on us. Madame is there. I'll take Josephine."

He picked up his daughter and holding her fast,

dashed down the stairs, out of the house, and across the gardens to the hurricane cellar.

A glance at the window told Adée her master was right. She gathered up the clothing scattered on the floor and hurried after him. Already she heard the palm trees cracking in the gale.

Every plantation in Martinique had its hurricane house, or *case-a-vent*, as they called it. Monsieur Tascher's was built into the side of a hill behind his house, with stone walls several feet thick, a heavy wooden door and no windows. It was the only place of safety when one of the terrible hurricanes of the Caribbean Sea swept down upon the island.

Josephine and her father reached the hurricane house, and a minute later Adée ran in. The servants, terribly frightened, followed, and hardly had the last one been drawn in before the great door was shut and bolted. It was none too soon. The storm had burst, the sky and sea were black, the great palms snapped like whips in the wind, the beautiful orange and banana trees, the guavas, the mangoes and the calabashes were stripped bare and uprooted, the tiles ripped from the roof of the house and sent flying through the air, and the loose timbers of the negroes, huts torn apart and scattered like so many feathers.

The door of the hurricane house strained and groaned and was almost burst inward across the great iron bars that held it. There was no light and the air was stiflingly hot. The servants were on their knees crying and moaning. Adée was almost the only one brave enough to keep quiet. Josephine stood between her

father and mother, holding a hand of each, but saying nothing. Perhaps she was thinking how quickly her beautiful birthday had come to an end. But she was brave, and now and then her father or mother bent down and whispered some word of courage in her ear.

The hurricane battered the island of Martinique for hours, but finally its force was spent, and the tumult lessened. The people in the *case-a-vent* listened, and decided the roaring of the wind had dropped to a murmur. The great door moreover no longer strained against the iron bars. Finally Monsieur Tascher spoke to the giant negro who stood on guard. "Open the door a very little, and see if it's safe outside." The man drew back the bolts and swung the door open. The world had grown quiet and the clouds had passed. The sun was shining as brightly as before the storm. The family and their servants sighed with relief and hurried out of the stifling heat of the hurricane house.

Josephine and her father were the first to come out into the sunshine. What a sight met their eyes! The beautiful plantation was a waste of ruins. Not a wall of the splendid house was standing, the rose-garden was piled with stones and timbers and roof-tiles, the great avenue of noble palms was only a row of shattered stumps, the giant *ceibas* and mangoes and orange-trees lay uprooted on the ground. Beyond the house where the negroes' huts had been there was only a field strewn with sticks and stones. Josephine's father, who had spent his life in building the great plantation,

bowed his head in his hands. The girl, although she was still terribly frightened, tried to keep back her tears for his sake. A moment more and his wife and two younger daughters had joined Monsieur Tascher. He looked up and took his trembling wife into his arms. "Yes, thank the good God, my wife and children are left to me!" he exclaimed.

The storm had left very little, but finally Monsieur Tascher discovered that the great sugar-house was still standing. There he took his family and there Adée and the other servants carried the clothes and valuables they had been able to save. The sugar-house was built of stone, with walls two feet thick; on the ground floor were huge rollers to press the juice from the sugar-cane and great vats filled with water. The second floor held two big storerooms, and these the family took for their new home, a poor substitute for the beautiful house with its countless luxuries. But there were other families in the island who had no homes at all.

As Josephine's father and the other men explored the ruined plantation they found one loss after another. The little boy whom Josephine had meant to set free on her birthday had been caught by the storm on the river bank and swept away by the flood. Everywhere there was loss and disaster. Josephine and Adée wandered disconsolately among the broken palms to the beach only to find the fishermen gathered there bewailing the loss of all their boats and nets. The sand and shore were strewn with countless fish, driven up there by the lashing of the waves. No one

in Martinique remembered such a hurricane as this that had occurred on Josephine's birthday.

Nature makes quick repairs in the tropics, and it was not long before the trees were sending forth new shoots, the flowers in bloom again, and the sugar-cane, the cotton, and the fruits ready to provide food and clothing for the island people. Monsieur Tascher would not rebuild his old house, but laid rush mattings on the sugar-cane floor and hung the beams with draperies and kept his family there. Soon Josephine and her sisters forgot the big house near the sea and grew fond of this old stone building that looked more like a fort than a dwelling.

Sometimes Creole girls from the town of Fort Royal would come to visit Josephine, and one of these friends of hers was Mademoiselle Aimée Dubec de Rivery. Aimée and Josephine and Adée would go on long rambles through the valley, hunting for rare flowers and fruits. One summer day they went much farther than usual and followed the river through the hills until it became a little brook and then smaller and smaller. They had almost reached its source when they came to a hut on the side of the hill, built of palm and cane leaves, with a great *gommier* tree spreading its leaves protectingly above it. Under the shelter of this bower sat a native woman, with the black eyes and purple-black hair, the smooth orange-tinted skin and the graceful figure of the Caribbean women. She was dressed in the brightest colors, as if for a holiday. On her head was a turban of gay madras, a silk scarf crossed her shoulders, and her skirt was violet silk.

Both turban and shoulder-scarf were studded with gold ornaments and what the natives called "trembling-pins." The girls knew by her dress she could not be an ordinary woman. "Who is she?" whispered Josephine. "What they call a priestess of Obeah," answered Adée in a low voice. "A woman who can tell fortunes by the stars and by the look of hands."

The native, seeing the girls whispering and glancing furtively at her, rose and took a few steps towards them. "Come into my house," she said; "I have a message for you."

The girls hesitated, but Adée, speaking in French, said, "She will not hurt you. It's quite safe."

So encouraged, Josephine and Aimée accepted the invitation and followed the priestess into the hut. They found it much larger than it looked from the outside and its walls ornamented with bunches of colored grasses and queer masks made of wood and painted with berry juices.

The woman drew forward some rude benches. "You did not come to learn your fortunes," said she, "I know that; but to-day they shall be told you."

She seated herself on a stool in front of them and touched the hands of each of the girls. They shrank back a little, but Adée, used to such people, told them they had nothing to fear. The fortune-teller smiled. "Why should you be afraid?" said she. "It is good news I have to tell you both. Wonderful news it is. You will both be Queens, one of you will reign in France, and the other in the palace of an Oriental Sultan."

Josephine and Aimée had listened closely, but the prophecies seemed so absurd that they began to laugh. The priestess frowned and shook her head at them. "Yes, you will both be fortunate at first," she continued, "each will make a long and stormy voyage, each will marry happily, but the husband of one will die early, and the other will be captured by pirates from Algiers and sold as a slave to the Sultan of Turkey. He will marry her and her son will sit on his throne."

She ceased speaking and closed her eyes for a moment. Then she opened them and looked fixedly at Josephine. "As for you," she said slowly, "it is written in the stars that you will marry the greatest man the world has seen for many centuries. No, he is not yet in the world's eye; his star will rise as yours does. And when your star sinks his also will drop below the horizon. That is all. I have spoken. Go now. You do not believe me. Wait, wait twenty years and you will see."

The woman's solemn manner impressed the girls, and they left her hut in silence. When they were out in the sun again they tried to laugh and forget her words, but her voice haunted them. Adée wished she had not urged them to listen to her. Much subdued they went back by the road through the valley to the old sugar-house. It was twilight before they reached it, the stars were out and the Southern Cross shone high up in the sky. As they left the valley a black bird winged away to the hills, crying shrilly. "Preserve us!" exclaimed the superstitious Adée. "That was the Devil-bird. Hasten home, Yeyette dear!"

The Devil-bird was the name the people of Martinique gave to a particular kind of stormy petrel that made its home in the mountains but hunted food in the sea. When the fisherman or the mountaineer hears its shriek he crosses himself, saying, "The Devil-bird is abroad, and I must seek shelter." Adée, like all the natives, was very superstitious, and now she was certain that something harmful would happen. She thought her fears had come true when that evening Madame Tascher told her they had decided to send Josephine away to school.

Adée was much distressed. She threw her arms around Josephine and called her by her pet name. "Oh, Yeyette, ma fille, you won't leave your dear Adée, will you? What can you learn at school? You know how to dance and sing, to play the *tambou*, to embroider, to whistle like the birds and run like the wind. You won't be as happy there. Oh, stay with me, Yeyette."

But Josephine's mother, although she was sorry to have her daughter go, had decided it was best. "They can teach you more at the convent than I can here," she said, "and you can come home every week."

So, a few days later, Josephine left the sugar-house in the valley for the convent school of the "Dames de la Providence" at Fort Royal. There she lived with her grandmother, and had a very good time, going to her country home during the long vacations.

Adée, however, deserted by her young mistress, married a young Martinique farmer while Josephine was at the convent school, and when Josephine came

home in the summer of her fifteenth year she found Adée was living some distance away, in a valley near the sea. She sent an old African guide across the hills to invite Monsieur and Madame Tascher, Josephine and her two younger sisters, Desirée and Marie, to make her a visit. The family accepted, and one morning set out at daybreak. Monsieur Tascher, riding a Porto Rico pony, went first, followed by his daughters, who sat in hammocks made of tough grass slung between poles borne on the shoulders of plantation-negroes. Madame Tascher had decided to stay at home.

The three girls enjoyed every step of the journey. They went down the valley to the sea and along its shore. The sun danced on the waves and lighted the distant hills of the island of St. Lucia. The sweet-smelling honeysuckle, acacia and jessamine were in bloom, and the brilliant little humming-birds darted like streaks of color above the flowers. The girls, lying back in their hammocks, listened to the native songs sung by the negro bearers. The African guide in front had a *tambou*, or drum made of skin stretched over a wooden frame, and he beat on this in time to the singing to send warning of their arrival. So they rounded a spur of the hills and came to a curving beach with a fringe of cocoa palms separating it from green meadows.

A little colony of the free natives of Martinique lived here. Huts built of grass, with thick thatched roofs and wattled sides, stood in this clearing, and all about were the groves and gardens of ripe tropical fruits that grew so abundantly everywhere in the island. Adée

was standing in front of one of the huts, her baby boy in her arms. As she caught sight of Josephine she ran to welcome her, and putting the baby in the hammock clasped her former mistress in her arms. She crooned over her, calling her pet names. "Ah, Yeyette, my jewel, dear little lady, light of my eyes. I wondered when you would come to see your loving Adée!"

The travelers dismounted, and Adée's husband and others of the natives were presented to them. Then they were led to a feast spread upon the grass, and as they sat there at lunch a boy climbed a cocoanut tree just back of them, and gathered a dozen nuts. Adée's husband cut off the pointed end of each nut, and the girls drank from the small holes the purest and most refreshing water. Native girls, about Josephine's age, waited upon the guests, and served them with course after course. After that Monsieur Tascher and his daughters took a short siesta, as is the custom in warm countries after the noonday meal.

Later Adée led her guests to a near-by grove of palms where the air was cool from the water. There they found the old African who had been their guide, and they sat on the ground in a ring about him. He took his drum on his knees and began to beat upon it, sounding the notes of the weird African war-dance called the *calienda*. Others of the men played on calabashes and gourds, and the wailing music rose and fell and came echoing back in uncanny fashion from the depths of the woods about them. Sometimes it seemed to the girls as if the muffled notes of the drum

came straight from the ground beneath them. "Listen, Yeyette," whispered Adée to Josephine, "it is the voice of Pelée himself, the great demon-jombie, who speaks to us from his home in the heart of the great volcano. Listen, listen, dearie."

Then the old musician sat astride upon his drum, playing upon it with his fingers and kicking it with his naked feet. He burst into a song that was as wild as his music, and all the native men and boys about him joined in until it rose to a tumult that seemed to shake the forest. Then all of a sudden it dropped, and ended in a long-drawn roll of the drum.

After this rude music Adée led Josephine and the others down to the beach, where the tide was now coming in. A mile out from shore stood a great rock shaped like a pyramid. "What is it, father?" asked Josephine, pointing across the waves. "That's the famous 'Diamond Rock,'" he answered. "Don't you remember, Yeyette, the story of how the English captured it from us twenty years ago? Our little French clippers used to run in under its shelter and so reach Fort Royal. Then the English commander vowed he'd take it and sent men to hoist cannon up to its top and fortify it. After that our ships couldn't get by. But finally the English sailed away and then we French turned it into our own fort. It is said the British navy entered it on their books as 'His Majesty's Man-of-War, Diamond Rock,' and called its defenders the crew."

The rock looked very inviting in the mid-afternoon sun. "Can't we go over to see it?" begged Josephine.

Adée turned to her husband. "Won't you take us over in your canoe?" she asked.

In a few minutes the canoe, hollowed out from the trunk of a great tree, was launched, and the guests were speeding out over the smiling bay. Strong paddling soon brought them to a little harbor, where they landed. Josephine said she wanted to get the view from near the top. But Adée looked doubtful. "It's very steep," said she. "You can go a little way, but the path is very near the edge."

"I'm not afraid," cried the girl; "come on, Adée." And she started up by the narrow trail that wound like a ribbon about the face of the steep rock.

Her father had been looking across the bay. As soon as he saw Josephine high above him he called to her to come back. She laughed and blew a kiss down to him. Then she went on, until suddenly the trail stopped, broken by a barrier of dislodged rocks. The place was so cramped she could not turn. She looked down and saw a sheer precipice two hundred feet to the dancing waves below. The height made her dizzy, she swayed and was about to fall when Adée, who had climbed fast after her, caught her and held her on her feet. They hung so a moment, almost over the edge, but Adée was very strong, and she managed to keep her footing. With a great effort she swung Josephine about and set her on a wider ledge of rock. "Shut your eyes," she said, "until your head is steady."

So Josephine crouched with closed eyes while Adée reassured her with gentle words. Before she opened

them her father had climbed up to the ledge and taken her in his arms. She hid her face on his shoulder, and he, with Adée to help him, carried her down to the shore.

The canoe sped swiftly back to the settlement, and after a short supper the hammock-bearers swung the poles to their shoulders again, Monsieur Tascher mounted his pony, the old African took his place as guide, and the procession started homeward through the twilight. It was a strange wild journey, the three girls swinging in their hammocks, the guide beating upon his drum and waking echoes in the sleeping groves, and the combing waves of the Caribbean breaking on the rocks along the shore.

Josephine grew to be one of the most beautiful girls in Martinique, tall and slender, with the healthy grace and color of those who live most of the time out-of-doors. When she left the convent school and returned to live on her father's sugar-plantation she was known through all the neighborhood as "La Belle Creole," and her mother's relations in France, hearing of the girl's beauty, begged her to come to Paris and enter into the gayeties of French life. But Josephine, passionately fond as she was of dancing and music, was devoted to her own family and the simple plantation life. In the morning she had her bath in the clear pool under the *ceiba* tree, and after that the light duties of her share in the housekeeping, the caring for her garden of luxuriant flowers, and a ride through the valley with her father as he went over his estate. At noon came the lunch, and then the siesta, and in the

late afternoon visits to neighbors' plantations, and in the evening music and dancing at their friends' houses or parties at home. It was a quiet life, but a very happy one.

In the summer Monsieur Tascher and his neighbors often made excursions to picturesque places in the island. The highest mountain peak in Martinique is Mont Pelée, which rises above a ridge of lower hills. In warm weather the air on the higher slopes is deliciously cool and clear, and so one May Monsieur Tascher took his family and a party of friends on a picnic to the hills known as the Carbet-Peaks. The preparations for such a trip were most elaborate. Slaves were sent a day ahead to clear a trail. Others were given charge of the canoes, and others appointed to carry the hammocks for the ladies. Josephine and her mother had been busy a week preparing food for the trip. They started on a beautiful morning, going by canoe to the town of Fort Royal, where most of their friends joined them. Several of the girls and boys whom Josephine had known while she stayed at her grandmother's went with her, and among others a young Englishman who was visiting in Martinique.

From the town the party went straight up into the hills, some riding ponies, some swinging in their hammocks. Slaves had cleared a path through what had been an impassable tangle of vines. As they went higher the air cooled rapidly, and the palms and bamboos gave place to fern-trees and the fragrant gum-trees of the hills. They came to a broad plateau, with a view of the distant sea, and here they stopped,

unpacked their baskets, and had lunch. After that followed a short siesta, and then came games and dancing on the broad plateau. The young Englishman lacked the gayety of the others, and Josephine, thinking he might be homesick, asked him if he would care to make a little excursion with her farther up the hill. He was delighted, for he admired Josephine's beauty and grace, and jumping to his feet, he called for his pony and groom and for Josephine's hammock-bearers. Then the two started on a little exploring tour.

They had not gone far when the young Englishman said that it seemed to him that the breeze had suddenly died away. Josephine nodded. Looking about she could see that the leaves of the trees and even the fern fronds were motionless. There was no whispering breeze, the birds had ceased their singing, and the only sound that came to her ears was the low murmur of what was called the mountain-whistle in a distant valley. All at once it seemed as though the stillness and the heat were more than she could stand. "Come, let us go on at once," she said. "I feel very strange."

The young man dismounted and told his groom to take the pony back. Then he walked close to Josephine's hammock to keep her company. They had not gone far when some new feeling of loneliness led them to turn and make for the plateau where the rest of the party had been. They found the others had already started down the trail, and followed after them. All at once came a noise that made them stop, a noise they had been expecting but had feared to hear. The trees

around them were moaning, the distant valleys groaning, and the earth beneath them rumbling louder and louder. The hammock-bearers stopped, and then dropping their poles fell upon their knees, crying out, "The earthquake! Oh, the earthquake! It has come again!"

The young Englishman leaped forward to catch Josephine as she fell from the hammock. She gained her feet. Then came a second shock, more powerful than the first, and she was thrown forward and caught at his arms. So they stood, holding to each other, waiting, while the negroes shrieked and beat their heads on the ground.

The earthquake only lasted a moment, but it was some time before they had courage to go on down the mountain. They joined the others, who had been too much excited to notice their absence, and the whole party hurried to the shore. They found Fort Royal wrecked, many walls fallen, many roofs caved in, and the streets filled with homeless people. As soon as he could, Monsieur Tascher put his family in their canoes and set out for home. Late that night they reached it and found that the old sugar-house and the plantation were unharmed.

It was not long after this that Josephine's father and mother decided that their eldest daughter should go to visit her relatives in France. Fond as they were of their home in Martinique they thought their children would be happier in their mother country. It seemed as if nature, to make up for the wonderful flowers and fruits, the beauties and the easy life of the tropical

island, had given many drawbacks. The hurricane, the earthquake, the volcano, were there as well as the warm sun and summer sea. Monsieur Tascher decided that his daughters should live in a safer place than the old plantation.

But when the news came to Adée in her little hamlet that her darling mistress was to start on her voyage to France she hastened to her. On the way she stopped at the hut of the fortune-teller, and later she saw a flock of Devil-birds winging out to sea. She threw herself at Josephine's feet. "Oh, Yeyette dear," she cried, "don't go, don't go! The Devil-birds say 'Beware of the sea.' And the old woman in the hills foretells that you will see beautiful sights and be Queen of France, but afterward will perish in a storm."

Josephine drew her faithful friend to her. "Never fear, dear Adée," said she. "I shall come back in a little time. As for the witch, how absurd she is. I couldn't be Queen of France even if I wanted to be, so I needn't heed her warning."

But Adée would not be convinced, and she and the other slaves who worshiped Josephine were very sorry when the day came for her to sail.

She reached France safely, and her relatives found the beautiful Creole girl as lovely as she had been pictured to them. It was not long before they had arranged a marriage for her, according to the custom of the time. She was sixteen, and they chose for her husband a youth of nineteen, Alexander de Beauharnais, son of the Marquis de Beauharnais.

After that Josephine made her home in France,



JOSEPHINE

though she paid one visit to the old plantation on the island. She had married into a family of the ancient nobility of France and had to share their fortunes. The old nobility had ridden to the edge of a precipice and the fury of the French Revolution blew them over to destruction. In the days of the Terror young Beauharnais and his beautiful Creole wife were thrown into prison on the charge of being aristocrats. They stayed there many days, seeing one after another of their friends go to the scaffold. At last Alexander was himself condemned, and like so many other gallant young Frenchmen met death bravely at the guillotine. Josephine was stunned, she did not care what happened ; then, a day or two later, she was told she was to share his fate. Her friends were bowed in grief, but she was brave. "I condemned to death?" she said. "Why, my friends, have you never heard me tell of the Martinique priestess who said I would one day be Queen of France? Have no fear for me."

They tried to smile at her courage, but they had little hope.

The next day Robespierre, the man who had led the Revolution, was himself killed, and the prisons thrown open. Josephine, a young widow with two children, was free to go where she would.

Strange as it seems the prophecy did come true. A little later Josephine met a young officer named Napoleon Bonaparte, who came from the island of Corsica, and who had already shown himself a great commander. He fell in love with her at once, and she, stirred by his great ambitions, listened to him. He

pointed to a star rising in the heavens, told her it was his, and begged her to share its glory with him. His ardor won her, and she became Madame Bonaparte.

The young general carved out an empire for France and made himself the head of it. The day came when he crowned himself Emperor of the French and then crowned Josephine as Empress. So it was that Napoleon and Josephine, both born in islands outside the bounds of France, reigned in Paris. The prophecy had come true.

It is said that the old Caribbean fortune-teller was right in all her prophecies made to the two girls that far-away day. Legend has it that Mademoiselle Aimée, the other girl, was captured by pirates of Algiers, sold as a slave to the Sultan, who married her, and that her son became Sultan in his turn. We know from history what happened to Josephine. She ruled for a time as Empress, beloved by the French people, then Napoleon for reasons of state divorced her, and she went to live at the Château of Malmaison in the country. Hers was a wonderful life, as full of glory and as full of storm as were the days of her girlhood on the sugar-plantation in tropical Martinique.

XIV

Dolly Madison

The Girl of Philadelphia: 1768-1849

MISTRESS LOGAN was giving a party in her house at Third and Pine Streets. It was a spring evening and the open windows allowed the music of fiddles to float out-of-doors. Boys and girls were dancing and whispering and laughing, and some were walking in the gardens behind the low brick wall.

A girl and boy who had come slowly down Third Street stopped on the corner opposite Mistress Logan's. They looked across at the bright house and listened a moment to the fiddles. "It's Betty's birthday party," said the boy. "What does thee say, Dolly, to going to it instead of visiting at Aunt Eliza's?"

The girl shook her head. "Mother says dancing and music are not for us Friends. Mistress Logan is of the world's people."

"But Betty asked thee, didn't she?"

"Yes, and I told her I'd very much like to."

"Then why not go, Dolly? 'Tis surely no sin."

Pretty Dolly Payne smiled and sighed and looked again at the lighted windows. Will Rogers saw that she was hesitating. "'Twill be such fun," he urged. "Thee has never tried to dance a minuet."

"Yes, I have," said she, "in secret. In our old barn down South. I know all the steps."

"Then come and show me," he begged.

Dolly glanced down at her white dress, white stockings and black slippers with the bands crossed about her ankles. They were suitable for a party. "If thee'll promise not to leave me alone and take me home when I say so I'll go," she said.

"I'll promise," agreed Will, and taking her hand he led her across the street.

Very demurely Dolly went up the steps and in at the door. Mistress Logan was talking with some ladies in the hall, but her quick eyes spied the new guests. She turned and held out her hand to the Quaker girl, who was very pretty, with bright Irish eyes, heavy eyebrows and long lashes, curling black hair, and a soft, warm-hued skin.

"Betty'll be glad you came, Dolly," said Mistress Logan. "She's back in the dancing-room. You know the way, Will."

Dolly went through the hall and looked in at the big room which was only used on state occasions such as this. At first she felt a little shy. She had very lately come north from plantation life in Virginia, and Philadelphia was such a big and gay city. Even the boys and girls here talked about the fashion, and thought a great deal about their clothes and their manners. Dolly could not help but admire some of these agile young men who graced the dancing-room, dressed in bright coats with many silver buttons, gorgeous waistcoats, very tight small-clothes, silk stockings and low

pointed shoes with great gleaming buckles. The girls of her own age were simply dressed, but there were some older ones who wore gowns of beautiful brocade which spread out over hoops like balloons. These girls had sparkling ear-drops, and slippers to match their gowns, and as they danced Dolly could catch glimpses of the clocks on their bright colored stockings. There were many belles there and many beaux whom Dolly had seen promenading the shady side of Chestnut Street on pleasant afternoons.

Will Rogers drew her half reluctant into the big room. Some girls and boys she knew crowded round her. Then the musicians, seated on a dais near the front windows, played the opening notes of a minuet. "Now's our chance, Dolly," said Will, "if thee'll do me the honor."

She gave him her hand and they took their places in a set of their friends that was just forming. The stately dance began with a great deal of bowing and courtseying. The music swung them into the maze of steps, and the room became a kaleidoscope of moving figures. The beaux, with hands outstretched, balanced on pointed toes, the belles dipped and rose and twirled about, their wide skirts circling gracefully around them. Dolly had told the truth. She did know how to dance the minuet. She and her sisters and some of their Quaker friends had practiced secretly, and she did not have to watch the others to recall the steps. Will Rogers and Betty Logan and the others were surprised. Dolly, by nature very graceful, and loving music, was the best dancer in the set.

The minuet ended, and the guests broke up into little groups. Dolly Payne and Betty Logan together, their arms about each other's waists, went towards the supper-room. Dolly caught the whispers of girls and young men she passed. "That's the little Quakeress," she heard one say. "She's the daughter of John Payne who came here from Virginia last winter." And another murmured, "I thought the Friends didn't approve of dancing," and a young man exclaimed, "She's pretty as a picture, whoever she is. She'll be the toast of the town some day."

Dolly's ears tingled and her cheeks flushed. She was having a wonderful time, and she meant to stay and enjoy herself just as though she were really one of the "world's people." Betty and she sat down in the supper-room while Will served them, and a stream of boys and young men came up and bowed over Betty's hand and looked at Dolly so admiringly that Betty hastened to present them to her. She held quite a little court, and the beaux, finding she was the rage, came and elbowed out the younger boys like Will Rogers and stood in a half-circle before her, and tried to outdo each other in their attentions. One asked if she had been sailing on the Schuylkill River, and another said he should plan a party for her to the Governor's house at Shackamaxon on the Delaware and show her where William Penn made his famous treaty with the Indians, and a third wanted to know if she did not prefer Chestnut Street to any fashionable promenade in Virginia. Then the young man who had said she would some day be the toast of the town

elbowed his way through the rest and, being introduced, asked if he might have the pleasure of showing Miss Payne through the garden.

Dolly felt very grown up as she went through the hall on the arm of Mr. Samuel Mifflin. She had often seen him walking in the Commons near the Schuylkill. "Next winter," he said, "or as soon as your mother will present you, you must go to the big balls. There's no city in the country has their equal. I've heard gentlemen fresh from London praise our routs as something superfine. Do you like our city?"

"It frightened me at first," admitted Dolly. "So many people, and so many chaises in the streets. But I like it now. Every one's been so very kind to us."

"Assuredly," said he. "How could they help it? And I hope you're going to be kind to us."

They walked up and down and he told her a great many things about himself and his friends, until she felt she knew him quite well. Then they went indoors and he led her out in a dance which made her the centre of all eyes again. Dolly bore herself like a grown-up lady.

A little later, while she was still enjoying herself very much, Will Rogers came and asked if she was ready to go home. "Isn't it very early?" she asked.

"We would be coming back from Aunt Eliza's by now," said he.

"It seems a shame," sighed Dolly.

"Your mother'll be expecting us," he answered.

She smiled at him, he had been so eager for her to come and now was so eager for her to leave.

"Thee is as changeable, Will, as a weathercock," said she. He, his face very stubborn, said nothing. She had only given him that one first dance.

By the time she reached home Dolly was feeling very subdued. She knew that her father and mother, good Quakers, did not approve of dances, and thought she had spent the evening at the house of an elderly aunt. Will left her at the front door and she went in alone. Her mother was sitting in the living-room at the rear of the first floor, sewing by the light of a flickering candle. "I've been to Betty Logan's party," said she. "I danced the minuet and the country dance, and I met many 'world's people.' Was it very wrong of me?"

Dolly's face was so serious that Mistress Payne could not help smiling. "Thee knows, dear, we do not approve of dancing. Why did thee go?"

"I couldn't help it. And I did have such a good time."

"Thee must learn to do what is right, and not what thee wants the most. No real harm was done. Go to bed now and tell me of it in the morning."

Dolly rose. "The 'world's people' seem to have such fun, mother. Why is it so?"

"Thee will too, dear, in thy own way. Good-night."

So she took her candle from the side table, lighted it, and went up to bed.

John Payne, Dolly's father, although he did not approve of those Friends who dressed in brilliant hues and who were scornfully called "Wet Quakers," was a broad-minded man. He knew that Dolly loved

bright colors, and made no objection to her wearing a dainty pink bonnet to the Meeting-House next day, nor to the gold chain and locket which gleamed under the close-pinned white kerchief at her neck. He knew it was hard enough for children to sit through the long hours of the Friends' meeting. Every Sunday, or First Day as they called it, the Payne family went to the Free Quaker Meeting-House at Fifth and Mulberry Streets. There the father and boys took seats on one side of the simple white-painted room, and the mother and daughters on the other. There was no pulpit nor choir, but a platform ran in front of the bare benches and here men and women stood from time to time and spoke to the others. Mr. Payne was a man of learning and eloquence, and many a morning Dolly heard him address the meeting. But when no one was speaking or when the words grew monotonous in her ears she could not help studying the men and women about her and wondering why it was better for them to wear great broad-brimmed hats and black coats and mouse-colored bonnets and drab gowns instead of the bright and dashing costumes of the rest of the world.

Dolly thought Philadelphia fascinating. She had been happy in Virginia, with wide fields to play in and a devoted black Mammy to look after her. She could remember how her father, in spite of being a Quaker, had buckled on a sword and ridden away from the plantation to be a captain in the Continental Army. She could remember how anxious her mother had been, and how the first question they asked of any stranger

was for news of the war, and how even the smallest boys at the schoolhouse had spent recess-time drilling on the green. Then the war ended, and her father came home proud and happy, and they had joined their neighbors in a celebration and thanksgiving for their country's safety.

There were few Quakers, however, in Virginia, and John Payne soon looked longingly towards his friends who dwelt on the shores of the Delaware River. He freed the slaves on his plantation and selling his estate set out northward to the City of Brotherly Love. They had to travel by heavy wagons without springs, which jolted the poor passengers, and often hours were spent in getting up a steep hill or over rough ground. Outside Philadelphia lay deceitful quagmires and here the horses floundered and the wagons sank to the hubs in mud. But at last they got safely across the bog and Dolly caught sight of the distant steeples and roofs of the country's metropolis.

Philadelphia was the biggest city in the land then, and it had the reputation of being very rich and gay. The Paynes had many relatives and friends there, and very soon felt at home. Her cousins showed Dolly the imposing steeple of Christ Church and she heard the beautiful notes of the famous chime of bells brought from England, she saw Carpenter's Hall and the red brick State House where only seven years before the Declaration of Independence had been signed. She walked on Chestnut Street near the Delaware, which was the fashionable promenade, and admired the ladies in their great muskmelon bonnets and balloon skirts and the gentlemen in their long coats decorated with

little capes covered with rows of bright silver buttons. Sometimes she and her friends strolled along the banks of the Delaware or wandered across the wide Commons towards the Schuylkill, gathering flowers to take home with them. Once she happened to be going to the market on Third Street with her mother on a Saturday morning and saw men and women standing in the pillory there, and a man, fastened to the whipping-post, being flogged. After that she always avoided the market on Saturday mornings.

As she was the oldest girl in the family Dolly helped her mother in the housekeeping. This was not very difficult because the Paynes kept the Quaker standard of simplicity, and their house, though comfortable, was by no means large. Mr. Payne used the front room on the lower floor as his office, and the family used the back room as general living-room. Neatness was the key-note here; there was nothing fanciful about the whitewashed walls and sanded floor or the Franklin stove which was just coming into use. Here the family met at meal times and sat on winter evenings or when the weather would not allow them to use the little front porch. When Dolly's mother gave a tea-party, however, she and her daughter entertained their guests in the state drawing-room on the second floor where the furniture was all of a pattern and very delicate. Here the guests had to be careful of the spindle-legged chairs and the thin china of the teacups, and Dolly, sitting up very straight, as all girls were taught to do, wondered why ladies preferred this to the informal room down-stairs.

Dolly won friends quickly. Before she had been in Philadelphia three months she knew most of the children of Quaker families, and they had made her one of them. Then the others began to notice the pretty girl with the half shy, half mischievous eyes who was so much interested in everything she saw on Chestnut Street. After Betty Logan's birthday party word spread about that Dolly Payne was very entertaining, and young men who had just met her stopped at her father's porch to chat in the evening and treated her to their most magnificent smiles and bows when they met her on the street.

The elegant Samuel Mifflin, interested in the young lady as a future belle, did call and escort her out to Shackamaxon where he showed her the Treaty Elm and told her how Governor Penn had stood beneath it and bargained with the Indians ringed about him in a half moon. He also took her for a sail on the upper reaches of the Schuylkill and drove her in his bottle-green chaise out to see the fine old mansions of near-by Germantown. She found him very charming, but she liked her friends who were not of the "world's people" quite as well, and she managed to keep the friendship of each set. The children of Mrs. Drinker, who lived not far from the Paynes, in a big house at the corner of Front Street and Drinker's Alley, were her closest friends, and she went on many a sleigh ride and quilting party, proper Quaker entertainments, with them.

John Payne had done very well on his Virginia plantation, but when he tried to go into business in Philadelphia he found many rocks ahead. He was

not a good business man, and in addition the cost of living in the country's biggest city was far higher than in the south. He failed, and ill health added to the difficulty of the family. At this time a young Quaker, of good reputation and some money, began to pay attentions to the pretty Dolly Payne, and before long it was announced they were engaged to be married.

Dolly went through the embarrassing Quaker ceremony of rising in two successive meetings and saying she proposed taking John Todd in marriage. As no objection was made they were married in the Meeting-House on Pine Street by the simple Quaker manner, standing up together before the congregation gathered in the bare-walled square house. Simplicity was the key-note ; there was none of the festivity which made brilliant marriages of the "world's people" in Philadelphia.

Mistress Dolly Todd made a devoted wife to her young husband. She had subdued her love of music and bright colors and become a typical young Quakeress. Her face was very fair, with smiling mouth and eyes that had a wistful shyness. She wore a cap of tulle, and her throat was bare save for a lace kerchief on the shoulders. Her gown was gray, and her only ornament usually a large brooch which held the kerchief at her breast. Except for her beauty she was like a hundred other young women in the town.

John Payne, broken by his business failure, died soon after Dolly became the wife of the young lawyer. Then her younger sister Lucy, who was only fifteen,

married George Steptoe Washington, nephew of the President, and went back to live in Virginia. In time two sons were born to John and Dolly Todd.

In August, 1793, the dreadful plague of yellow fever broke out suddenly in Philadelphia. There seemed no way to stop it. Fear was everywhere, business ceased, friends shunned each other, church bells tolled all day, and all who could procured carts, wagons, chaises, coaches, even chairs, and left the city. John Todd took his wife and two young children in a litter to Gray's Ferry, a lovely place in the woods on the Schuylkill, which was used as a pleasure resort by Philadelphians, and where many of his friends had now taken refuge. He himself felt that he ought to go back to the suffering city, and so, with a hasty good-bye to Dolly and the babies he returned to town.

The plague had spread fast through the heated town and John Todd had no sooner reached there than he learned that his father and mother were both ill with it. They succumbed, and he found himself beset with friends and relatives who needed his help. He stayed, and when he went again to see Dolly at Gray's Ferry he carried the plague with him, and died of it. She, who had nursed him, fell ill, and when she recovered, found she had lost both husband and child, and was alone in the world with only her older son.

The frosts of November put an end to the pestilence and Philadelphia opened her doors and took back the refugees. The young widow returned with the others, like many of them bowed down by the weight of her losses. But she was only twenty-five and she had

many friends and Philadelphia, in spite of its recent tragedy, was gay, so that before a great while Mistress Dolly Todd was going about again and now much more freely than in the days of her sober Quaker girlhood. Some people said she was only really beginning to enjoy society now, and certainly it was hard for her sunny nature to keep from enjoying the pleasures she found about her.

As Philadelphia was the capital of the United States the leading statesmen of the day spent much of their time there. Dolly's mother had received some boarders into her house as a means of support and Dolly helped her there. It was a delightful place in which to lodge and among others the distinguished Colonel Aaron Burr settled at Mistress Payne's. He met Dolly and admired her, as did all the men who saw her at receptions and parties during the next winter. Then one day Colonel Burr told her that "the great little Madison" had asked for the honor of a presentation. Mistress Dolly said she would be pleased to meet Mr. Madison, and so one evening the handsome, debonaire Colonel Burr brought a little man clad all in black save for his ruffled shirt and silver buckles and presented him as Mr. James Madison. Mistress Todd sat on a sofa in the candle-lighted parlor of her mother's house, and she asked him to sit beside her and tell her news of her sister in Virginia. Mr. Madison was captivated, and before many days it was public property that the "great little Madison," as his friends jokingly called him, was busily paying his addresses to the beautiful Dolly Todd.

"The great little Madison" was seventeen years

older than Dolly, but he won her, and they were married, and went south to Virginia to live on the splendid estate of Montpelier where Madison had built him a mansion in the Blue Ridge country. Here they were happy and spent much of their time, going to Philadelphia and later to Washington when Congress was meeting and Mr. Madison had to be there.

The men who framed the constitution thought highly of the quiet, sedate Mr. Madison, and Jefferson made him his Secretary of State. Then he was elected President and reëlected and Dolly and he lived in the White House at Washington and became the leaders in the young country's official life. It was then that her love of society and of music showed itself most fully, for Dolly Madison became famous as a hostess and all who met her joined in admiration of her charms. She had been very lovely as a little Quakeress in Philadelphia, and the whole country found her fascinating as the First Lady of the Land.

XV

Louisa of Prussia

The Girl of the Little German Duchy: 1776-1810

A LADY sat in the small drawing-room of the palace at Hildburghausen in Thuringia, and in spite of herself her right foot would keep beating an impatient tattoo on the floor. She was dressed in white satin, with a small circlet of diamonds in her powdered hair, and her face was as fresh and her eyes as bright as those of a girl of twenty. Every few minutes she turned to look at the clock upon the mantelpiece and then back to the door.

Her patience was evidently becoming exhausted. At last she stretched her hand to the table beside her, and struck the gong that stood there. The soft, mellow notes floated through the hall. In a moment a young woman entered and courtseyed to the lady in the chair.

"What keeps the Princess Louisa, Fraülein?" demanded the lady.

"She is still busied with the hair-dresser, your Highness," answered the maid. "She should be ready in five minutes more."

"Five minutes! I told her we should start at the stroke of nine. Now it is almost half after the hour. She shall learn that not only time, but her grandmother as well, will not wait for slow-coach girls. The car-

riage has been waiting long enough. I shall go at once. Bring that cloak yonder down to me."

The speaker rose, picked up her fan from the table, and went out through the hall to the main entrance of the palace. Two footmen bowed her down the steps, and a third handed her in to the big coach that was waiting. The maid followed with the cloak, and a lady-in-waiting, who had heard steps in the hall, came hurriedly out and took her place beside the Princess in the coach.

The door was closed, the coachman cracked his whip, and the Princess George William of Darmstadt rolled off to the ball.

Fifteen minutes later a girl came running down the great stairway of the palace. She wore a blue satin gown, very high-waisted, and her throat and arms were bare, except that about her neck was wound a white silk scarf. She had big blue eyes, which seemed to be always smiling at some hidden joke, there was a dimple at one corner of her mouth, and her gold-brown hair was piled high and wound in a dexterous fashion by a skilful hair-dresser. Her tall graceful figure suited the costume of the day perfectly. It would have been hard to find a prettier girl in all Germany.

She ran into the drawing-room, knowing well that she was very late. "Where is grandmother, Fräulein?" she demanded of the maid she found alone there.

"Her Highness has gone, Princess Louisa," answered the maid. "I said you were nearly ready, but she wouldn't wait."

The Princess Louisa looked at the clock. "I am a slow poke, but Monsieur Dupin was so slow with my hair. Nevertheless I'm ready now, so let's be off, Fraülein."

"But there's no carriage," objected the other.

"Never mind that. I'll go on foot. Come, I don't want to miss any more of the dancing than I can help. Besides, think how surprised grandmother'll be when she sees me come in alone."

With a laugh she turned and ran down the hall to the door, the Fraülein following aghast. It was a warm evening and she stopped for no wraps. Picking up her long skirts she sped down the main street of Hildburghausen, only smiling at the few people she met who stared at sight of a princess in such haste.

She was out of breath by the time she reached the ball, and her cheeks were a bright red. Stopping in the dressing-room only long enough to make sure that her wonderful coiffure was undisturbed she entered the big hall and went over to her grandmother. That lady, a smile hovering on her lips, stared at her granddaughter. "How did you get here, Louisa? I thought you'd decided to spend the evening at home."

"I'm very sorry, grandmother, but Monsieur Dupin was so slow. I couldn't stay at home with the violins playing here. May I sit beside you and look on?"

But already half a dozen young men stood respectfully waiting, just at her elbow, and she had only to turn to meet half a dozen bows and half a dozen requests that her Highness would make them happy forever by the favor of her hand in the next dance.

Louisa chose the nearest, a tall blond youth in a blue uniform with a bright red sash, and a moment later she had been whirled away and had disappeared in the throng on the floor.

Louisa needed no chaperon that evening. The music of one dance had scarcely ended before she was being besought by partners for the next. She was the prettiest girl in the room, the best dancer, the lightest-hearted, the most amusing. Whenever she caught sight of her grandmother she waved her hand to her, and each time that lady smiled back a message, for this particular granddaughter was the apple of her eye.

Soon after midnight the ball ended, and the Princess George William and the Princess Louisa were shown to their carriage and departed amid many salutes. "Now, little Cinderella, home again," said the elder Princess. "I hope you didn't break too many hearts to-night."

Louisa laughed. "You are a fairy godmother," she answered. "And I know if anything's broken you'll make it whole. What a lucky girl I am! I don't need three wishes, because you've given me everything I want."

Louisa had been given a great deal. Unlike most princesses of that age she had been brought up simply and given a really good education. Her father, Prince Charles of Mecklenburg, younger brother of the reigning Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, was a dashing cavalry officer, and would have offered his services to one of the two great sovereigns of that time, Maria Theresa of Austria, or Frederick the Great of Prussia,

had not his sister Charlotte chanced to marry King George III of England, who asked him to stay in London for a while and then made him governor of his little German kingdom of Hanover. In Hanover Prince Charles settled, married the Princess Frederica of Hesse-Darmstadt, and here his third daughter Louisa was born on March 10, 1776.

The little Louisa, her three sisters and her brother, were brought up in the old and rather gloomy palace at Hanover and in the one-storied villa on the outskirts of the city. Their father was not a reigning prince and so there was none of the rigid ceremony of court life about his home. The five children lived just like those of other well-to-do Germans in Hanover. They all inherited unusual beauty of face and figure from their mother. Unfortunately when Louisa was only six years old her mother died, and the five children were left in charge of their governess, the kind-hearted *Fraülein von Wolzogen*.

The old palace in Hanover now seemed to Louisa's father a more cheerless abode than ever, and he moved his family out to his country house called *Herrenhausen*, which had been built as a small copy of the French palace at Versailles. Here there were gardens and orangeries, fountains and fish-ponds, and the children were free to play outdoors as much as they liked. The two older sisters, Charlotte and Theresa, were usually together, and Louisa, young as she was, began to try to fill the place of mother to her younger sister Frederica and her brother George.

For two years and a half *Herrenhausen* was the chil-

dren's home, and then their father told them that he was going to marry their mother's sister Charlotte, and took them with him to the big city of Darmstadt for the wedding. There for the first time Louisa saw something of real court life and showed her fondness for music and dancing and all the pleasures of a capital. Soon after they returned home her sister Charlotte, who was fifteen years old, was married to the young Duke of Hildburghausen, and went away from her home in Hanover. Now that the younger children had a stepmother the Fraülein von Wolzogen felt free to accompany the Duchess Charlotte.

Unfortunately the stepmother died within a few months, and Prince Charles found his children again left without any woman's care. He saw only one way out of the difficulty, and giving up his governorship of Hanover, went back to Darmstadt, which was the home of his mother-in-law, the Princess George William. She was a very brilliant woman, a friend of Frederick the Great and of the famous men of letters, Goethe and Schiller, who were giving new life to Germany, and she was devoted to these motherless grandchildren of hers. The girls were so lovely that, although they had no money for dowers, she dreamed of great marriages for them, and soon after they came to Darmstadt she arranged a wedding between Theresa, who was sixteen, and the Prince of Thurn and Taxis.

Louisa, however, was her grandmother's favorite, and they were together much of the time. The little Princess was taught to care for books and music, and to know something about the lives of other people.

When she went out to her grandmother's country-house she was led to take an interest in the poorer tenants there, and before long she was so anxious to help them that she wanted to give their children the clothes off her own back. Finally one day she was discovered borrowing money to give for a charity, and her grandmother had to put a stop to her zeal. But the tenants quickly learned to love her, and gave her the title of "Little Lady Bountiful."

Meantime France, that country after which almost all the little German principalities had liked to pattern themselves, had fallen into turmoil, and the people were rising in opposition to their king and denouncing all monarchs. The King of Prussia and the Emperor of Austria were led to make war on France, and soon all the provinces near the French border were filled with troops. Darmstadt ceased to be a safe or pleasant residence, and so the Princess George William took Louisa and the two younger children to the safe little town of Hildburghausen in Thuringia. Here dense forests of tall pines kept the town far from the noise and troubles of the great outside world, and the Princess and her pet granddaughter could amuse themselves to the full just as though no war were being fought near Darmstadt. Here at this little forest court were gathered famous musicians and poets, for the Duke and Duchess who lived there were talented themselves and liked to have talent about them. Here the opera and the theatre flourished, and balls were given almost nightly by some of the nobility. The Princess George William entered into all the entertain-

ments more like a girl than a grandmother, and Louisa went everywhere with her. She never missed a dance when she could help it, even when, as we have seen, her grandmother left her at home because she was so slow in dressing. Her great beauty, her liveliness, and her wit made her the belle of Hildburghausen the winter she spent among its forests. Young men by the scores pledged their hearts and swords to the service of the lovely Princess Louisa.

She did not give all her time to dancing and music, however. A great interest in books had spread throughout Germany, and many a winter afternoon and evening was spent by grandmother and granddaughter reading and talking over some of the great books of the day. She had a real love of knowledge, a thing which would have been considered very remarkable in a German princess fifty or even twenty-five years earlier, but which was coming to be quite usual by the end of the eighteenth century. Her grandmother, still planning a brilliant marriage for Louisa, did everything she could to encourage this taste for learning that the girl showed.

The German kingdom of Prussia had grown very strong and powerful under the rule of Frederick the Great. The Princess George William heard good reports of the young Crown Prince of Prussia, Frederick William, and planned how he and Louisa might meet. The chance came when Louisa was seventeen. The King of Prussia and his two sons paid a visit to the city of Frankfort, and the Princess George William took her two granddaughters, Louisa and Frederica, to



LOUISA OF PRUSSIA

By Gustav Richter

share in the celebrations. Fête followed fête, and at the first one the two princes met the two girls. The Crown Prince was fascinated by Louisa's great beauty and charm, and his brother equally so by the lovely Frederica. They followed the two girls everywhere, and before the week was past each prince had begged his father that he might marry his own particular princess. The King was delighted with the princesses himself, and as soon as he found that his sons were so much in love he gave his consent. Louisa and Frederica were soon won over by the ardent young men, and a contract was made for this double marriage.

So it was that these two princesses, without dower and without lands of their own, made unusually brilliant marriages. But the Prussian princes had done better for themselves than they knew, for there were no two other princesses in Europe so charming as these two of Mecklenburg. Among so many marriages made for reasons of state these of Louisa and Frederica stand out as blessed by a happier fate.

In December the two girls and their devoted grandmother left the city of Darmstadt for Berlin. The people were very fond of them, and they set out amid the chimes of bells and the cheers of a great throng. Traveling by carriage was slow, for the December days were short, and it was dangerous to travel after nightfall. At the end of a week they reached Potsdam, where the Crown Prince and his brother met them. The next day they entered Berlin, the capital of Prussia. The beauty of the two princesses made an instant appeal to the crowds that lined the streets.

They seemed like the heroines of some old German legend or fairy tale. The people had wondered what the bride of their Crown Prince would be like. From the moment when they first saw her Louisa won their love completely.

On Christmas Eve Louisa of Mecklenburg married Frederick William of Prussia, and two days later her sister Frederica married his brother Louis. They had given up the quiet lives of such small cities as Darmstadt and Hildburghausen for that of a great court, and henceforth their careers were to be open to all the world to observe and criticize. Yet the more the Prussian people saw of Louisa the more completely they fell under her charm, and when she and her young husband ascended the throne in 1797 she had already become almost the patron saint of her people.

It was very fortunate for Prussia that Louisa was her Queen. Her husband, Frederick William III, was an upright man, honorable in all respects, and devoted to his family. But he lacked self-confidence and the gift of imagination, and without these qualities it is hard for any one to be a leader of men. Louisa had them, and so far as she could she tried to make up for the lack in her husband. That unquestioning allegiance which the people had formerly given to the Great Frederick they now rendered to their "good Queen Louisa."

Great difficulties faced the young King and Queen very shortly. Napoleon had made himself Emperor of the French and was waging relentless war on all his neighbors. It seemed impossible for any army to cope

with his, or for any statesman to meet him on equal terms. The German countries were disorganized, the Austrians and the Prussians met one defeat after another at the great Emperor's hands, and the people were disheartened. Continual defeats broke the spirit of the soldiers and patriotism was in peril of disappearing. But through those years of discouragement Queen Louisa held her people together, stirred them to rise time and again to resist Napoleon, planned how to keep her country from sinking into a mere French province, and never gave up hope. It was a hard task, but she was equal to it. Prussians took heart again because of her love for them, and fought on and on and kept the fires of patriotism burning. That was her work, and it was as great a one as any woman has done for any country.

Prussia did survive, and in surviving grew great. In time two of Louisa's sons came to the throne, first the elder boy, who reigned as Frederick William IV, and after him the second son, William, who was to win a great war with France, and to add to his title of King of Prussia the larger one of Emperor of Germany. The Germany of to-day owes a great debt of gratitude to Queen Louisa.

There are two very famous paintings of this Queen, the one showing her descending a flight of stairs, and the other walking in the garden, with one son on either side of her. In both paintings she is very beautiful, and in both the nobility of her character shows in her face. A German writer advised every mother to put a portrait of Queen Louisa in her daughter's room, and

almost every German mother has taken the advice. She is the ideal of the German people to-day as she was a hundred years ago, and it is a very noble ideal. History can show few women in high places who were as charming, as steadfast and as brave as was this beautiful Louisa of Prussia.

XVI

Charlotte Brontë

The Girl of Yorkshire : 1816-1855

WINTER had come to Yorkshire, and winter there meant snow that swirled across the empty moorlands and winds that shrieked like demons of the air. The view by day was bleak and wild enough, but by night as lonely as a storm-tossed sea. From the windows of Patrick Brontë's little parsonage the world was a field of snow quivering like quicksilver in the light of a fickle moon.

A small girl, undersized for her eleven years, sat looking from a window on such a night. Her thick brown hair hung to her shoulders, her face was pale and strangely old for her age, her nose quite large and her mouth crooked. She was not pretty, but as she sat with her chin resting on her small and delicate hands her eyes were full of a dreaming light that made her face very striking. They were brown eyes and they were her great charm. People who looked at this quaint old-fashioned little girl forgot the rest of her face and only remembered the glow of those clear and ever-changing eyes of hers.

She had always known the moors. She knew their look when they lay hazy in the summer sun, and when the fogs of autumn swept across from the North Sea

and overcame the criss-cross lines of sleet and rain. They did not frighten her, but sometimes, as to-night, they brought her their sense of loneliness and cold. At last they made her shiver and she turned to look at the blazing kitchen fire.

Two little girls and a boy sat on the floor, gazing at the hearth. A tall woman was just finishing putting away plates in a dresser. The fire made her shadow very long, running up the wall and across half the ceiling. The girl by the window got up from her chair and walked to the group by the fire. "Can't we light a candle, Tabby?" said she. "This flickering is hard to see by."

The woman turned about. "Candles be expensive. There's no need of such the night."

"It makes the room look better."

"It be good enow lookin' as 'tis, Charlotte," answered Tabby, very positively, and considering that matter settled she turned back to the kitchen table to brush and fold up the cloth.

Charlotte sat down on the floor by the others and no one spoke for some time. Then the boy stretched his arms and said, "Oh, my, I don't know what to do."

"Nor I," agreed one of the girls. "Neither do I," echoed a second.

"Wha ya may go t' bed," said Tabby.

"I'd rather do anything than that," answered the boy.

"Why are you so glum to-night, Tabby?" asked Charlotte, and then, without waiting for an answer, she exclaimed, "Oh, suppose we had each an island of our own."

"If we had I'd choose the Island of Man," said the boy, whose name was Bramwell.

"And I'd choose the Isle of Wight," said Charlotte.

Emily put in, "The Isle of Arran for me," and Anne finished by declaring, "And mine should be Guernsey."

Charlotte was thoughtfully pulling a lock of her long brown hair. "Let's see. Who'd we have as chiefs on our islands?"

Bramwell said, "I'd take John Bull," Emily chose Walter Scott, and after much consideration little Anne decided on a nobleman who was popular at that day named Lord Bentinck. "Very well," declared Charlotte. "I take the great Duke of Wellington."

"You'll tak the Duke of Wellington?" said Tabby, turning round, her work done. "Wha ya'll be doin' naw is to tak yasells off t' bed."

"Oh, Tabby, it's so early," said Bramwell.

"Whist, no word. Aff wi' ya," and the big Yorkshire woman waved her apron as if she was shooing chickens.

There was no use to argue with Tabby. The four children knew that from past experience, so they picked themselves up and went off to bed.

Often the three girls, even after they were sent upstairs to bed by the strict housekeeper Tabby, would continue the stories Charlotte or Emily would have begun in the kitchen, and this night Anne, as she made ready for bed, tried to go on with her description of her beautiful island. But the sight of the storm-swept moors and the sound of creaking boards and straining

shutters were enough to drive all thoughts of islands from her head. She was glad enough to get into bed, and so were her sisters, for they had no candle and the room was as chilly as it was dark.

The Brontë children were used to hardships. Their father was a clergyman in the small town of Haworth in Yorkshire, and their mother had died when they were very young. They were all delicate, and one or another was almost always ill. The storms of winter and the damp mists of summer made Haworth a very trying place in which to live, and there were few pleasures to make up for the hardships. Mr. Brontë wanted the children to have a good education, and he sent his oldest daughters, Maria, Elizabeth, Charlotte and Emily to a school near by at Cowan Bridge. They suffered from the cold there, from poor food, from the long walks they were forced to take across the wind-swept open country on their way to and from school, but most of all from a lack of sympathy in their teachers. The four little girls, all old for their age and rather silent, often hungry and shivering, found no one to care for them. Maria, the eldest, had had whooping-cough and the cough clung to her after she was said to be well. She was much brighter than the other girls in her class, and, not being strong enough to play their games, was left alone much of the time. One morning, when the rising bell woke her in the cold darkness of the early winter day, she felt too unwell to get up. She had had a cold and the doctor had applied a blister to her side as was the custom. Now she called to Charlotte that she wanted to speak to her.

The girls slept in a long dormitory, and Maria's bed was at the end, next to the door of a little room occupied by one of the teachers. Charlotte was already dressing and went over to Maria. The sick girl said she was ill and wished she could stay in bed. Charlotte and the others who were near urged her to do so, and said they'd explain to the principal. But the teacher who roomed next door was a tyrant, and Maria stood in fear of her. So, after a few minutes, the poor girl sat up, and, shivering with the cold, began to pull on her black worsted stockings. By this time the other girls were almost all dressed, and some were starting down-stairs. Suddenly the door next Maria's bed opened and the teacher came into the room. She looked at the pale, shaking girl, and without a word, reached over, seized her by the arm on the side of the blister, and whirled her into the middle of the floor.

"The idea, Maria Brontë!" she cried. "You untidy girl, trying to dress in bed! Why weren't you up with the others when the bell rang? Pretending that you're sick! Hurry up, or I'll report you to Miss Temple."

Some of the other girls turned around indignantly, and Charlotte, her face flushing, started to defend her sister. But Maria, almost in a whisper, begged her not to say anything. "I'll get down in a few minutes," she added.

The teacher left the room, and the girls soon followed. After a time Maria, with Charlotte's help, managed, with many a pause, to go down the stairs. She was late, and, though any one who looked at her

could have seen she was ill, she was punished for not being down at prayers on time. Charlotte never forgot that, nor other hardships suffered at that school. A short time afterward Maria died, and then Elizabeth the second sister, and Charlotte found herself in the position of mother to her two youngest sisters and her brother.

What pleasure those children had was of their own making. Their father was busy in his study most of the time, and when he did talk to them it was to discuss politics and history as though they were grown up. Tabby, a Yorkshire woman, was the general servant of the house, and although she ruled the children sharply she was very fond of them and never begrudged them a kindness. She had lived in this West Riding country before the mills had changed it, and when all the wool-spinning was done slowly by hand in the thatched-roofed cottages that nestled in the valleys. Sometimes she and Charlotte would go for a walk on the moors and find seats in the heather, and Charlotte would ask her questions. Tabby told her how, before the mills and the factories came, the fairies had used to dance at midnight in the "bottoms" or low places, and how she knew many old people who had seen them. She would always end her stories of the fairies by saying, "It wur the factories as had driven 'em away." Then she would tell Charlotte tales of the old decayed gentry of the neighborhood, and family secrets and old superstitions, all of which fitted well into the lonely and wild scenery about them.

When Charlotte wanted to play she fell into the habit

of writing stories and making up magazines. Her sisters did the same, and in the long winter afternoons they would read these tales to each other and invent new ones. They were remarkably good: when Mr. Brontë came across any of them he was very much surprised at them. His little women were old for their years, as a result of their lonely life and the inclement country that kept them much indoors.

When Charlotte was fourteen her father sent her to the school of Miss Wooler at Roe Head. This was a pleasant place, much more cheerful than the first school or than the bleak parsonage at Haworth. The old country house, now used by the school, sat in rolling country, with views of wooded hills and sunny green valleys, and meadows crossed by little streams with foot-paths and stiles alongside them. Here Robin Hood was said to have hunted and lived under the greenwood tree, and monks had their homes in the days when the Plantagenet kings had ruled over England. The woolen mills were crowding their way in here, just as they were over all of the West Riding of Yorkshire, but there were still many fine old manor-houses, built in Elizabeth's time, carved with coats-of-arms and filled with curious family relics.

Charlotte came to this school in mid-winter. She rode there in a covered cart, and by the time she arrived she was cold and homesick. Her dress was old fashioned, one that Tabby had patched and patched again. When she went into the schoolroom she was very shy and nervous, and the others thought her a very odd, old-fashioned girl. She was too shy to

make friends readily, and at first she was left much alone.

One day soon after, another girl came upon Charlotte standing by the window looking out at the snow-covered lawn where the others were playing. She was crying, and the other knew just how homesick and lonely she was feeling. She waited, and when she had the chance went up and spoke to Charlotte, and told her how at first she had felt the same way. Very gently she won her confidence and they became friends, the first close friendship Charlotte had ever known outside her family.

Miss Wooler soon found that Charlotte was an extraordinary pupil. She knew a great deal about books, and could recite pages of poetry and tell about the authors. She could write essays on history and on current events and she knew as much about such matters as her teachers. On the other hand she knew nothing about grammar and very little of geography. She liked to talk and to walk in the meadows and to listen to stories of the neighborhood, but she cared nothing for games, and even her most intimate friends could not get her interested in picnics or their other amusements. She was undoubtedly odd, but in spite of her being so different from them the ten or twelve girls in the school grew very fond of her in the two years she stayed there.

When she went back home, although she was only sixteen, she took not only the place of mother, but of teacher, to her sisters and brother. She spent the mornings in teaching them what she had learned at

Miss Wooler's school, and in the afternoons the three girls would walk over the moors, wide stretches lying purple in the sun, broken here and there by the cuttings of stone-quarries. If they felt strong enough and had the time they would go to a waterfall, where a brook went tumbling down into a narrow valley. They were fond of this lonely place, as they were of all secluded spots. They seldom went down from the parsonage through the village and rarely called on the people who went to their father's church unless they were specially invited. They each had a Sunday-school class, and often gave teas for their pupils, but beyond that they met few people, and much preferred the quiet of the moors.

All three sisters loved books, and the volumes in Mr. Brontë's library were pored over and thumbed until they needed new bindings. There was a circulating library four miles away, at the town of Keighley, and they often walked there and back, peeping into the new books on their way home. The day that Charlotte opened Scott's "Kenilworth" was a red-letter day. She could hardly put it down to eat or sleep. She read the rest of Scott's romances in the same eager way, and talked of them for days. She loved heroes, she had always thought the Duke of Wellington the greatest man of the time, and the stories of chivalry and adventure which she found in the Waverly Novels were not so different from those she had been told of old houses and families near her own home.

This love of the romantic and the strange was deep-rooted in all three of the sisters. They were like shy,

wild creatures of the woods who must live in their own secret haunts. When Charlotte was nineteen she went back to Miss Wooller's school, this time as a teacher. Emily went with her as a pupil, but she pined so for the weather-beaten parsonage and the open moors that she had to be sent home at the end of three months. Charlotte wrote about her, "My sister Emily loved the moors. Flowers brighter than a rose bloomed in the blackest of the heath for her ;—out of a sullen hollow in a livid hillside her mind could make an Eden. She found in the bleak solitude many and dear delights ; and not the least and best-loved was—liberty." So Emily went home, and, as Tabby was growing infirm, she took charge of the housekeeping and the baking. Many a passer-by, looking in at the kitchen of the parsonage, saw Emily Brontë kneading a pan of dough while she read a book propped up on the table in front of her. In this way she studied German, and this was the only way in which she could study and be happy, in her own home where no strange people or scenes could disturb her.

Each of these three sisters, Charlotte, Emily, and Anne, brought up as they were in such a lonely fashion, showed in time rare talent, and in the case of Charlotte and Emily remarkable genius. They wrote poems and novels and sent them to publishers under assumed names. One day a new novel entitled "Jane Eyre" appeared, with the writer's name given as Currer Bell, and in a short time it was acknowledged to be a very great book. It was full of romance and told of open country and wild places and strange events. After a



CHARLOTTE BRONTË

time the public learned it was not written by a man, as most people had supposed, but by a woman, a young school-teacher who lived in a small town in Yorkshire, and whose name was Charlotte Brontë.

The novels written by Jane Austen, who was at that time generally considered the greatest of English women writers, dealt chiefly with society, the happenings of the day among ladies and gentlemen such as might be found in any English town. They were drawn to life and were wonderfully real and vivid. But Charlotte Brontë's "Jane Eyre" was as different from Jane Austen's "Pride and Prejudice" as was the wild and stormy country about Haworth from the comfortable and blooming lawns and gardens of a market town near London. Miss Austen wrote of the people she knew, and Charlotte Brontë, following the example of her master, Walter Scott, wove the strange stories of her moorlands into a tapestry that was wider and richer than anything she had actually seen or known. We can see how this must have been. The West Riding of Yorkshire at the time she lived there, in spite of its new mills and factories, was a very primitive place. In winter, when the roads were almost impassible with snow, the little towns and the lonely country houses were shut off from the outer world for weeks at a time and the people forced to lead solitary lives. Travelers by the mail-coach had often been snowed up for weeks or fortnights at small inns on the uplands and forced to starvation diet when the landlord's stock of turkeys, geese, and Yorkshire pies ran low. Those who lived in the manor houses or old baronial halls, shut in

by snow or storm for the long winters, developed queer fancies, as people who live much alone are apt to do, and often committed wild deeds which were told of throughout the countryside and which grew as they were repeated. With many such people, their solitary homes, and their histories Charlotte was familiar from her girlhood, and often she and her sisters, crossing the moors, would catch a distant glimpse of some ghost-ridden mansion and talk to each other of it in whispers. Charlotte's mind was stored with such matters, and when she and her sisters came to write they turned as naturally to these wild and out-of-door histories as did Walter Scott to the legends of Highland and Lowland which he had met with in his boyhood.

Near Miss Wooler's school at Roe Head was an old house called Oakwell Hall. It was a fine old place, with courts and gardens, a paneled hall with a great balcony running about it that opened into the bed-chambers, a tapestried drawing-room, and furniture of old and heavy pattern. Charlotte, in her school-days, had often looked across the lawn and watched the pigeons strutting in the sun before the door. She had heard the story of the old mansion's ghost, how way back in 1684 on a winter afternoon the family of Captain Batt, who owned the hall, had seen him come up the lane, although they thought he was in London, and heard him enter the house and go up to his own room. But when they followed him they found he had vanished and only left the mark of a bloody footprint on the floor. Later word came that he had been killed in a duel in London that very afternoon.

This same family named Batt had other stories laid to their account. One of the Captain's ancestors had stolen money and horses, furniture and land during the troubled days after the Restoration. At last he stole the great bell of Birstall Church near by, and as that was considered a sacrilege he was fined and it was decreed that the owner of the Hall should pay the same fine each year. This custom was still kept up in the days when Charlotte lived at Roe Head. The history of the place also told of great hunting-matches, when stags were shot in the park and the gentlemen hunters feasted on their spoils at night and drank deep and sang loud and spent the hours in dare-devil bets and pranks. All this Charlotte knew, and had pictured to herself many a time, and when she came to write her novels of "Shirley" and "Villette" she described such places as Oakwell Hall and such people as might well have lived there.

After Charlotte Brontë had become famous she went to London and saw something of that great world of city life of which she had often read. She met Thackeray, a writer whom she admired very much, and she was presented to a great many distinguished people as the author of "Jane Eyre." After a short visit she went home to Haworth and stayed there, taking up the duties of housekeeper in her father's home and settling again into the secluded life she knew so well.

In all Charlotte Brontë's stories we feel the wild winds of her Yorkshire moors, and in her girlhood there was much of the loneliness and bleakness of that land. She was different from most girls, more shy of people

and more fond of solitude, an almost elfin child, but one whose gift of imagination was so great that she could write books which stand in the front of English literature and have made her name famous the world over.

XVII

Victoria

The Girl of Kensington Palace: 1819-1901

KENSINGTON Palace is in London, but away from the centre of the city and facing the beautiful gardens which bear its name. It is a fine royal home, decorated and enlarged by all the English kings from the days of William III and his Queen Mary, and there the Duchess of Kent was living with her daughter Victoria in the spring of the year 1837.

At dawn of the twentieth of June of that year a heavy post-chaise might have been seen dashing over the road from Windsor Castle to London. Two gentlemen sat inside and every now and then one of them glanced at his watch as if impatient that they were not traveling faster. The driver on the box was doing all he could to urge his horses, and the *postilion* at the back had to hold tight to keep his footing as they swung around corners and gathered speed for the up-hill dashes.

The coach clattered into London and swept through the sleeping city. The first beacons of dawn were tinting the gray stones of the town buildings a soft pink. The streets were empty, only occasionally a man would turn and stare at the flying steeds and the

great rocking coach. He might well wonder what weighty business was on hand that would send two serious-looking gentlemen flying through London at such an hour.

The coach whirled through the open fields that lay near Kensington Palace. The birds were singing and a breeze swaying the branches of the great chestnuts, but the huge mansion seemed still asleep. The coachman drew his horses to a stand before the gate at the foot of the gardens, and the two gentlemen hurriedly alighted and went up the walk. They climbed the steps and rang the bell at the main door. They waited, glancing eagerly at the neighboring windows. No one answered their ring, so they rang again, and one of them, an elderly man in a white wig, knocked on the door impatiently.

It might have been the sleeping palace in the wood to judge from its quiet. They rang again and again, then knocked and pounded, but it was a quarter hour before the door swung slightly open and a sleepy-eyed footman peeped out at them. "We must see her Grace the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria," said the elder man. The footman looked his amazement at this strange request at such an hour, but there was no doubting that the two men were persons of rank, so he threw open the door and permitted them to enter.

The footman showed them into an anteroom and disappeared. More time passed, and the gentlemen grew quickly very impatient. At last one of them stepped to a bell-rope and gave it such a pull that the

ring could be heard echoing down the corridors. An attendant appeared at the door, and the older man said to him, "This is the Lord Chamberlain and I am the Archbishop of Canterbury, and we must see her Grace and the Princess at once."

"Yes, my lord," said the servant, and with a low bow he departed.

Five minutes passed and then a lady-in-waiting came into the anteroom. "I'm sorry," she said, "but the ladies are still asleep and cannot be wakened."

The Lord Chamberlain smiled slightly. "You evidently do not understand," he answered. "We are come on business of state to the *Queen*, and even her sleep must give way to that."

The lady looked amazed, but now she understood. "I will go to her Majesty at once," said she, and left hurriedly.

The two gentlemen were standing talking by a window when a light step in the hall made them turn. Through the doorway came a girl, looking about fifteen years old, clad in a dressing-gown, a shawl over her shoulders, and slippers on her feet. Her long brown hair, falling loose, made a frame for her white and surprised face.

The two gentlemen quickly stepped forward and knelt before the slender girl. The younger of them, who was the Marquis Conyngham, Lord Chamberlain of England, presented a paper to her, saying at the same time, "It becomes my duty to inform your Majesty that your royal uncle, King William IV, died very early this morning, and that you are now the

Queen of this realm." Then he raised her hand and kissed it in token of allegiance.

The other man, the venerable Archbishop of Canterbury, then kissed the young girl's hand, and stated that Queen Adelaide had asked him to come to Kensington Palace with messages for the new Queen. The girl, very pale, but quite self-possessed, bade them both rise, and told them she was prepared to do whatever the laws of England might require of her. With that she left them, to return to her dressing-room.

The Princess Victoria was eighteen when she was thus suddenly changed from a very quiet little girl, living simply with her mother in Kensington Palace, to be sovereign of a great country. Young as she was, and seeming younger because she was so slender, she was remarkably calm and self-controlled. When the Privy Council, composed of the great nobles, the Cabinet Ministers, the bishops, and other dignitaries, met in the large drawing-room of Kensington Palace later that same day, they found themselves facing a young girl, clad in a close-fitting dress of black silk, her hair parted and drawn back from her forehead. She wore no jewels or ornaments of any kind. She bowed to the lords about her, took her seat at the head of a long table, and read the speech which had been prepared for her in a clear low voice without any appearance of fear or embarrassment. The men, who knew how quietly she had been brought up and how unused she was to any formalities, were very much surprised to see her assume the duties of this great position so easily and with such perfect grace.



VICTORIA RECEIVING NEWS OF HER ACCESSION TO THE THRONE

Although the Princess Victoria's father was younger brother to King William IV, Victoria herself had no thought that she might be Queen until one day when she was twelve years old. Then her governess slipped a paper showing her family tree into a history she was studying. The Princess opened the book and saw the paper. "I never saw that before," she said to her governess. "It was not necessary you should," her teacher answered. Victoria read the paper. "I see I am much nearer the throne than I ever thought," said she. "So it is, dear," the governess replied. "I suppose many children would be glad to rule a great land," said the Princess thoughtfully, "but it seems to me full of difficulty." A few moments later she added, "I see now why you want me to study so much. I'll try and do what you want me to."

Yet, in spite of the fact that she knew from that time that she might some day be Queen, and spent much time trying to fit herself for that position, it was a great step from the simple life at Kensington to the brilliant and public court of Windsor Castle and Buckingham Palace. She had been free to play in the gardens, to ride with girls her own age, to work, watering-pot in hand, over her flowers, and to spend part of her summers with other children at the seashore. Now that was all over. Everything she did from morning to night was known and talked about, grave ministers of state and diplomats had to be with her wherever she went, she could not make a visit in the country without the greatest pomp and ceremony, ladies-in-waiting and grooms must accompany her whenever she went

out-of-doors. It changed her whole manner of life, and yet she stepped into this new place as naturally and serenely as though she had never known any other.

Her girlhood had in truth been a very quiet and simple one. Her mother, who had been a German Princess, was very anxious that Victoria should grow up a thorough Englishwoman, and although she herself spoke English with some difficulty she always talked to her daughter in that tongue. The Princess Victoria could speak French and German easily and read Italian. History was one of her favorite studies, and she knew that of England well. One day a bishop at the palace asked her opinion of Queen Elizabeth. Victoria answered promptly, "I think she was a very great Queen, but I'm not quite sure she was a good woman."

Drawing, however, was her greatest pleasure, and under a skilful master she soon became very proficient. Many hours were spent in the palace gardens sketching, and that was one of the pleasures she continued after she had come to the throne.

Only very occasionally did the Princess Victoria go to court. The first time was when she was ten years old, and the King was giving a children's ball for the little child-queen of Portugal, Dona Maria Da Gloria. Small Dona Maria wore a dress covered with jewels, but Victoria was a contrast in her plain white dress and quiet, almost shy, manners. A little later she went to her first state Drawing-room, where she stood beside Queen Adelaide, and had all the guests formally

presented to her. She was twelve then, short for her age, with dark blue eyes, and a smiling good-natured face, and so amiable that every one who met her felt at once drawn to her. For the most part, however, she met very few strangers, and was almost unknown to the world of London, on that momentous day in June, 1837, when her reign began.

From that date everything changed. Although she was only a girl in years she appeared a woman of much experience. At nineteen she was crowned with great ceremony in Westminster Abbey. From then her days were arranged according to strict routine. From an early hour in the morning she worked with her ministers, reading despatches, signing papers, taking the greatest interest in everything relating to her country. At two she rode, accompanied by a large suite. After that she practiced her music and singing and saw her particular friends. Dinner was at half-past seven, and after dinner she talked with her guests at the palace until half-past eleven, when she retired. Into this life she fitted perfectly, and continued to follow it for the greater part of her long reign.

Some years before, when Victoria was seventeen, her relatives had considered the matter of her marriage. Prince Albert of Coburg was regarded as a youth of fine character, and he had been invited to make a visit at Kensington Palace. He was very handsome, and Victoria took a strong liking to him from their first meeting. When she had become Queen the matter of her marriage became a subject of great state importance. It was arranged that Prince Albert should

again visit England, in company with his brother Ernest, and the matter of a marriage be discussed.

The young Queen had already made up her mind. She wrote quaintly in her journal, "On Tuesday, October 15th, the two princes went out hunting early, but came back about twelve. At half-past twelve I sent for Albert. He came to the closet, where I was alone. After a few minutes I said to him that I thought he must be aware why I wished him to come, and that it would make me too happy if he would consent to what I wished (namely, to marry me).

"There was no hesitation on his part, but the offer was received with the greatest demonstration of kindness and affection. He is perfection in every way—in beauty, in everything. I told him I was quite unworthy of him. He said he would be very happy to spend his life with me. How I will strive to make him feel as little as possible the great sacrifice he has made! I told him it *was* a great sacrifice on his part, which he would not allow. I then told him to fetch Ernest, which he did, who congratulated us both, and seemed very happy. He told me how perfect his brother was."

The Queen and Prince Albert were married in the Chapel Royal, St. James's, on February 10, 1840. The pale and slender girl had become a charming woman, and as she rode through the streets to her wedding great crowds cheered the lovely bride. She had already won the love of her people, and her husband, who was given the title of Prince Consort, won the same affection as soon as he was known to them.

Royal marriages have only too often proved unhappy. As the young Queen had said, Prince Albert was in a sense making a sacrifice, for he could not be King of England, and must always take a second place at his own court. He could only advise his wife as to her decisions in all state affairs; it was she who would have the final word as to what should be done. It was a very difficult position, but he was so fine a man that he filled it perfectly, and their married life was ideally happy. Quietly, by sheer strength of character, he made himself a power in England, and helped Victoria in many a difficult position without seeming in any way to interfere.

Victoria reigned over England from 1837 to 1901, over sixty-three years, and during all that time she grew in her people's affection. It was one of the greatest reigns in all history, for although there were none of the great military conquests which had made other kings and queens so famous, there were the infinitely greater and more enduring developments which make a nation happy. We speak of the age of Pericles in Greece, and the Augustan Age of Rome. Beside these we place the Victorian Age in England, an era of wonderful discoveries and inventions, of great philosophers and scientists, poets and novelists. When Victoria was crowned railroads and steamships were in their infancy, there were no telephones, no telegraphs, no cables. There was scarcely any machinery of any sort, men were just beginning to experiment with those ideas which have since revolutionized the comfort and the business of the world. And hand in hand with this

great advance in material affairs went an equal advance in many other lines. Darwin and Huxley and Spencer in science, Dickens and Thackeray, Carlyle and George Eliot in prose literature, Tennyson and Browning in poetry were to make the age famous. No other age in English history, not even that of Queen Elizabeth, had seen such great achievements as did that we call by the name of Victoria.

In other ways she saw England grow powerful. In time she took the title of Empress of India, and the colonies across the seas grew larger and much richer. She had great statesmen to direct her in this empire-building, and she was wise enough to follow their advice. Throughout her long reign she showed those same qualities of self-reliance, of calmness, and of devotion to duty which had seemed suddenly to come to her on that early June morning when she was hailed as Queen for the first time.

XVIII

Florence Nightingale

The Girl of Lea Hurst: 1820-1910

IT was early summer-time in England, just when the hawthorn dons its wonderful veil of pink and white along the roadsides, when the lilac-bushes are bursting into purple blossom, and the soft turf beneath the stately oaks and beeches is thickly carpeted with daffodils. Then the sun has work to do, like any gardener. That spring he had done it well, for the girl who stood on the terrace of the splendid house of Lea Hurst thought she had never seen the hillsides and the valley and the far-circling moors such a deep, rich, warm green before. This was a very beautiful part of English country, and the girl loved it better each time she came back to it from her other home in the south. It was the rolling romantic land of Derbyshire, right in the heart of England. Through the valley below slipped the silver river Derwent, a ribbon winding in and out among the hills. Beyond the nearest valley rose gently-sloping wooded heights and towering above them was the bold promontory called Crich Stand. On the other side were little hamlets nestling here and there in the rolling country, each with its knot of thatch-roofed cottages, and each

strung like a bead on the chain of a broad white road.

"Oh, but isn't it lovely, Max!" the girl exclaimed looking down at an Ayrshire terrier who was rubbing himself against a big earthenware jar that held a cluster of pink and purple fuchsias.

The dog stopped rubbing and looked at the little lady above him. "Come along," she said; "we'll see what the garden's done."

Girl and dog raced around the house to the southern side. The gardens here sloped down in a series of wide terraces joined by stone steps. They lay radiant with colors in the sun. The girl stopped and drew a long breath of delight. Then she ran down the steps and bent above the flowers murmuring fond messages to each.

There were beds of peonies and wall-flowers, rainbow-tinted primulas and pansies, delicate forget-me-nots and slender ladies-lilies, mignonette and heliotrope and irises, and border bushes of candytuft in bloom. They seemed like old friends to the girl; she knelt beside them and touched her face to theirs, and whispered how glad she was to be back with them again.

While she was so busied with the flowers two gentlemen came down the stone stairway that led from the library to the flagged terrace of Lea Hurst. "There's Florence," said one of the men to the other. "Give that little daughter of mine flowers or birds or animals of any sort to care for and she's as happy as the day is long."

The other man, who was the vicar of the country

church, smiled. "She ought to love such things. How could a girl with the lovely name of Florence Nightingale do otherwise?"

They walked down the steps of the garden. The girl, hearing their voices, sprang up and ran to meet them. "Oh, I'm so glad to see you again, Mr. Ritchie!" she cried. "We've missed you so much all winter."

"And we have missed you, little lady bountiful," said the vicar. "Mrs. Ritchie will be glad to know you're back in Derbyshire."

"Are you riding home now?" Florence turned impulsively to her father. "Please, sir, may I ride over with him to take tea with Mrs. Ritchie at the vicarage?"

"I'll see her safely home," said the clergyman.

Mr. Nightingale nodded. "Tell Sanders to saddle your pony, and bring him with Mr. Ritchie's horse to the door. I wish I could go too, but I've letters to write."

The girl ran to the stables, and a very little later she and the vicar were picking their way down the sloping drive of Lea Hurst to the valley of the winding Derwent. A short time and they were out upon the downs, riding with loose reins, making the wide circle of a flight, instead of taking the short way. On every side spread the soft yellow-green reaches of the level uplands, flecked here and there with dark purple patches where clouds were floating across the light of the sun. On and on they went, the vicar on his big horse, Florence, her brown hair flying in the wind, near him on her fleet-footed moorland pony.

The downs were dotted with grazing sheep, and finally the riders came to a place where they found a shepherd, an old bent man, trying to collect his scattered herd by hobbling after them and calling in cracked tones to them. He was working without success, the sheep only scattered farther.

The riders drew up and watched the old man's efforts. The vicar knew him. "Where's your dog, Roger?" he asked.

"The boys hereabouts have been throwing stones at him, sir," answered the shepherd, "and they've broken his leg, poor beast. He'll never be good for anything again and I'm thinking of putting an end to his misery."

"You mean poor old Cap's leg is broken?" asked Florence. "Oh, can't we do something for him, Roger? It's cruel to leave him all alone in his pain. Where is he?"

"You can't do any good, missy," said the old shepherd sorrowfully. "I'll just take a cord to him to-night—that'll be the best way to ease his pain. I left him lying in the shed over yonder."

Florence looked pleadingly at Mr. Ritchie. "Oh, can't we do something for poor Cap?" she begged.

The vicar, seeing the pity in her face, turned his horse towards the distant shed, but Florence, with a word to her pony, dashed past him. She reached the shed first. Dismounting she ran inside. In a corner lay the poor moaning sheep-dog. Florence knelt down on the mud floor, and with the greatest care not to hurt him touched his head with her soft hands and

whispered soothing words to him until the dog lifted his big brown eyes and looked gratefully into her face.

The vicar had now come into the shed, and kneeling beside Florence he examined the dog's leg. After a few minutes he said, "The stone only cut it. The bone is not broken. A little careful nursing ought to put him all right again."

"Oh, I'm so glad!" exclaimed Florence. "I love nursing. What should I do first?"

"Well," said the vicar, smiling at the girl's interest, "I should advise a hot compress put on Cap's leg."

"What's a compress?" asked Florence.

"It's a bandage made of cloths wrung out of boiling water and laid on the wound," explained Mr. Ritchie.

Delighted at the thought of helping the poor dog the girl went out of the shed. Very near stood the shepherd's cottage, and lying on the grass in front of it was the shepherd's small boy. She went towards the cottage. "Is your mother at home?" she asked the boy. He shook his head. "She's gone to Derby town," he said. "Well, I want some boiling water," she explained. "Come help me," and without more ado she went into the cottage kitchen.

The boy helped her light a fire and they soon had the kettle boiling. Florence looked about for cloths for bandages, and saw the old shepherd's clean smock hung up behind the door. "That's the very thing!" she exclaimed. "If I tear it up mamma'll give Roger another." So she took the smock and tore it into strips. Then she told the boy to bring the kettle and a basin, and went back to the shed.

With the help of the vicar Florence soon had the hot bandages placed on Cap's swollen leg. She sat beside him, whispering to him, and calmed him so that he scarcely stirred when she changed the wrappings. At length Mr. Ritchie thought she ought to be going home. "Oh, no," begged Florence. "I want to see him get better. A nurse oughtn't to leave her patient. The boy can take my pony and ride over and tell them where I am."

The boy departed with his message, and the little nurse stayed with her charge, perfectly happy to be caring for him.

Shortly after sunset old Roger came sorrowfully to the shed. He had a rope in his hand because he thought his faithful friend would never be able to chase the sheep again. But as soon as he entered the shed Cap greeted him with a whine of pleasure, turned his head towards him, and tried to get on his feet.

The shepherd was very much astonished. "Deary me, missy," said he; "why, you've been doing wonders! I never thought to see the poor dog greet me again."

"Yes, doesn't he look better?" said Florence. "You can throw away that rope now, and help me make compresses."

"That I will, missy," agreed Roger heartily, and kneeling beside the girl and the dog he fell to work with the strips of cloth and the hot water.

The vicar stood up. "Yes, Roger," said he. "Miss Florence is quite right. Your dog will be able to walk again if you give him a little rest and care."

The shepherd was quite overjoyed at the contented look in Cap's eyes and at the thought that he was not to lose him. "I'm sure I can't thank your reverence and the young lady enough," said he, "and you may be sure, sir, I'll carry out the instructions."

"But I shall come again to-morrow, Roger," said Florence. "I know mamma will let me when I tell her about Cap. I want to look after him until he's running about again."

"I hope you will, missy," answered the grateful shepherd. "I hope you will."

Florence gave the dog a final caress and whispered in his ear that she would come again. Then she and the vicar left the shed. The boy had come back with her pony, and she mounted and was soon flying back across the moors to Lea Hurst.

There were two girls at the manor house, Florence and Frances, and they were so nearly of an age that they studied and played together. They both loved flowers and animals, and each had her own garden and her own particular pets. But Florence's heart was always touched by the poor beast or bird that had been hurt and had no one to care for it, and by the roadside wild flowers which had a hard time to escape cart-wheels and the seedlings which had been blown to bare and rocky soil. Mr. Nightingale soon saw that this daughter was a born gardener. When the day's lessons were over she would pick up her little basket, which held a trowel, gardener's scissors, a water-bottle, and a bundle of sharpened sticks, and hasten out-of-doors. Sometimes he would follow her at a distance,

and watch her in the corner of a meadow digging up weeds that grew about the cowslips, or watering a little clump of daffodils that were trying to hold up their heads in the shade of a tree. Often she went far afield, outside the gardens and meadows of Lea Hurst, where the hedges and the flowers were not so well cared for, and here she found plenty of work to do, propping up bruised plants, watering faded ones, and protecting others from the careless cattle. Sometimes she found new flowers, and transplanted some of them to her own garden at home, sometimes she found just the place where she thought lilies or marigolds ought to grow and there she would plant and tend her charges so that another summer should find them blooming. At home in the evenings her father told her much about flowers, and encouraged her to do all she could to search for old garden flowers which were growing scarce in Derbyshire and to cultivate them, to plant hardy blooms in waste places, to care for wild flowers and to mend broken hedges. Besides her own formal garden on the terraced slopes of Lea Hurst she soon had a dozen wild gardens scattered through the fields and half a hundred little flower beds which she visited regularly.

She loved the birds and the animals as much as her flowers. "Florence was born a nurse," said Mr. Nightingale to his wife. "I found her yesterday making a nest in a bush for a robin that had broken a wing. I dare say she intends to try and feed it."

So she did; whenever she found a bird that was hurt, a dog that was lame, any creature that was suffering she took the care of it to herself, and invented ways

by which it might be cured. The family called her "The Little Sister of Mercy," and her father gave her a place in one of the greenhouses for a hospital where she might look after her invalid birds and dogs.

The Squire, as Mr. Nightingale was called, took a great interest in the village that lay at the foot of the slope that was topped by Lea Hurst. With his wife and two daughters he was continually planning picnics for the children, and throwing open the gates of his beautiful manor to them and to all the neighbors. He loved to have them all share in his delight at the exquisite gardens, the perfect velvet lawns, the thick and well-kept hedges of yew and box, and the stalwart old shade-trees that had been the glory of the place for many decades. The great event of the summer was the children's "feast day," when all the boys and girls met at the schoolhouse and marched in a procession to Lea Hurst, the girls with big bouquets, or "posies" as they called them, in their hands, and the boys with sticks wound with flowers like small May-poles carried over their shoulders. The Squire always ordered a band, and this headed the merry march which swept out of the village and trudged up the hill to the great gates of the manor. There the children found tables waiting for them on the lawn, and they had only to camp there to be served with strawberries and cream and cakes and tea like real grown-up guests. After this high tea the band played and the children danced over the lawn and on the floor of a great tent Mr. Nightingale had set up in the garden. The Squire's two daughters were continually inventing new games

and leading in all the fun, and at the same time keeping a watchful eye for the smaller children who might tire easily. When the long summer twilight began to fade and the rich purple clouds to gather over the still valley of the Derwent the band struck up a triumphal march and the children formed in line again and trooped up to the top terrace of the lawn. Here stood Mr. and Mrs. Nightingale to say good-night, and as each guest went by Florence or Frances gave them a present from a long table on the terrace. Then each girl would bob a curtsy and each boy make a bow, and march on down the hill after the stirring band. So the "feast day" would come to a successful close, and the lord of the manor entertain his neighbors as was the good old English custom.

It did not take long for the people who lived near Lea Hurst in Derbyshire or in the neighborhood of Embley Park in Hampshire, where the Nightingales spent the autumns and winters, to lose their hearts to "Miss Florence" as they called her. If any one was sick or in trouble there "Miss Florence" went, carrying flowers or fruit or a present of some sort with her, but always with the greater gifts of her happy smile, soft voice, and gentle loving touch. The old people at the windows waved their hands to her as she drove down with her mother to Cromford Church, and smiled at the sight of the slender girl, dressed in a light summer muslin, with a silk shawl across her breast, her sweet face with the soft brown hair smoothed down each side it beaming from the depths of a yellow Leghorn bonnet wreathed with roses.

The Squire's daughter Florence came to be a very "Lady of Grace" to the poor of the Derwent valley. She would ride her pony over the heath to lonely cottages with a basket at her saddle-bow filled with puddings and jellies, or carrying an armful of primroses and bluebells to some delicate woman or girl who longed for the wild flowers of the fields and hedgerows but could not go to them.

Everything about this girl was sunny. She had been born in the beautiful Italian city of Florence, the city of flowers, and had been named for it, and it seemed as though she had inherited that city's love of blossoms. Her gardens and the opportunity she had to nurse stricken pets were the chief joys of her childhood, and they were joys which grew as she grew up.

There were few good nurses in England in that day, and no schools where they could be taught. Florence Nightingale met a remarkable Quaker woman named Elizabeth Fry, who was trying to help women who were in prison. Together they visited many English hospitals and studied the methods of nursing. These methods were of the poorest, most useless sort.

At Kaiserswerth on the Rhine in Germany a school for nurses had just been started, and there Florence Nightingale went to study. She learned a great deal and returned home to teach others. After a time England went to war with Russia in the Crimea in Eastern Europe, and Miss Nightingale knew that many of the soldiers would lay down their lives there for want of proper nursing in the military hospitals. She felt that this was her call to service and she offered

to take a band of women nurses out to the Crimea to serve through the war.

Before the war had ended Florence Nightingale had come to be as beloved by the British soldiers as the little girl of Lea Hurst had been by her father's neighbors. She was a wonderful nurse, because she was always full of courage and cheerfulness, never tiring, never shirking any labor that would ease suffering. Thousands of wounded men watched for her to pass by their beds in the hospitals, and declared they were better just for the sight of her face or the sound of her voice. She often took charge of men whose wounds the doctors had declared beyond curing and brought them back to health by her tireless care and patience.

After a time she fell ill of cholera herself and all England waited for news from her bedside. She recovered and was taken home. She went back to Lea Hurst and rested there while the whole country called her blessed. When the war was over she returned to the London hospitals, and continued the labors which were the great joy of her life.

The story of the work of this woman who tended the sick and the poor is one of the most beautiful in history. She asked nothing but the chance to serve, and thereby won the love of all the world. To tend her flowers, to nurse the sick, were the dearest wishes of the girl of Lea Hurst Manor and of the woman we know as Florence Nightingale.

XIX

Jenny Lind

The Girl of the Stockholm Opera : 1820-1887

"HARK ! Who is that up-stairs ? I thought my granddaughter Amelia went out half an hour ago."

"I thought so too. In fact she looked in here on her way out and waved her hand at me and said, 'Mademoiselle Lundberg, I hope to see you before very long at the Opera.' She had her hat on then."

"Yes, I remember that. However, that's certainly her piano we hear. It sounds as if some one were trying to imitate the notes of the soldiers' bugles at parade."

"And doing it remarkably well, too," added Mademoiselle Lundberg. "Might it not be your other little granddaughter?"

"Jenny, you mean ? Oh, that's impossible. She's hardly more than a baby, and she's been living in the country where she never saw a piano. No, Amelia must have come back again."

The grandmother rose and went to the door. "Amelia ! Amelia !" she called.

There was no answer, but the music in the upper room continued.

"Amelia !" called the grandmother again, but still

without result. "That's very strange," said she, turning towards her young guest. "I can't understand who is doing that playing."

"Suppose we go and see," suggested Mademoiselle Lundberg. "You've made me very curious to find out who it is."

The two women went into the hall and started up the stairs. Then they stopped. Some one in the upper room had begun to sing clear, sweet childish notes to the accompaniment of the piano. "Listen," whispered Mademoiselle Lundberg. They waited until the song was finished. "That's no ordinary child's voice," said the guest, hurrying up the stairs again. She went so rapidly that she stumbled over the top step and made quite a noise. Recovering herself she tip-toed to the door. Looking in she saw a square piano, an empty piano stool, and a gray cat with a blue ribbon round its neck sitting on a chair. She shrugged her shoulders. "More mystery," she whispered to the woman behind her.

The grandmother went into the room and began to look about. She pulled aside one of the curtains at a window-alcove, but there was no one behind it. She opened a closet door and peeped inside, but there was no one there. Then she made a circuit of the room and at last came back to the piano. She stooped to look under it, and there she beheld a little girl crouching against the wall. "Why, Jenny!" she exclaimed. "What have you been doing? Come out from there."

The girl crawled out, looking very bashful. "I didn't mean to do it," she said. "I know I oughtn't

to touch the piano. I heard the soldiers in the square when I came home and I wanted to see if I could remember how their bugles sounded. Then they taught me a little song in the country and I wanted to hear it with music."

"Was that really you we heard?" asked her grandmother.

Jenny, now almost in tears at the thought of what she had done, was forced to nod her head.

"And was that you we heard singing?" asked Mademoiselle Lundberg.

Jenny, quite overawed at the solemn manner in which they were speaking to her, nodded again through her tears.

"Don't cry, dear," said her grandmother. "You haven't hurt the piano. Take pussy down-stairs and ask Magda to give you tea."

Jenny, much relieved, picked up the cat, and hugging her to her breast, bore her out of the room.

"Mark my words," said Mademoiselle Lundberg as soon as Jenny was gone, "that child will bring her family a great deal of help."

"It's strange," said the grandmother. "I never suspected that Jenny had an ear for music."

"Well, she has, and an unusually fine one too. I've heard many girls sing who were trying for places at the Opera, and I've heard none who had half her voice. To-morrow I want to take her to Herr Croelius and hear what he has to say."

Mademoiselle Lundberg stayed to supper and afterward asked Madame Lind if she and her daughter

Jenny would go with her to meet the singing master at the Royal Theatre the next day. Madame Lind had a dislike for life on the stage, and at first was quite unwilling to listen to the suggestion. But Mademoiselle Lundberg, who was herself a dancer at the Royal Opera House, argued with her, saying positively, "Unless I'm very much mistaken the child is really a genius. You owe it to her to have her educated for the stage, but, if you dislike that, you must, at any rate, have her taught singing." Still the mother objected. Mademoiselle Lundberg then told her how much money Jenny could earn for the family, and finally Madame Lind allowed herself to be persuaded, for the family was very poor, and she had a hard time to eke out a living for them. "If you insist we'll go with you to see the master," Madame Lind agreed at last. So Mademoiselle Lundberg departed, much pleased at having her way.

The next day Jenny and her mother and Mademoiselle Lundberg started for the Opera House. Some of the mother's dislike had returned, and again she hesitated. When they came to the Opera House steps Madame Lind did not want to go any farther. "Please let me go," begged Jenny, who was not at all frightened now. "I should like to sing for the Herr Director."

Finally Madame Lind consented, and the three were shown into the room of Herr Croelius.

The royal singing master knew Mademoiselle Lundberg, but he was very much surprised when that young woman led a small, fair-haired girl up to him and an-

nounced, "Herr Croelius, this is Mademoiselle Jenny Lind, and I want you to hear her sing."

The master smiled and started to speak, but the young woman held up her hand in protest. "Wait, wait until you have heard something of her voice," she entreated. "Then you will have something worth while to talk about."

Mademoiselle Lundberg nodded to Jenny, and the girl, without any diffidence or embarrassment, began to sing the song she had learned in the country. She was a pretty child of the fair Swedish type, with hair like flax and eyes a clear soft blue. She sang as easily and as naturally as a bird, and when she had finished the first song she started on an air from an opera which she had also been taught in the country.

A change had come over the face of Herr Croelius. The smile had vanished, and his face was all intentness. He listened without moving until the air was ended, and then rising from his chair he took a few quick strides up and down the room. Then he wheeled about suddenly. "Almost am I moved to tears!" he exclaimed. "It is wonderful! Oh, what a voice, true as the scale is true and clear as a flute. We have a jewel here. Oh, you did right to bring her, mademoiselle. I must take her instantly to Count Puke, the head of the Theatre, and tell him what a great treasure we have found."

Without more words Herr Croelius hurried them from the room and dashing down the corridor burst in upon the manager of the Royal Swedish Theatre. Count Puke looked up from his desk. "What is it?"

he demanded, eying the excited singing master, and the two women and little girl who stood behind him.

"Mademoiselle Jenny Lind," said the master, taking the girl's hand and presenting her to the Count. "She has a voice in a million! Oh, what a voice she has! You must hear her sing at once."

But the Count was not as excitable as Herr Croelius, and although he turned his chair to face Jenny he did not look particularly pleased. He saw only a small, silent girl, who was staring steadily at him.

"How old is she?" he asked.

"Nine years old," answered Jenny's mother.

"Nine!" exclaimed the Count. "But this is no nursery! This is the King's Theatre." And he turned his chair back to his desk and picked up his pen as if to go on with his writing.

"Well," said the singing master, "if you won't hear her the King's Theatre is missing a wonderful opportunity. However, her voice shan't be spoiled, for I will teach her myself without charge but simply for the pleasure of the work. And one day when you hear her you will be astonished also."

The Count paused, and then laid down his pen. There was a note of intense seriousness in the voice of the singing master. He turned slowly about. "I will listen to her, since you insist," said he.

So Jenny sang again, just as she had before, and before she had come to the middle of the second song the Count was leaning forward, his hands clutching the arms of his chair and his eyes staring at her in amazement. When she finished his eyes were shining with

delight. "Magnificent!" he exclaimed. "There is a voice that can make one weep for joy of it! There are no flaws, and some day Sweden, no, the whole world, will be proud this little girl was born. Jenny Lind, did you say? Well, I accept her now, instantly, on the spot, and will see that the King's government teaches her at its own expense and educates her to be a great soprano." He looked at Madame Lind. "Have no fear, madame. Your daughter will be well cared for."

The Count spoke the truth. When Jenny, Madame Lind, and Mademoiselle Lundberg left his office the name of Jenny Lind was already enrolled among the pupils of the Royal School of Music. Herr Croelius escorted the three to the front steps of the Opera House, showering compliments indiscriminately upon them, and said to Jenny as he took leave of her, "Be sure that I shall watch with the greatest interest the career of our little Swedish Nightingale."

Jenny herself was very happy at this wonderful chance to study music. She said long afterward, "As a child I sang with every step I took, and with every jump my feet made." Her grandmother was delighted when she heard the news, and even her mother, although she had strong prejudices against the theatre and the opera stage, could not help but be pleased at the praise both the singing master and the royal director had heaped on Jenny. Within the week the directors of the King's Theatre wrote to Madame Lind, stating that they would take entire charge of Jenny's education and support, looking to her future success for repayment. This offer was gladly accepted.

When she was ten years old Jenny was taken in charge by the Theatre and two years afterward she became what was called an actress-pupil. She received from the government money for food, clothes, and lodging, and the best training in singing, elocution and dancing. Besides this it was arranged that her mother should have her taught the piano, religion, French, history, geography, writing, arithmetic, and drawing. The agreement further stated that the directors should decide when Jenny was fitted to become an actress at the Theatre, and that at that time she should pledge herself to remain for ten years in that service, but that if she was found unfitted to be an actress she might be discharged after three months' notice. In reality Jenny was bound over to the Theatre much as a boy used to be apprenticed to a tradesman to learn a certain trade.

It was largely due to this very thorough training that Jenny Lind later became such a remarkably accomplished woman. She was taught German and French and English, and her long dancing lessons gave her a grace and dignity of carriage which made her the finished artist when she appeared later on the opera stage. Music and singing were of course her favorite studies and she made such rapid progress in them that Herr Croelius and Count Puke nodded their heads and assured each other that their predictions in regard to her were soon to come true.

But during this time Jenny was not having a very happy life at home. Madame Lind, divorced from a ne'er-do-weel husband, was having a hard time to keep

a roof over her head. She had started a school for girls and had several of her pupils living at her house. But her temper was uncertain, and after a time the boarders, disliking her stern treatment of them, left her house, and went to live with a Mademoiselle Bayard. Jenny visited them at this new home and found it a great contrast to her own. She decided to go and live where they did, and asked permission of the directors of the Theatre to make the change. They consented, and Jenny moved to Mademoiselle Bayard's house. Madame Lind became very indignant and took the matter into the law-courts for settlement. The court decided that Jenny must return to her mother and stay with her until she became of age. So Jenny returned, but for a time her life at home was not very peaceful. After a while, however, Madame Lind's school began to prosper, and the mother, no longer worried to make both ends meet, won back her daughter's affection.

In the meantime Jenny, when only ten years old, had appeared in a public play. She acted the part of Angela in "The Polish Mine" at the Royal Theatre. In this she was a child of seven, and went through many exciting adventures, in one act having to help her father escape from a mine and fly to a place of safety with his wife. The plot centred about this little dancing girl, whose quickness and ingenuity were the main interest. Jenny played the part well, and won high praises from the manager and the critics. The next year she appeared in a drama called "The Will," and made a more striking success. The newspapers announced that she had acted this to perfection, that

every word and gesture in it seemed made to suit her, and that she was wonderfully natural in the merry quickness of the child heroine, in the sudden changes from laughter to tears and then again to laughter, in the little confidences she gave older people, and in her innocent affection. Steadily she progressed, and at seventeen the directors began to pay her a regular salary. She had to do a great deal of work to earn it, and in that one year had to act in twelve new parts.

By now the people of Stockholm knew that Jenny Lind was a very talented actress, but they knew little about her as a singer. For eight years she had been studying under the best singing teachers of Sweden and her voice had become a very fine soprano. But even those teachers hardly knew how fine it was. On the 7th of March, 1838, it was announced that she would sing the part of Agatha in Weber's opera of "*Der Freischütz*." The people of Stockholm, already the devoted admirers of the young actress, flocked to the Opera House to see if she could win as great success in opera.

After that eventful evening Jenny Lind used to say, "I got up that morning one creature, I went to bed another creature. I had found my power!" There was no question but that she had. The audience saw the young singer appear before them on the stage, looking very young and slender, a trifle pale, very simply clad. Then she began to sing, and as the first notes of her high, sweet voice rolled forth she knew, and the audience knew as well, that she had found herself, that she was made to sing. The audience sat as

Herr Croelius and Count Puke had sat when they first heard her, spellbound by the wonder of her voice. For the rest of that opera she acted and sang with the most perfect mastery of both the arts of the actress and the singer, and as no one had ever done in Stockholm before. At the end the house rose in wild applause, cheers for "Jenny Lind" on every lip, and in response the girl, no longer pale, but flushed with excitement, came before the curtain to bow her thanks. It was a memorable evening for her and for Stockholm.

The directors of the Royal Theatre, although they had known her great gifts, had not expected such a triumph as this. They were so delighted that they sent her two massive silver candlesticks engraved with a record of that first performance. Other presents began to arrive at her mother's house, and she was showered with compliments and notes of praise.

Soon she appeared in a new opera, singing the part of Alice in "*Robert le Diable*." In this she won perhaps her greatest triumph—for the character of Alice, full of passionate and chivalrous purity, depth of soul and hatred of wrong, seemed to fit her perfectly. Her voice, her gestures, her whole person seemed to combine to be the character she sang. Her success in this was so great that people in other cities of Sweden demanded to hear her, and she went from one city to another, winning the same applause in each. At the university town of Upsala the students escorted her home from the opera, singing their students' songs, and stayed under her window to serenade her. Not only her singing and her wonderful acting had won all

hearts, but she herself had shown a remarkable charm of character that instinctively bound people to her.

Jenny Lind, or the Swedish Nightingale as her countrymen liked to call her, had now proved true the predictions of her girlhood friends. She was one of the greatest singers the world had ever known. Almost immediately she became the idol of all classes of people in Sweden. When she returned to Stockholm one of the leading men of the city gave a great reception. Ministers of state, the nobles of the kingdom, the great ladies of society, distinguished men and women of all kinds were present. Among the last of the guests came a young girl, looking about twenty years old. Light, curling hair framed a pale face, she wore a simple white gown, in her deep-set eyes was a dreamy, half-absent but fascinating smile as she stopped at the door to shake hands with her host. The guests were all talking as she entered, but the hum of words ended as the host led the girl into the middle of the room. He started to speak her name, but already it was on everybody's lips, and a murmur of applause silenced him. "Jenny Lind! It is Jenny Lind!" exclaimed the delighted guests. After that there was only one subject of talk, and the guests circled about the young singer like moths about a flame, each anxious to see her, to talk to her, and to express their admiration for her art.

As Jenny Lind conquered Sweden she later conquered Europe. She sang in many of the old operas and many famous composers wrote new parts for her to sing. She sang in America and won as great suc-

cess there as she had in Europe. And everywhere she won admiration by her fineness of character as well as by her voice and her power as an actress. The little girl of the Stockholm Opera was one of the noblest women of her age as well as one of the greatest singers the world has ever heard.

XX

Rosa Bonheur

The Girl of the Paris Studio : 1822-1899

YOUNG MADAME SOPHIE BONHEUR looked from an open window in her house and clapped her hands. Two little boys stopped their work of making mud-pies in the road and looked up at the window. "Come, Auguste, come, Isadore!" she called, "the lunch waits. There's a huge dish of cherries on the table and baby'll eat them all."

Even mud-pies could not hold Auguste and Isadore when they heard that. Scrambling to their feet they dashed across the bit of front lawn and in at the door. Their mother, with Juliette, the baby, in her arms, was already at the table, smiling at their excited faces.

"Auguste," said she, "go up-stairs and tell your father the lunch grows stone cold, and his cabbage-soup has lost its flavor. Oh, never fear about the dish of cherries. No one shall touch them until you come back. Isadore, wash your hands before you sit down. I'll not have mud-pies brought to the table."

Auguste, the elder boy, climbed the stairs to the second floor. He found his father in his workroom, correcting a pile of drawings on a table. "The soup's cold," announced Auguste, "and mother's waiting."

Monsieur Raymond Bonheur, drawing-master of Bordeaux by trade, nodded his head. "Whenever I'm hard at work it's lunch-time," said he. "Tell the mother I'm coming, lad. There, run along, I'll not keep things waiting." Almost as fast as Auguste he went down-stairs and into the dining-room.

The cabbage-soup was growing cold, and Monsieur Bonheur was very fond of that particular soup. So he sat down quickly, tucked his napkin into his collar, picked up his spoon and began to eat. When his plate was empty he looked up, poured out a glass of red wine, and broke an end of a long loaf of bread. "What's become of Rosa? Doesn't she want any food to-day?" he asked.

"I thought Rosa was up-stairs with you," answered Madame Bonheur, who was busy with the baby and her own plate.

"She left me an hour or two ago. Took a block of paper and some crayons and disappeared. I thought she was going out to play with the boys."

"Auguste, go and call Rosa," said his mother.

The boy went to the door and called and called, but there was no answer.

"She must have wandered off somewhere by herself," observed Madame Bonheur. "She's getting to be a very absent-minded girl. I'll set a dish of the stew on the stove for her."

The family ate their stew and string-beans and hard-crust bread and drank their sour red wine and disposed of a basket of cherries. Then Monsieur Bonheur lighted a pipe of tobacco and went out to

sit on a bench in front of the house and bask in the sun. The boys went back to their mud-pies, and the mother, having put the baby to sleep in its cradle, cleared up the dishes. When this work was done she joined her husband outdoors. "I don't know where Rosa can be," said she. "You don't suppose she's got lost in the woods?"

"Not Rosa. She knows her way almost as well as I do. She'll be home by sundown, never fear."

"When she does I must have a talk with her. I wanted her to look after Juliette this afternoon. She's too fond of drawing pictures for the family's good."

Monsieur Bonheur smiled. "That comes of being the daughter of a drawing-master. I've taught her a little and she wants to learn more. I must go back to my work. If she's not home by sundown I'll go look for her." With a reassuring pat on his wife's arm he went up and continued his corrections of his pupil's drawings. The afternoon was fine, and many times he stopped to look out across the rolling yellow-green fields to the deep fringe of woods on the horizon.

But when the sun was touching the top of that line of trees the drawing-master began to grow uneasy. He could think of no harm that could have come to Rosa, but she was a little girl and had been gone a long while. He put away his drawings, and taking his hat and stick set off down the road. He stopped only long enough to bid Auguste tell his mother that he had gone to find the wanderer.

His house stood on the outskirts of Bordeaux and he had only to follow the road a few paces before he

came to an open field with a path across it. He had seen Rosa take that path before so he struck into it and crossed the field and came to a lane that wound in a zigzag fashion towards the woods. He kept his eyes on watch for a sight of a pink dress and a childish figure, but he saw only some carters driving sheep along a distant highway and two old women and a boy haying in a field to his right. Presently he came to a stretch of grain, deep yellow and ripe for cutting, with a border of scarlet poppies at its edge, and then he entered the woods where the air was cool and the stillness unbroken.

The woods were not deep, but there were several paths through them and Monsieur Bonheur did not know which to choose. He finally followed one which led him to a small pond in a clearing. No one was there, so he turned back and chose a second. This led him straight through the grove, and shortly he was standing on the farther side looking into a small pasture where a dozen cows were browsing. A smile came to his face. On a rock at one side sat a small brown-haired girl dressed in pink with a block of paper on her knees. A cow was lying in the grass some twenty yards in front of her and two others were slowly munching their evening meal in the background.

Monsieur Bonheur stole along the edge of the woods until he was back of the girl and then walked softly towards her. She seemed too much absorbed to hear anything. He came directly behind her and looked over her shoulder. Her picture of the three

cows was nearly done and it was exceedingly well drawn.

He stepped away so as not to startle her and swished at some weeds with his stick. At length she turned her head, and he walked forward. "Well, well, Rosa, what are you doing here?" he asked.

"Drawing the cows," she answered. "I can't make one look quite right."

"But don't you know it's almost night, long past lunch-time?"

"I wanted to finish it," she said pleadingly. "They wouldn't be this way another day. I wasn't hungry and I did want to see if I could draw them."

"Let me see the paper," said her father, his sympathy always ready for any one who was fond of drawing.

Rosa held up the paper and her father took it from her. He studied it carefully for some time. Then he sat down beside her, and taking her crayon began to alter some of the lines and add others. "There, you should have more shadow; and that leg is not in right perspective. So it should go." He held the drawing away from him and tilted his head as artists often have a trick of doing. "But, little daughter, it's good. It has its faults, but if any one had brought that picture to my study I'd have said it was done by a grown-up artist and one who had a good eye too." He turned to her and smiled at the big eyes that were staring up at him and the intent look of her face. "Draw all you want, Rosa, but next time you go in search of your cattle be sure and tell your mother or me when you'll be home again."

"I must have forgotten everything but those three cows," she said.

"I know how it is," her father answered sympathetically. "When we see something we want to draw or paint we forget everything else. We don't know if we're hungry or thirsty, or whether it's cold or rainy. But we must be on our way home or mother'll have two empty places for dinner."

He gave Rosa back her drawing, and they left the pasture. They hurried through the woods and across the fields, but even so they were a little late and found Madame Bonheur waiting in the doorway. "A la bonne heure!" she exclaimed. "This it is to have a family of artists! Food is of no importance. Indoors with both of you or the ham'll fly out through the window."

Suddenly Rosa found she was very hungry and she devoured the good dinner her mother had saved for her, paying no attention to the questions her brothers asked as to where she had been all day.

Monsieur Bonheur was a man with a fine talent for drawing and painting, but being very poor he was obliged to give drawing lessons for a livelihood. He did not make much money at that, and shortly after this time he decided to go to the great city of Paris, where he believed he could find more pupils than in Bordeaux. So he moved his family to Paris and settled on the sixth floor of a big tenement house in the Rue Rumfort, which is now called the Rue Malesherbes. But in this great city he was unknown and he had fewer drawing pupils than he had had in Bordeaux, and mat-

ters fared badly with the Bonheur family. To keep the wolf from the door, Madame Bonheur began to give piano lessons, going from one house to another all day, and leaving the baby in charge of Rosa. When she came home she sat up half the night sewing for other people in order to make a little more money. But this work proved too hard for her and not long after they had moved to Paris the tired young mother died.

Monsieur Bonheur sent Rosa, Auguste, and Isadore to live with a woman who was called "La mère Cathérine," and gave the baby into the care of some relatives. "La mère Cathérine" lived in the Champs Elysées, not far from the woods of the Bois de Boulogne. She sent the children to school, but very soon found out that Rosa would steal away to the near-by woods and fields to gather marigolds and daisies, and could not be kept indoors when the weather was fine. In this way the three children spent two years and then Monsieur Bonheur married again and brought the children back home. The two boys wanted to go to school and so their father sent them, paying for them by giving drawing lessons to the other scholars. Rosa did not want to go to school, but it was evident that she must learn something that would be useful, and therefore she was sent to a sewing school to learn to become a seamstress.

She found sewing more disagreeable than studying lessons. She hated to sit still and work with a needle and thread and she pined so for the outdoor life that she made herself ill. Her devoted father took her away from the sewing-mistress and sent her to the

school in the Faubourg St. Antoine. This was a relief from the days she had spent sewing, and she made a number of good friends among the other girls. Instead of listening to the teachers she drew pictures of them on scraps of paper and pasted these sketches on the wall with bread chewed until it was like putty. The sketches were very funny and very well done, and the other girls thought Rosa the cleverest person they knew. The teachers did not find the drawings so amusing, but they were surprised at the talent shown and kept them in a school album.

But Rosa did not stay happy for long even in this school where she had become a leader among the girls. She had many day-dreams and they all called her out-of-doors where she might be free and do as she wanted. The artist nature in her made her very sensitive, and she was ashamed to wear calico dresses and heavy ugly shoes and eat from a tin cup with an iron spoon when the others wore pretty, well-made dresses and had cups and spoons of silver. She grew moody and discontented, and finally the teachers told her father that they were afraid that if she stayed longer with them she would become ill. Monsieur Bonheur took their advice and brought Rosa home. Having tried so many plans for her he now decided to leave her to her own devices and see what she would find to do for herself.

Left to her own devices Rosa became as happy as she had been when she was free to play or draw pictures in the Bordeaux fields. She spent most of her time in her father's studio, watching him, and then

drawing or painting or modeling as she saw him do. She never tired of this; she rose early to run into the studio and go on with her unfinished sketches and she stayed to draw as long as there was light enough for her to see her model. Sometimes she would go into the fields on the edge of Paris and spend a whole day painting, and when she came home she would be singing for joy of the work and happiness in her freedom. Her father let her do as she pleased for a time, making no comments or suggestions. Then one day he asked to see some of her paintings. He looked at them as an outside critic might have done, and suddenly it dawned upon him that Rosa had extraordinary talent, not merely the remarkable child's skill which he had found in her picture of the three cows, but a gift which might make her one of the greatest painters in the world. He hesitated no longer as to what she ought to do. He took her in charge the next morning and began to train her with the greatest care, teaching her to be absolutely accurate in drawing and right in her perspective. Then he told her to go to the great gallery of the Louvre and copy certain paintings of the old masters. Rosa went day after day, working so steadily and so untiringly that the director of the gallery, watching her, said one morning, "I've never seen such a case of application and love of work."

When she had finished a copy she would take it home and show it to her father. Each one she showed him convinced him more strongly that his daughter would make her mark. Other people also were beginning to see how fine her work was. As she sat at her

easel in the Louvre one day an Englishman stopped and watched her paint. At last she leaned back to look up at the original on the wall and saw the stranger. "Your copy is superb, absolutely flawless, my child," said he. "Keep on as you have begun, and I predict that you will be a great artist." She was very much pleased, and that evening she told her father what the stranger had said to her. "Others would say the same thing," he commented, "if they could see your work."

Soon after this she began to sell her copies of the great masterpieces, and although the purchasers did not pay large sums for them she gave considerable help to the needy household.

She was now about seventeen years old, and had tried her skill chiefly in painting landscapes and figures. In the country one day she happened to paint a goat, and the picture pleased her so much that she determined to make a special study of painting animals. This meant that she had to take long walks in the country in search of farms. She would start out early in the morning with her painting kit and half a loaf of bread and return home late at night, tired but happy and ready for the hearty dinner her stepmother kept waiting for her.

All the Bonheur children had inherited their father's love of art. Auguste, the older of the two boys, was already painting in his father's studio, and Isadore was studying sculpture. Juliette, the youngest, could not resist the temptation to try and do what all the others were doing, and she also began to show ability with

brush and palette. They were a very devoted and contented family, and soon all four of the children were able to help Monsieur Bonheur pay for rent and food. Rosa earned the most, because her copies were becoming better and better known, and after she had worked in the Louvre during the day she would draw pictures to illustrate books or mold groups of animals for the Paris figure dealers in the studio at night.

That sixth floor of the house in the Rue Rumfort was certainly a most curious place, the true home of an artistic family. Rosa had arranged a garden on the roof, with a frame for honeysuckle and boxes for sweet peas and nasturtiums. In this rude garden the Bonheur children kept a sheep, and here Rosa would go to paint pictures of him, pretending that he was grazing in the fields instead of eating grass from a box on the roof of a high house. Every few days Isadore would take the sheep on his back and carry him down the six flights of stairs to the street and lead him out to the open country, where he might graze in real fields. Then he would take him home again and carry him up all the flights to his aerial home. The whole family were very fond of this sheep and he was the only model for many of Rosa's early pictures. Besides the sheep Rosa kept many birds, and her brothers built a net house for them so that they might be free to use their wings. So the family of artists managed to bring a good deal of the open country into their home high up in the Paris tenement.

When she was nineteen Rosa sent two paintings to the Academy of Fine Arts exhibition. One was en-

titled "Goats and Sheep," and the other, "Two Rabbits." They were immediately picked out by both the critics and the public as fine pictures, and made her name well known. The next year she sent "Animals in a Pasture," a "Cow lying in a Meadow," and a "Horse for Sale." These were even better received than the first two, and Paris began to exclaim that a great animal painter had appeared. Two years after that she exhibited twelve new pictures, and they were hung on the same wall with others by her father and brother. The world of art admitted the talents of the Bonheur family, and at last Monsieur Bonheur, who had worked patiently through so many years, found himself beyond the fear of want.

But Monsieur Raymond Bonheur's greatest happiness lay in the unfolding genius of his daughter. He felt that she was to accomplish the great works he had dreamed of doing, and which he might indeed have done if he had not had to work so many years as a drawing-master. He had foreseen that she would win a great name in art and now he was content to watch her fulfilling his prediction. To his great delight her picture, "Cantal Oxen," won the gold medal in 1849, and was purchased by the English government. The president of the judges at the Academy made an eloquent address, placing the name of Rosa Bonheur among the greatest painters of France, and then presented her with a magnificent Sèvres vase as a gift from the government in recognition of her genius. This triumph brought honors to the father as well as to the daughter, and Monsieur Bonheur was immedi-

ately made director of the national school of design for girls.

Rosa Bonheur's best-known painting is the "Horse Fair," which shows the countrymen bringing their horses in for sale at one of the great Normandy fairs. It is one of the most remarkable pictures of animals that has ever been painted, but it was only one of Rosa Bonheur's many masterly paintings of life out-of-doors.

Rosa Bonheur stands high among those few women who have been great painters. She showed her love for this art when she was only a small girl in Bordeaux, and she kept that love during those first stormy years in Paris when it seemed as though she must learn to do other things. When she was free she returned to that first love, and from then her genius ripened as truly and as finely as the perfect flower blossoms from the bud.

XXI

Louisa May Alcott

The Girl of Concord: 1832-1888

THE old orchard was a pink and white mist with newly opened apple blossoms. The afternoon sun, shining through them, fell softly on a grassy circle made by a ring of trees where a group of children played. A rope lay on the ground between two of the trees and half a dozen boxes set on end were ranged beyond the rope. A girl with an old soldier cap on her head and a short wooden lath stuck into the belt of her dress stood facing the row of boxes. "Oh, that my beautiful lady were here! Oh, that her knight might do brave deeds for her sweet sake!" exclaimed the girl. She folded her arms and paced up and down. Then she looked impatiently at the group of children just outside the ring of trees. "That's your cue, May. Come on now, holding up your skirt as a lady would."

A smaller girl, very pretty, with long yellow curls and blue eyes, caught at her dress and tiptoed into the ring. When she stood in the centre the other one rushed towards her and fell on one knee. "Oh, Lady Arabella, oh, beautiful lady," said she, "give me your hand to kiss." May gave her hand and the gallant knight pressed a kiss upon it. Then she rose to her

feet. "These be perilous woods for a lady to walk in," said she. "Men say there are dragons here, a great green one with a tongue of fire."

Immediately a boy on the other side of the circle, dressed in a loose green dragon costume with a bag for a head and great red circles painted around the eyeholes, fell on his hands and knees and began to growl. Then kicking up his heels he galloped on to the stage.

"Fine, Laurie, fine!" cried the older girl as the dragon romped round and round the grassy stage, roaring loudly and tossing his head savagely from side to side. Suddenly she remembered her part in the play. "Fear not, beautiful lady," she exclaimed, "your faithful knight Sir Roderick will slay this dreadful beast." She looked at the younger girl. "Now, May, shriek, shriek loud, and keep it up while we're fighting. You're terribly afraid."

The little Lady Arabella gave an ear-piercing shriek and another and another, so that a mother hen with a brood of chicks that had come clucking almost into the circle turned and scuttled away in great alarm.

Sir Roderick pulled the lath from her belt and hitting it on the ground several times advanced towards the bellowing dragon.

"Oh, Louise, mayn't we sit on the boxes now?" begged one of the other girls. "We do so want to see this part of the play."

The knight hesitated. "Very well," she agreed. "I guess it'll encourage us to have some audience."

Highly delighted the other two girls and the boy

ran to the row of theatre chairs and perched upon them. When they were settled Sir Roderick made some passes in the air with her sword and called loudly, "Come on, base dragon, and let it be a battle to the finish!"

It was a splendid fight. The dragon, growling fearfully, came on and pawed at Sir Roderick. The knight, very stern of face, whacked at the beast and drove him round and round the stage. The Lady Arabella shrieked and shrieked and jumped up and down in excitement. Finally the audience, tremendously thrilled, could keep silent no longer. They clapped their hands and screamed as loudly as the excited Princess. It was a perfect babel.

Spurred on to greater deeds the knight pursued the dragon until she had him backed against one of the trees. "Now," she said, "you die!" and stabbed him in the shoulder with her sword. The beast lay down and rolled over on his back, giving a loud hiss as a final salute. Sir Roderick placed one foot on the animal's leg and looked proudly at the audience. "Behold the terrible creature's slain," said she. "I did it for thy sake, lady. Come to my arms."

The Lady Arabella ran forward and put her arms about the knight. The audience clapped loudly. "That's the end of the act," announced Sir Roderick.

"When do we come in?" asked the other boy as they met on the stage.

"You come in now," said the manager, her eyes sparkling. "This is the great scene. You see I took the Princess home from the wood to her father. He

didn't like me, so before I knew it he shut me up in a prison on a high rock with only one little window. He chained me to the wall and fed me on bread and water. I sat there and wrote poems on the stones. Then, one day I heard a noise outside and looking out the window I saw troops of soldiers coming into the town. They came from the King my father to rescue me. They fought the other soldiers and killed them. Then they set me free. I sit over here by myself in the prison. Now you're the army. You come on in line waving your swords; and so there'll be an army you go round and round those two trees. That'll look as if there were hundreds of you."

"Fine!" cried Laurie, who had pulled off the dragon's suit. "I'll be general." He picked up a stick and rushed on to the stage. "Follow me, my men. Come along, you others."

The others followed, waving make-believe swords in air. It was even more exciting than the first scene. The five children went round and round the trees, cheering and pretending they were at least a hundred strong, while Louisa looked on and encouraged them. "Now," she cried at last, "I see you're strong enough to rescue me," and she jumped from the window of the tower. Immediately a terrific battle followed, so fierce and noisy that a colt in the next field took alarm and galloped away along the fence. Finally the soldiers fell to the ground exhausted, and the play, having reached such a satisfactory climax, ended.

The supper bell rang from the small white house beyond the orchard. "Now we'll surprise them," said

Louisa, jumping up. "We'll put that crown of daisies on May's head and ride her round like a queen in the wheelbarrow. I'll be the horse, Anna'll drive, Lizzie shall be a dog, Laurie—you get into the dragon's skin again, and Tommy shall be drummer."

No sooner said than done. The old wheelbarrow was righted and May, with the daisy crown on her yellow curls, seated in it. Louisa, bitted and bridled, was harnessed to the barrow, and the oldest sister picked up the handles. The third girl, running alongside, barked like a dog, and Laurie, reclad as dragon, howled, while Tommy beat loudly on the drum. So the wild cavalcade swept around to the front of the house.

Mr. and Mrs. Alcott were sitting with two friends before their door. One of the guests, a very gifted woman named Margaret Fuller, had just said, "I hear you teach your children yourself, Mr. Alcott."

The father nodded. "I have my own notions, you know."

The other guest, a tall and very dignified man, smiled. "Bronson's a man in a million," said he. "Here in Concord we think his children models."

"Well, Mr. Emerson," said Miss Fuller, "I'd like very much to see these model children."

Like the answer to a fairy wish there came a wild uproar of noise, growls, barks, drumming, and around the corner swept the wheelbarrow, horse, dog, queen, driver, dragon and drummer-boy. The noise stopped suddenly at sight of the stately group at the door. Louisa's foot tripped, and down came queen, driver and wheelbarrow in one laughing heap.

Mrs. Alcott pointed to the tumbled pile of girls "There are the model children, Miss Fuller," she said with a smile.

Mr. Emerson stepped forward and picked up the fallen Louisa. "You couldn't have arranged your entrance better, my dear," said he. "I've always predicted you'd be a great actress."

The two boys went home, and the four girls trooped in to supper after their elders. They were used to hearing Mr. Alcott discuss philosophy with his guests, and to listen without understanding much of what was said. Mr. Emerson, however, famous as he was, never could forget the presence of the four bright-eyed little girls. He would turn from one of Mr. Alcott's profound questions to ask Anna concerning the health of a pet cat and to beg Louisa to show him some of her poems. So, when they were out on the lawn again after supper the girls gathered about him and told him everything that had happened since his last visit. "Dear me," he said after a while, "what a lot of things are happening here in Concord I didn't know anything about!"

"Lots and lots," agreed Louisa, nodding her head, her arm on the back of his chair. "Right here in our house too, and father and mother don't know anything of them at all. The attic and the orchard and that old mill by the brook are just plum-full of adventures."

She looked at him quite seriously. "Don't you ever find any about your house?"

"Oh, yes, plenty, but I don't believe they're as exciting as yours."

"That's too bad. You ought to come and live here in our house for a while."

After a short time they had to tear themselves away from their friend and go up to bed. There, in their own room, with the candles out, Louisa took up a story she had been telling the night before, a romance built on the pattern of "Ivanhoe," which she called "The Bandit's Bride," and now she went on with it. Each night she got the hero into a more thrilling situation than the night before. Finally Elizabeth begged her to stop. "If it gets any more exciting I can't sleep a wink," said she. "I'll dream about him now."

"All right," said Louisa. "I'm stuck anyhow. I'll have to dream a way out of that fix." So that night's chapter ended.

What Louisa had told Mr. Emerson was quite true, the Alcott cottage, the orchard back of it, the meadows, the streams and the roads were all packed full of adventures, so long at least as Louisa was there to point them out. At one time that spring bands of young pilgrims, carrying scrip and staff, and wearing the pilgrim's emblem of a cockle-shell in their hats, journeyed day after day over hills and fields. A little later, about midsummer night, a group of fairies held revel among the tall whispering birches, danced in a magic ring and then winged away to try and bewitch ordinary grown-up mortals. They were kind to those mortals who could not fly about on adventures as easily as the fairies did, and so they gave a strawberry party for them in the old vine-covered arbor near the orchard, and the little maids served berries and cake

and lemonade to Miss Margaret Fuller, Mr. Emerson, Father and Mother Alcott and others of the poets and philosophers who made beautiful old Concord their home.

But to Louisa the plays and adventures were far more real than to any of the others. When it rained or the other girls were busy she would go up to her own particular den in the attic and write stories. Seated by the window where she could keep an eye on outdoors in case anything exciting should be happening there, with a pile of apples beside her for refreshment, she would put on paper the thrilling stories she loved to invent. Most of them she left in her portfolio, but a few she bravely sent to magazines. They came back to her one after another returned with the editor's thanks. Then she would shut herself up in the den and look long at the little story, the pages tied together with a bright red ribbon, and sometimes she could not keep the tears back, but when she had fought out the battle she would put the story away in the old box that served her as desk and would declare softly to herself that she would write another and a much better story.

One day her first dream came true. She walked into the sitting-room where her mother and sisters were sewing, and she had a paper under her arm. Trying not to show her excitement she lay down on the sofa and unrolling the paper pretended to read.

"What have you there?" asked Anna.

"Only a new magazine," answered Louisa.

"Anything interesting in it?"

"Here's a story. I don't think it looks particularly interesting, but I'll read it if you like."

"Go ahead," said her sister.

Louisa took a long breath and plunged into the story, trying to hide her thrills by reading very fast. Her mother and sisters listened in silence until she had finished.

"That's a pretty good story," said Anna, when Louisa stopped.

"I like the part about the rival lovers," Elizabeth chimed in.

"Who wrote it?" asked Mrs. Alcott.

"Let me see." Louisa fumbled with the pages and then suddenly announced, "Here it is. It's by Louisa M. Alcott."

The others turned to look at her. She sat up, her cheeks flaming, her eyes dancing.

"Did you really write it, dear?" exclaimed her mother.

"I really did," said Louisa.

"It's splendid," "Perfectly fine," "Wonderful," came a chorus from the others, and they all crowded about her to look at the paper and see her name staring at them in real print on the page.

"Your father'll be very proud," said the fond mother.

"Oh, I'm so happy!" exclaimed the young authoress. "I knew I could do it and now I've proved I could."

Life for Louisa and the others in her family was, however, not always easy and happy. Her father,

Bronson Alcott, was a man entirely wrapped up in his own peculiar views, and he tried to support his family by giving occasional lectures and conducting classes, or conversations as he liked to call them, in philosophy. His hopeful nature kept him convinced that his family would be cared for in some fashion, but they often found it hard to live almost entirely on such trust. One winter he went west to lecture, leaving home as always poor, but hopeful, and serene. Mrs. Alcott took boarders, Anna taught, and Louisa went out to service from time to time to earn a little of the much-needed money. One cold February night when the girls were all at home they were waked by the ringing door-bell. They ran down-stairs to find their mother ahead of them to welcome the father home. The wanderer was half frozen, hungry, tired and disappointed, but he smiled bravely and looked as calm as ever. The mother and daughters fed and warmed him and brooded over him, anxious to know if he had made any money but hardly daring to ask. Finally May, the youngest, said, "Well, did people pay you?" With a queer look Mr. Alcott opened his pocketbook and showed them a one dollar note, saying, "Only that! My overcoat was stolen, and I had to buy a shawl. Many promises were not kept, and traveling is costly; but I have opened the way, and another year shall do better."

It was a great disappointment, but Mrs. ⁷¹Alcott smiled and kissed him. "I call that doing very well," said she. "Since you're safely home, dear, we don't ask anything more." Mrs. Alcott never gave up her

hopes of better times, and one of her favorite sayings to her daughters was, "Cast your bread upon the waters, and after many days it will come back buttered."

The dream world of Louisa's girlhood gave way to a very real struggle to make a living. She served as companion to an old lady in Boston, she read to invalids, and she taught school. When she could find nothing else to do she did sewing for others. But all this time she was busy making up stories, and after a while she started to write them out and send them to publishers. Some were bought and printed, but she received very little money for them, and so she had to keep on with her drudgery as seamstress and teacher and try to copy her mother's gift of hope. When she was twenty-two she had printed a little book called "Flower Fables," made up of some stories she had written to entertain Mr. Emerson's small daughter. She only received thirty-two dollars for the book, but it had been a work of love and she thrilled with the delight of a parent over her first-born child. She gave a copy to her mother at Christmas and the pleasure she saw in that dear face was infinitely more to her than any treasure could have been.

Success came slowly, but she went on step by step, writing better and better stories until editors asked her for them and paid her enough to allow her to give more time to writing.

When war broke out between the North and the South Louisa felt that she must do her share by becoming a hospital nurse. Her father had been one of the

first anti-slavery men and she could well remember the exciting day when her mother had hidden a fugitive slave in her kitchen at Concord. So Louisa went to Washington and nursed the wounded soldiers until she herself became ill and had to give up the work. She had been so much interested in what she had seen and heard that she wrote a book called "Hospital Sketches," and that proved to be her first big success.

She knew now that her girlhood gift for telling stories was a real gift and she set to work on her beloved career. She had been so fond of children and remembered her own childhood so distinctly that she turned naturally to writing stories for girls and boys, and girls and boys all over the world read her stories eagerly and begged for more. "Little Women" and "Little Men" became famous, and scarcely less so were some of the others, "Eight Cousins," "Rose in Bloom," "Under the Lilacs," and "An Old Fashioned Girl." In each one she put much of the charm of her own romantic girlhood in Concord, and that was the charm which made all children love the stories Louisa May Alcott had to tell them.



THE HISTORIC
SERIES FOR
YOUNG PEOPLE





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